RMS Republic Sinking News
The Sinking of the RMS Republic - A Collection of Historical News Coverage
Scrapbook Transcript

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BINNS By WEX JONES

He isn’t a hero booted and spurred; He hasn’t a lance or a sword: He just sits at his post and passes the word That’s to save all the hundreds aboard.

Who is he? Binns, plain Binns. Talk about heroes, And Binns Just grins.

He isn’t a soldier who swoops on the foe With a cheer and the promise of glory: He just sticks to his job while the ship settles low And flashes the salvors the story.

And his name? Binns, plain Binns. Talk about glory, And Binns Just grins.

He isn’t a picturesque person at all, To be spotted at once in a mob, But it’s cheerful to know that whatever befall There’s a fellow like Binns on the job—

That some Binns, plain Binns, Will peel off his coat when trouble begins. Talk of Binns, And America grins.

Heroism and Dignity.

To say, as several of our correspondents have, that JOHN BINNS, the wireless telegraph operator of the Republic, proved himself more of a hero by refusing to exhibit himself for money than he did by sticking to his post on the sinking steamer, is wrong—by definition, as the mathematicians say. But there is no doubt that the refusal proved the possession of a much rarer and in a very higher quality than did the performance of a perilous duty.

Heroism, in spite of well-intentioned attempts to extend its meaning, is, as commonly and properly understood, largely a matter of accomplishment, and especially of accomplishment in the service of others. The chief difference between the hero and the ordinary man, who also happens to be a real man, is that the great opportunity to make his courage largely effective comes to the one and not to the other. Probably not one operator in the marine wireless service would have done less than BINNS in like circumstances, yet it is not unfair that his name has gone all over the world, while that of the others remains unknown—as yet. Their turns may come in time, and then they will be heroes, too, but for the present they must be content to earn their wages honestly.

In refusing to become an object of gaping and vulgar curiosity, BINNS showed that he has the delicacy and dignity which not a few real heroes have lacked. Had he accepted the offers of the would-be exploiters and coiners of his fame, he would have remained as much of a hero as ever, but he would have been vastly less likable.

UNIVERSAL LAWS FOR THE SEA.

The introduction by Representative James Francis Burke, of Pennsylvania, of a bill to compel

all ocean-going passenger vessels to be equipped with wireless-telegraphy apparatus, and the attention the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries is giving to the same subject, is the first result of the notable illustration given by the collision of the Florida and the Republic of the supreme value of the latest aid in diminishing the perils of sea travel.

In addition, that disaster will serve to call attention to work that has been going on quietly for many years looking to the same general end. In the matter of collisions there is at least the beginning of a universal code in maritime law already generally accepted. The regulations of that code pertain to steering, sound signals, lights, etc., and while these have proved their utility, the inability of that code as at present interpreted to prevent collisions may be said to have been demonstrated. The first promulgation of these regulations was in 1864, an amended code was issued in 1884, and this again was modified and revised in 1897.

The confusion at present existing in the whole subject of maritime law is probably appreciated by none but those who have given the subject special study. There is, for instance, no uniformity regarding the time within which an action for damages resulting from a collision can be brought. The preliminaries to such an action differ in different countries. Also when both ships are to blame there is a like difference as to the legal effects in different countries.

To remove these anomalies and differences and to bring order out of the present chaos has been for years the object of the International Maritime Committee. In recent years the four subjects of salvage, collision, limitation of ship-owners' liability and maritime liens and mortgages have been under examination and discussion. The first two of these, salvage and collision, were discussed at the diplomatic conference of October, 1905. The codes then submitted on these two subjects also received the approval of the conference called to meet at Venice last autumn. Conferences on maritime law have met in recent years in London, Antwerp, Paris, Amsterdam and Venice, and another called by the Belgian Government is soon to meet in Brussels. At the latter it is to be hoped a still more marked advance in the unification of maritime law will be made, and it is probable that we may at last have a universal code governing all over-sea traffic and travel.
~ 002 ~

CQD.

Anybody who has been at sea knows how big the ocean is and how small the ship. Also how lonely is the watery plain. As we sit at home and glance down the record of shipping news, with its daily tale of hundreds of ships plying (as we think) like ferryboats on the ocean highway (as we say), the mental picture is of a closely settled neighborhood of ships in a world of blue; something like the cheerful advertising posters sent out by the steamship companies; in these pictures there are always plenty of ships in sight of each other.

What has often happened, has happened again. A great floating bulk of steel, its power of propulsion and direction suddenly gone wrong, carrying a thousand human beings, wallows alone, helpless, in a fog. No lookout can see where the ship is drifting; no flag signal can be seen by any passing craft; no steam whistle can surely be depended upon to bring help. However big and stanch and well manned the ship, she is alone and unseen in the universe; relatively as fragile as a rowboat in a summer gale upon a lake, out of sight of land.

Until our fortunate time in the world, this has been absolutely true. The ship going to sea has swung off into isolation as a man lets go his life and swings off into an unknown country during sleep. He will probably wake; the ship will probably come to port. But meanwhile they are cut off.

But not now. Through the agency of Marconi's invention, the ship at sea can call through fog and storm. No longer is she an individual who must take her own chance of life every time she goes to sea. The resources of civilization and invention have been so broadened as to take her in.

The steamship Republic sailed from this port with 500 passengers for a pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean. She was disabled during the first day out, and lay helpless off the Island of Nantucket. But her Marconi operator sent up the ship hailing sign of distress, the letters CQD, CQD, CQD, CQD—straight up into the gray hollow overhead like a flock of carrier pigeons. One message went straight to the Revenue Cutter Gresham, off Cape Cod. At once the Gresham steamed at full speed to her help. Another message found the steamship Baltic, another found the steamship Lorraine; all of them started instantly to the assistance of the rammed and sinking Republic. Later wireless despatches received here say that the help came in time, and every person was taken off the Republic by the ships to whom Marconi's call of CQD came dropping through the empty air.

Wireless telegraphy has been hailed as a marvel of science, but the service it has done humanity to-day sets it far higher in the people's minds. It will hereafter be considered as indispensable a part of any steamship's equipment of safety as her charts or her navigator. It is the steamship's invisible life line, by which the safety of her passengers is safeguarded in a degree which no traveller of ten years ago could have dreamed. It is the best of modern magic.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

It has always been the lot of the human race to advance through distress and disaster to brighter life and better conditions. It took the disaster of the White Star steamer Republic to demonstrate to the world the enormous value of wireless telegraphy for the safety of ocean travel.

Marconi in 1896 produced the first wireless telegraph capable of sending and recording electric waves across long distances. In that year he could send intelligible messages 200 feet. By 1900 he had perfected the process so as to be able to transmit messages 200 miles. In 1902 his ship, the Carlo Alberto, kept in touch by wireless with a station on the coast of England at distances up to 2,300 miles. In December of that year wireless messages were exchanged between England and Canada. In 1907 a regular trans-Atlantic wireless service was inaugurated.

There can be no doubt that in face of the service Marconi wireless telegraphy—the only wireless service that so far has proven its practicability and efficiency—on last Saturday, when the wireless messages of distress brought to the disabled Republic five ocean liners—every ocean-going vessel will hasten to provide itself with wireless instruments for intercommunication and co-operation. Travelers after the last experience will hardly be willing to go on steamers that are not fitted out with wireless telegraphy. The accident off Nantucket should mark a new and prosperous era in the development of the Marconi wireless telegraphy.

GREAT WIRELESS FEAT.

When, on Saturday morning early, forty miles out at sea a small steamship ran into and punched an ugly hole in the side of a larger steamship with five hundred people on board, the world knew of the disaster in a few minutes. The man at the wireless key on the damaged steamship gave a few clicks on his instrument. He sounded the marine code meaning danger and distress. Then a wireless man on shore, on Nantucket, caught the signal, and all other business of the wireless was suspended. From the shore was sent a general alarm to all vessels within a radius of two hundred miles, and it was not long before replies were received from two or three boats some of them one hundred miles distant, saying they would go to the scene of trouble. And the man at the key on the damaged vessel—the Republic of the White Star line—sat at his desk. He kept the people on shore, and thus the people throughout the world, informed as to the condition of the ship, and before he got through it was sent out that everybody had been taken from the ship in safety; and three or four government cutters were hastening to the scene. The vessel that had run into the Republic was damaged on its prow, but it managed to get near the Republic and rescue those on board. By this time another ocean steamer had reached the scene and others were close at hand, while a revenue cutter from a Massachusetts port had reached the Republic. But all danger to life was ended, and the damaged vessel was, according to the

reports, able to keep afloat, while the Florida, which had caused the accident as the result of the heavy fog, started for New York guarded by another steamship.

What is of deep concern to those who travel on the sea is the fact that a few minutes after the collision other ships were told of the mishap, the people on shore knew it, and all suspense was relieved by the constant flashes sent from the Republic. It was a most remarkable illustration of the effectiveness of the wireless system. The mishap occurred only forty miles from shore, but it might as well have been two hundred miles. Fortunately the damage inflicted did not sink the Republic and, equally fortunate, the Florida was not put out of service. Even if both boats had gone down the chances are that the people on shore would have known of the tragedy and succor would have been possible for the survivors.

Wonderful as was the first use of the telegraph lines on shore, and later the Atlantic cables, their achievements were nothing compared with the wireless system used by the ships. By its use it was possible to tell other boats afloat that their services were needed, while those on land knew in a few minutes the extent of the mishap. And, by means of the wireless on the boats which caught the signals, it was possible to distribute the news throughout the entire route followed by the Atlantic steamers, by means of relay messages. The wireless system, and the man at the key on the Republic did great work on Saturday, aided by the man at Nantucket, who knew his business.
~ 003 ~

A NIGHT WITH WIRELESS TELEGRAPH OPERATORS AT SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET

Constantly Speaking Big Liners, and Always on Alert for C. Q. D. Signal—Picked up Republic’s Call and Summoned Help from All Directions.

FOUR ocean liners out of sight of land followed one another in talking with the little, one-story Marconi wireless station at Siasconset, Nantucket. It was a night of coal-black darkness. The surf was splashing over the shore of the island in great whirlpools of foam. Across the Nantucket moors swept a 75-mile-an-hour gale.

The Mauretania, 500 miles eastward of Sandy Hook, was in frequent communication. La Savoie, 200 miles out to sea, had several messages for island delivery. The Re d’Italia, a day’s journey away, was reporting cargo. The Teutonic, bound westward, was eager to get news and to send messages. It was a busy night for the most important wireless station in America.

Just a little pitter-patter of dots and dashes those messages made as they came across the intervening turbulent seas into the 10 by 15 room. At the table, with telephone receivers attached to both ears, sat Jack Irwin, the man who first caught that famous C. Q. D. message from Jack Binns of the Republic and instantly relayed his information to the telegraph operator at Woods Hole. It was this same chubby-faced young Australian who, during that ordeal of the Republic and Baltic, remained at his post of duty 72 continuous hours.

So fresh was the memory of that interruption in the routine of life at ’Sconset that a few days ago, when a Herald writer and a Herald artist sat there in the little room with him, he was soon recounting the details of the episode with graphic simplicity. But presently, in the middle of a sentence, he stopped abruptly, held up his hand for silence and grabbed a pen. He be gan to write as calmly as though he were copying from an open manuscript before him.

“The Mauretania must be on the line again,” whispered Manager Edwards.

Irwin nodded dumbly and kept on writing. Two or three yellow blanks were quickly covered with words. At last came a signature, and there was a momentary pause in the movement of the hand.

Then the operator dropped his pen and reached for the lever of an overgrown telegraph instrument. Forthwith from the point where the lever of the key connected with a signal-looking wire which ran upward to an insulator spattered a blue spark which was almost a flame. At the

same time came a series of sharp barks. Spat—spat—spat, spat, spat—the cutting of 300,000 volts into divisions of dots and dashes like the snarl of a huge dog. A turn of the lever followed by a turn of the operator's head, and in the fraction of an instant the spark and the snarl had been squelched.

With that commotion ended, it seemed as if the storm outside took on a new life. The wind, sweeping past the windows of the little wireless station, sent back long-drawn-out howls. From the waste place on the Nantucket moors it brought pebbles and small sticks, which it showered upon the building. The windows shook and rattled until their frail panes threatened to become a thousand and one pieces. Occasionally, during a particularly violent assembling of the winter elements, the wireless station wavered and the 190-foot masts of the aerial swayed like saplings. Sometimes, over and above the howling and shrieking of the gale and the whirring of the dynamo in an adjoining room, came the thud of waves on the beach.

Irwin began to write again. The artist thought this was a good opportunity to make a sketch. He was thinking already of his title for it, "Talking with the Mauretania 500 Miles Away," he whispered, as he drew his chair from the glare of the stove to a corner near the operator. Presently the scratching of his pencil mingled with the scratching of Irwin's pen—those two midget sounds contrasting with the staccato wrath from the moors.

The chart on the wall to the right of the operator showed the Mauretania's course eastward. A mass of lines which crossed and crisscrossed, this chart was—each line starting from a Monday or a Tuesday or some other day in the week, and then shooting upward or downward until it arrived at another day. Here and there in the rectangles which made up the intervening space on the sheet, were printed names of ocean liners. The Mauretania had sailed on Wednesday. This was Thursday evening. The chart gave the fastest steamer in the world a position about 500 miles east of Sandy Hook.

At last the pen stopped. Once more the operator's right hand moved toward the key of the sending instrument. He shifted the direction of the lever 45 degrees, until its point touched the wire leading to the insulator on the wall. Then more blue flashes, more sputterings and spatterings, more snarlings, and out into the roaring night went another great stream of electricity, broken into dots and dashes—another oscillating current of 300,000 volts as expressive as speech. In the same second of its delivery, it told the wireless operator on the Mauretania to stand by for further communication.

The moment the blue sparks subsided, the operator swept his hand over the bench until his forefinger, middle finger and thumb met the lilliputian sending key of a Morse telegraph instrument. There followed a baby clicking, and he was calling the telegraph office at Wood's Hole, 30 miles across Vineyard sound. And thus was the message from the steamer 500 miles at sea relayed to the coast proper with all the no-sooner-said-than-done celerity of communication in the fairy books.

Perhaps it was an hour later when the sequel to this marvellous incident took place. The telegraph instrument on the table began its baby clicking again. Its message was an answer, by way of Wood's Hole, from the man in Chicago for the man on board the Mauretania, now over 525 miles away. Things happened with wonderful rapidity. The gentle prattle of the telegraph instrument was succeeded by a ferocious snarling of the wireless apparatus. For a couple of minutes the key and wire leading to the insulator made blue sparks continually.

Then Operator Irwin wheeled in his chair, removed his double telephones and mopped his head.

"Thank heaven that message has gone on its way!" he said. "Maybe the man will be glad to get it."

Following this prompt dispatch of all messages to the Mauretania, Irwin gave her the "stand by" signal, as it is called—the code letters which told her merely to state from time to time her position.

Since 2 P.M. the Mauretania had been in communication with Siasconset. A little earlier, Manager Edwards had held several confabs with the incoming Teutonic. She came within 'Sconset's radius shortly after sunrise, and all day long kept that station notified of her whereabouts. She had hardly transferred her attention to Sandy Hook when the Mauretania, eastbound, had sent through the gale the pitter-pat of her "S.C."—the call for Siasconset.

And then came La Savoie, the French liner, bound westward from Havre to New York. About 400 miles her "S.C." had traveled through the storm. Her dots and dashes were the merest murmur—a faint tinkle. Her salute to Siasconset had been a suspension of a sound; so delicate and echolike it was with …
~ 004 ~

… that roar of the gale going on outside that only a trained, sensitive ear could detect. La Savoie wanted to know the hour, Washington time.

Later on, through the telephones came a prolonged series of hoarse, shrill dots and dashes having a semblance to the sound a saw makes when it is drawn across iron. That was the wireless station at Wellfleet beginning its evening duty of sending to all steamers within a 1600-mile radius a resume of the news of the day.

Just to show, by comparison, the strength of Wellfleet's voice, Manager Edwards shifted a little lever on an indicator at the left of the table. In the hundredth part of a second the hoarse scrapings had gone somewhere into the night, willy-nilly, and through the telephones was flowing a most gentle burr-burr—another series of sounds so subtle in volume that again only the experienced ears of the operators could be sure of their existence. Manhattan Beach was talking with Fire Island. And what had become of Wellfleet?

"Oh," said the manager, "the impedance has cut them off."

Just a little clock-face piece of mechanism was the impedance—a clock face that reminded you of a compass. Only instead of the hands of a compass, there was a group of levers, all having a common centre. An adjustment of a few points separated Siasconset from an undesired current. One moment the dots and dashes of Wellfleet had been coming through the air readily enough to the aerial of Siasconset; in the same second the movement of a lever of the impedance had eliminated Wellfleet from the map and established communication with Sandy Hook.

Another movement, a few minutes later, established a range of communication with La Savoie. Still another movement put Siasconset in touch with the Teutonic. And a fourth brought the Re d'Italia within talking distance. Beside this instantaneous transformation of the map, all deeds of the genii in "Arabian Nights" were quite simple and uninspiring.

By and by it was midnight. The gale still howled its wrath against the little wireless house and threatened even the great Oregon pines which held the aerial. It was time for Operator Irwin and Manager Edwards to go home. Their 'shift' of duty was ended for the day. About the same time the door of the adjoining room opened, there was a rush of icy air, and, muffled to nose and eyes, Operator John Cowden reported for duty until 7 A.M.

It was growing late when the Adriatic sent her "S. C." through the storm-torn air to the aerial of Nantucket island. This liner was on her way from the Mediterranean to New York, and she merely wanted to pass the time of day with Siasconset, to inquire for whatever news Wellfleet had failed to give, and to send a message or two to her owners. Thereafter, from time to time, the Adriatic carried on desultory signaling with Siasconset.

In this calm of the day's work came tales out of the unwritten log of the Siasconset station. Whatever had been recorded with pen and ink was the property of the company, not to be divulged for publication. As, for most interesting instance, the log of the morning of the disaster to the Republic. But the spoken reminiscences had many startling features.

Had the messages from the Mauretania, 600 miles away, been out of the ordinary in the daily history of the station? Not at all. Only a few weeks ago the station indirectly received word from the Coronado, which at that time was sailing peacefully in the Mediterranean. From one steamer to another the message passed in its journey across the ocean, eventually reaching Cape Sable, whence in an instant it was flashed through the ether to Siasconset, 300 miles away—a total journey of over 4000 miles.

And then that night in February when the American fleet tried hours and hours to get into communication with Fire Island the messages sounded quite distinctly in the telephone receivers at Siasconset. Every word which the fleet sent 2000 miles was caught with as much ease as though the distance between ’Sconset and the battleships was no greater than the width of the road on the moors of Nantucket island.

But a thousand miles more or less in the journey of a wireless message ceased long ago to excite the three young men in the little room of the Siasconset station. For it is not impossible at any time, by a chance adjustment of the impedance to catch “freak” communications which are drifting around in the atmosphere—to go beyond the prescribed zone of operation. Sometimes Key West obtrudes itself. Frequently Cape Sable, 800 miles away, murmurs a greeting through the telephones. Since, however, it is the special duty of the powerful apparatus at Wellfleet and Cape Sable to deal with phenomena of thousand mile transmission and the like, Siasconset doesn’t bother with them; it restricts its attention to commercial affairs.

And largely for that reason it is the most important station in America. It is located beyond the disturbing influence of land and it is directly adjacent to the route of the great ocean liners. With its average daily delivery of 4000 words the Siasconset station now ranks among the larger stations of the world.

As though Nantucket itself were not far enough from the world—30 miles as the steamer sails and 90 more as the train travels from Boston—Siasconset is a seven-mile ride across a region as flat and uninteresting as a desert. In winter, when the thermometer is approaching zero and a gale is blowing at the rate of 75 miles an hour, it is not an absurd process of thought which gives Siasconset the distinction of being a desolate part of the world.

Half a mile from the beach is the Marconi Wireless Station. Here, about 50 or 60 yards from the main road, are two great poles strung with an assortment of steel cables and other wires. Between them is the one-story peaked roof house. Those poles are masts, such as might be placed on a tremendous ship, and they tower over a little deckhouse. If a gigantic hull were there, the illusion would be complete. So high in the air go those masts that as you strive to find their tops, you get a bad crook in your neck. One pole is 190 feet in height, the other 185. That net work of steel cables and wires which is woven around and about them resembles for all the world a gargantuan spider’s web.

From contrivances like horizontal trapezes which are attached to the masts there stretches a curious oval of wire undulating into the configuration of a beach loop-the-loop. In that gale, which blew so violently over the island the other day, all those antennae, as the experts designate the wires, swayed until it seemed as though the web must be torn into a million pieces. But it held together flawlessly.

But for Messrs. Edwards, Irwin and Cowden wild nights and the possibilities of accidents are all in the day’s work. If a particularly heavy outburst of the gale should down the intricate aerial apparatus, well and good, they will put on their thick clothing and go out into the barren waste and repair things. If the dynamo should behave badly, well and good, they know how to apply the effective remedy. If the 58 powerful battery cells get out of order, here are men to restore each one of them to its regulation specific gravity of 12.10.

For this is a place where routine and extraordinary duty have alike become matter of fact. Only to the layman outsider is there anything awesome in what transpires from dawn to dusk and from

dusk to dawn in the midget house on the storm-swept edge of Nantucket island—even in the spectacle of a genie at a table of instruments listening through telephones for a delicate ripple of sound, and answering with a snarl of voltage—talking with miraculous ease to many ocean liners far out at sea—and watchful for “C.Q.D.” messages.
~ 005 ~

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REPUBLIC IN CRASH AT SEA; ALL SAVED

Unidentified Steamer Rams White Star Liner Off Nantucket—800 Lives Saved Through Wireless Message Caught by Two Big Steamers and Two Revenue Cutters—Taken Off by Italian Steamer Florida.

REPUBLIC REPORTED TO BE STILL AFLOAT JUST BEFORE NOON

During a dense fog early to-day the White Star line steamer Republic, which left this city yesterday for Genoa and Naples with 450 passengers and about 400 crew was run into by an unknown steamer off Nantucket.

All the Republic’s passengers and crew were taken off by the Italian line steamer Florida.

Soon after the Florida appeared on the scene the revenue cutter Acushnet, which had been at Woods Holl, Mass., arrived and stood by.

The government wireless operators at Newport reported that at 11:30 a.m. they could still hear the wireless working faintly from the Republic, indicating that the vessel was still afloat at that time, but that the storage batteries which had been used for messages were becoming exhausted.

The Florida left Naples January 10. She has 900 cabin and steerage passengers, many of them believed to be earthquake survivors coming to America as a refuge. She has no wireless apparatus.

The moment that Capt. Sealy recognized his danger, wireless messages were sent out calling for help.

“Help, I’m sinking,” was the gist of the call he sent out, and within half an hour two liners and two United States revenue cutters were on their way to aid the crippled ship.

Baltic First to Be Reached.

The Baltic, of the White Star line, in-bound from Liverpool, was the first to be picked up. The Baltic was far away, but was expected to reach the side of the Republic within a few hours.

La Lorraine was found next, and she, too, started to aid the White Star ship. From Woods Holl, the United States revenue cutter Acushnet was started at once.

The revenue cutter Gresham started also from the Charlestown navy-yard, in response to a message for help, which read:

“To revenue Cutter Gresham, Boston. The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70.26 miles south of Nantucket.”

The torpedo boat Cushing also received the news of the accident, and without waiting for orders, her commander at once started out to give what aid he could.

Had Over Four Hundred Passengers.

The Republic had 220 first-class passengers and 215 in the steerage, many of the latter returning to their homes in Italy to do what they could for relatives impoverished by the earthquake. The Republic sailed from this port for Genoa and Naples yesterday.

It was in a heavy fog yesterday afternoon that she passed out of the Hook and the marine observer lost sight of her in a moment as she turned her nose toward Nantucket.

From that time yesterday afternoon the fog has been heavy off the Long Island shore, and she was running through it when the accident occurred.

First Message to the Line.

Nothing more was heard of the Republic until the following message was received at the White Star line office from Capt. Sealy:

When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship this morning was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger and no lives lost.

The French liner La Lorraine, from Havre, was in communication with her agent, Faguet, in this city when east of Nantucket. Her captain said:

Going to help Republic, sinking forty-five miles southwest of Nantucket lightship. Heavy fog. Our own position on chart uncertain. Will do all possible to save crew and passengers.

The captain of the Republic reported that he was twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship when the accident occurred. This would place the Republic about 200 miles along on her voyage.

The nearest land was Nantucket island, about seventy miles due north, but with his engine room full of water, the only thing left for the captain to do was to shed wireless waves broadcast over the Atlantic asking for assistance.

The Republic’s officers are: Captain, I. Sealby; purser, J. I. Barker; chief steward, J. S. Stanyer; surgeon, A. J. Marsh, and assistant surgeon, P. Gilbert.

The bad weather at sea, which delayed the Baltic, La Lorraine and other vessels, proved providential. If the seas had been light these ships would have been too far toward port to have been of assistance to the Republic.

The revenue cutter Acushnet, which was hurried from Woods Hole to the aid of the crippled liners, was strangely enough placed at that point through the efforts of the White Star line. She is a new vessel.

As soon as the news of the wreck reached the White Star offices in this city the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company was communicated with and arrangements made for the tug Relief to go to the scene.

From a mass of the wireless messages received up to noon it was apparent that the Republic was in collision between 6 and 7 o’clock this morning. The two big liners which received the “urgent telegraphic code call” could not steam alongside for several hours.

The first message was received from the Nantucket lightship, which repeated the wireless dispatch from the French liner Lorraine. Nantucket lightship is 170 miles from Ambrose channel lightship, Sandy Hook. The message stated that the Republic had notified the Lorraine of the collision and reported herself in a sinking condition. The Republic reported herself forty-five miles southwest of Nantucket, between Montauk Point and Nantucket.

Description of the Ship.

The Republic was built at the Belfast yards of Harland & Wolff, Ltd., in 1902, for the Dominion line, which at that time operated a passenger service between Boston and Queenstown and Liverpool. The vessel was originally named the Columbus, but after the Boston service of the Dominion line had been acquired by the White Star line the name was changed to the Republic. She is 570 feet long, 67.8 feet beam, and has a draught of 24 feet. Her tonnage is 15,378 gross and 9,742 net. She usually plies from Boston to Mediterranean ports, but during the winter makes New York her American port.

On her recent arrival at New York the Republic brought the first band of Italian earthquake refugees to reach American shores.

Owing to the Republic’s great size she has always been known as a particularly steady ship. Driven by two quadruple expansion engines, she was capable of a sustained speed of sixteen knots an hour. She was equipped with complete refrigerating, electric lighting and ventilating plants.

Miss K. V. Gano,
Miss I. L. George,
Fred J. Gilfallen,
Miss E. A. Gilfallen,
Susanna Glover,
John F. Gloucher,
Mrs. H. L. Griggs,
Miss Hall,
Charles Hart,
Alex S. Bell,
Miss M. E. Jones,
Arthur Lamb,
Miss O. Estoto Lan,
A. O. Larkin and valet,
Miss A. F. Larkin,
Charles Law,
J. E. Lilly,
M. V. Llawell,
Eugene Lynch,
Mrs. Lynch,
Miss M. Mackenzie,
Miss M. Mozomber,
Mrs. Mead,
J. S. Melcher,
Mrs. Melcher,
J. R. Melton,
Mrs. Melton,
Miss S. L. Mellon and maid,
Miss M. Mermod,
Miss A. Mermod,
George F. Merrit,
Reuben Miller,
Mrs. Miller,
Miss Ruth Miller,
Mrs. A. M. Miller,
Countess Pasolti,
Dr. J. A. Peeples,
Mrs. Peeples,
Miss G. W. Perkins,
Mrs. A. J. Peters,

Mrs. Hedges,
Miss L. J. Hewitt,
Mrs. C. L. Hill,
H. A. Hover,
Mrs. Hover,
Miss A. J. Ingersoll,
Gen. Brayton Ives and valet,
Miss L. Jackson,
William White,
Miss A. Margedant,
Mrs. James Mason,
Miss Mason,
Miss Alice Mason,
J. E. McAlinden,
J. F. McCarthy,
Mrs. McCarthy,
Miss E. McCready,
Miss G. McCready,
Miss L. McCready,
S. P. McGiverney,
L. L. McMurray,
Albert W. Mead,
Mrs. McMurray,
Mrs. C. C. McNeill,
W. J. Mooney,
Mrs. Mooney,
Miss E. P. Moore,
Mr. Morris,
Mrs. Morris,
Mr. Morris Jr.,
Miss Morris,
Miss F. C. Morse,
Miss M. Mott,
Mrs. J. S. Mulligan,
M. J. Murphy,
Mrs. Murphy,
G. Newman,
J. W. Norris,
Mrs. J. Rathbone,
Mrs. A. Sampson,
Miss A. W. Saunders,
~ 006 ~

LINER SINKS 761 SAVED

White Star Ship, Republic, Rammed in Fog, Goes Down Off Nantucket—Strange Steamer That Hit Her Not Seen Since—Wireless Saved Those on Wreck

Running at reduced speed in a dense fog, twenty-six miles south of Nantucket, to-day, the White Star Liner Republic, bound for Mediterranean ports, with 461 passengers and a crew of 300 on board, was rammed by an unidentified steamship, and this afternoon she was reported to be completely submerged. All of the passengers were taken off safely.

The vessel disappeared in the fog after the collision. The fact that she did not stand by to give aid to the Republic leads to the belief that she either went down or was badly disabled.

Within a few hours after the crash several liners, half a dozen revenue cutters and the torpedo boat Cushing from Newport were hastening to the scene, in response to wireless distress

signals. They went to Nantucket from the four points of the compass, but none of them encountered the boat that had rammed the Republic.

The steamer Nantucket, with thirty passengers on board, while going to the aid of the sinking liner, ran on the rocks near Wood’s Hole, Mass., and is reported to be in a dangerous position.

Revenue Cutter First on the Scene.

The first boat to reach the side of the Republic was the revenue cutter Acushnet, a new craft, which started out from Wood’s Hole just after midnight. It picked up one of the wireless distress signals and upon reaching the side of the Republic, learned that the liners Baltic and La Lorraine were hurrying to the scene. It was decided to wait and transfer the passengers to the Baltic.

The White Star boat was late in arriving, however, and as water continued pouring into the hold of the Republic, the danger of leaving the passengers on board increased. At this time the steamship Florida, of the Lloyd Italian line, appeared, and the passengers and two-thirds of the crew were transferred to her. The Florida then proceeded to New York and will reach there to-morrow.

Wireless reports received in New York this afternoon stated that scenes of the wildest terror followed the frightful crash in the fog. All of the passengers were asleep at the time. Those in the first cabin had been up until nearly midnight at an entertainment to celebrate the beginning of a winter cruise, the Republic having started out from New York yesterday afternoon.

There were two hundred and fifty first-class passengers, and two hundred and eleven in the steerage.

The crew numbered 300.

Sent Out Wireless Warnings.

It was not long after midnight when the Republic encountered a heavy fog. Speed was reduced, and the wireless apparatus was used to send out warnings to other boats that might be nearby. The unidentified liner evidently was not equipped with a wireless outfit, or it could have picked up the warnings and thus the collision could have been avoided.
~ 007 ~

WIRELESS REPORT THE REPUBLIC, 400 ON BOARD, IS IN SINKING CONDITION, RAMMED AT SEA;

Big White Star Liner Hit by Unknown Vessel Off Coast of Massachusetts.

BALTIC TO THE RESCUE

Sister Ship Sends Wireless Report—Crippled Vessel Can Barely Keep Afloat.

NEW YORKERS ON BOARD

Boat Left Yesterday for Cruise to Azores and Mediterranean.

EXTRA!

BULLETIN.

The French line steamship La Lorraine by wireless says to this city to-day: “I am going to the rescue of steamship Republic. She is sinking forty-five miles southeast of Nantucket Light in heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away as we have to take bearings. Shoal water very dangerous.

Will try to rescue passengers and crew.”

Boston, Saturday.—It is reported here that the steamship Republic is in distress off Nantucket. No particulars are obtainable from the White Star office. The Republic steamed from New York yesterday for Mediterranean ports.

The Republic, it is understood, was rammed by an unknown vessel early today off Nantucket and at eight o’clock was in bad condition, but able to keep afloat.

The steamship Baltic, of the same line, is in wireless range and will hasten to the Republic’s assistance.

The revenue cutter Achusnet left Woods’ Hole at half-past eight o’clock for the scene of the collision.

At the offices of the White Star line in this city it was said that the steamship Republic left here yesterday carrying 250 first cabin passengers and 211 third class. The vessel carries no cargo.

The boat is one of the company’s excursion ships, her itinerary including the Azores, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples, and Alexandria.

The vessel’s outward trip usually requires fourteen days. The Republic is a 15,000 ton twin screw ship, and is equipped with wireless apparatus. Captain Sealby is in command.

LOSS OF 560 ON THE BUURGOGNE RECALLED

In a collision that occurred under somewhat similar circumstances to the crash that imperilled passengers of the Republic to-day, the French liner Bourgogne sunk off the Sable Islands eleven years ago, carrying down with her five hundred and sixty souls.

The Bourgogne was crashed into by the British iron steamship Cromartyshire early on the morning of July 4, 1898, sixty miles south of Sable Island. Of the seven hundred and thirty-four persons on board five hundred and sixty were drowned, including two hundred and six of the first and second cabin passengers.

All in the first cabin were lost and of the three hundred women on the fated vessel only one was saved. It was a tragedy stained with dishonor, for in the struggle for self-preservation, the maddened men passengers and the crew turned the deck of the liner into a shambles.

The crash came at five o’clock in the morning when, in a dense fog, the Cromartyshire struck the Bourgogne, leaving a great jagged hole in the Bourgogne’s port side, through which rushed a wall of water. In the few minutes that elapsed between the shock and the sinking of the Bourgogne the greater horror of the disaster was enacted.

In an instant the quiet deck of the liner was transformed into an inferno. Women who obstructed the way of strong men to the boats were struck down with knives. The steerage had contained many Italians and, in the face of death, their weapons flashed right and left and trampled bodies marked their course. The officers, who died as brave men, were powerless to control their mad passengers and maddened crew.

The second officer of the Bourgogne did the work of a dozen heroes, but his efforts were almost immediately set at naught by the cowardice of the frenzied men. One raft on which forty women were placed had been made fast to the ship’s side. It was dragged down by the ship and all on it perished. Not one man would pause to cut the lines and give them life.

When the ship went down the few lifeboats that floated were surrounded by the perishing. Some women caught the rope lines of one boat, not endangering the occupants and merely keeping their

heads above water. In sheer madness men of the crew cut the ropes and became murderers. In other cases men who struggled to keep themselves above water by clutching the gunwales were beaten back to death with oars and boat hooks.

The British ship that had been in collision stood nobly by and for hours kept up the almost futile work of rescue. Then she was towed into Halifax by a liner whose course crossed that of the ill-fated Bourgogne's. Every officer of the Bourgogne went down with the ship. Five, however, were saved, being pulled from the whirlpool that marked the spot where she had floated.

The tragedy of the Bourgogne was felt all over the country, as New York, Chicago, St. Louis and virtually every big city had inhabitants aboard her.
~ 008 ~

Of what great value wireless telegraphy is to mariners could not be better shown than in the case of today's accident to the steamship Republic. Hardly had the big liner been struck when news of her condition began to arrive at various points along the coast. Immediately the captain got into communication with the White Star dock here and sent reassuring messages. At the same time he was able to get in touch with the Charlestown Navy Yard, at Boston, and summon the aid of a government revenue cutter.

The station at Woods Hole, Mass., was picked up by wireless, with the result that a speedy cutter was soon steaming to the assistance of the damaged ship. Next La Lorraine, of the French line, was found by wireless, and she changed her course. Instead of steaming on for this port the big French boat made at the best possible speed for the scene of the Republic's misfortune. In this wise the Baltic, of the White Star line, was reached, and soon was steaming to the side of her sister ship. The Omoindag, one of the speediest and largest of government cutters, was also summoned by wireless.

When the sinking of the Elbe and of La Bourgogne is recalled, in the days before wireless, and when it was a long time before even the slightest news of the accident reached shore, let alone the calling of assistance, it can be seen how wireless telegraphy has torn from the deep that uncertain mystery which hovered over the sea when ships had got beyond the limit of land signalling and which were unable to signal at all during fog except by whistle blasts.

Out of Black Fog.

Groping her way through a black fog of the early morning, the giant White Star liner Republic was rammed to-day and badly damaged by a vessel, up to the present unidentified, when in the open sea about seventy miles southeast of Nantucket Island.

Immediately wireless messages from the Republic began to scatter along the coast and to this port the news of her plight. Through the air flashed the signal "C. Q. D.," a general distress signal, but which literally means to convey, "Help! I am sinking!"

This message of distress was picked up here; it was caught at the Charlestown Navy Yard, in Boston, and at the naval station at Wood's Hole, Mass.; another at Provincetown grasped it, and in almost no time cutters were speeding to the assistance of the ocean traveller.

The French line steamship La Lorraine caught the message of distress as she was making for this port, and turned about in her course to offer succor. Following this the Baltic, of the White Star line, learned from the air of her sister ship's predicament and made for the Republic's side.

Liners Due Near Scene.

At the time the White Star line steamship Republic crashed in collision with another steamship off Vineyard Haven early to-day, more than a dozen transatlantic liners are supposed to have

been in the steamship tracks in that immediate vicinity.

Most of these big liners were passenger steamships, carrying hundreds of persons bound for this port. While it is not known as yet what ship was in collision with the Republic, the names of about a dozen steamships westward bound, and, according to their schedules due in the vicinity of the collision, were learned to-day.

Among these is the Cunard line steamship Lucania, which is expected to dock at her pier here to-morrow. The Lucania is bringing a full passenger list.

The French line steamship Louisiane, which left Havre on January 9, was supposedly off Vineyard Haven early to-day. According to her schedule she should have passed near the scene of the collision about the time it occurred, so as to make her pier late to-day or early to-morrow.

Another steamship which should have been in the vicinity of the collision to-day is the Furnesia, of the Anchor line. This boat left Glasgow on January 3 and is expected to dock late to-day or to-morrow.

RESCUE NEAR AT HAND.

The frightened and fearful passengers and crew of the Republic soon made out through the mists the shapes of the approaching vessels, and as soon as it could be done the passengers were taken off the disabled ship and started for shore. The first ship to reach the side of the Republic was the Italian steamship Florida, bound from Naples to this city, and it was she that took off the passengers.

The Republic had been rammed hard amidships and her engine room was soon flooded with water. The latest reports to reach land have the Republic’s crew working heroically to keep her afloat, in order that she may be towed back here for repairs. The huge liner was struck when in deep water and should she not be kept afloat there will be little hope of ever recovering her.

UNDER DIMINISHED SPEED.

The Republic left her pier here yesterday bound for Mediterranean ports. She carried 230 first cabin passengers and 211 in her steerage. That she had encountered fog from the very time she turned the Scotland Lightship is shown by the fact that she had only negotiated 115 miles off the tip of easterly Long Island when staggered by a blow from another craft.

The reports that are coming in fail to tell anything of the vessel that rammed the liner. It is the opinion of skippers here that she probably was a tramp and not equipped with wireless. It is more than likely that this ocean assailant is standing off somewhere in the fog, herself battered and bruised.

The absolute lack of information concerning this unidentified vessel leads some to believe that she may have suffered to an extent whereby she settled and went to Davy Jones’ locker.

SAYS HE CAN REMAIN AFLOAT.

The first news to be received here from the Republic was a wireless to the company from Captain Sealby, the commander of the Republic. He stated:

“When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket Light this morning was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger and no lives lost.”

This was a reassuring dispatch, but the messages flashed by Captain Sealby to other points were in no way so optimistic.

“Steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70.26. South of

Nantucket."

This was the cry for help that the wireless-man at the Boston Navy Yard picked out of the atmospheric waves.

DANGER TO THE LORRAINE.

The operators at the Woods Hole and Provincetown naval stations got equally alarming appeals. That the Republic's skipper was not sending very cheerful messages through the ocean spaces is shown from the message that the French liner Lorraine shot to this port.

"Will go to the Republic's assistance," flashed the operator on the big Frenchman. "Republic is sinking, forty-five miles southeast of Nantucket Light. Will try to rescue passengers and crew. Must first take bearings, as there is danger from fog and water shoal."

With this Captain Tournier put the Lorraine about and made for the scene of the Republic's misfortune. Captain Ranson, of the Baltic, was soon heard from and he, too, reported that he had been informed the Republic was sinking. He sent the Baltic full tilt for the Republic.

In response to her wireless appeals for aid there rushed to the spot where the Republic lay stunned and helpless a flotilla of craft of all description that would rival in size somewhat the ancient Spanish armada. Besides the two liners, La Lorraine and Baltic, the revenue cutters Gresham, Onondaga, Acushnet, Mohawk and the torpedo boat Cushing made for the scene.

Late reports indicate that there is a chance of saving the Republic and that she may be towed by either the Baltic or the Lorraine to Boston or else beached somewhere nearby the scene of the accident.

BOUND FOR MEDITERRANEAN.

The Republic, a huge craft of 15,000 tons, was bound for Mediterranean ports. The 230 cabin passengers were tourists bound for their winter vacations. She carried no second class list. Of the 211 steerage passengers, forty were Portuguese bound for the Azores and Madeira, while the others were Italians rushing to their native heath to look up relatives either lost or injured in the Sicilian earthquake.

On the Republic was 500 tons of ship's supplies to be delivered to the American battleship fleet now in the Mediterranean. These supplies were to have replaced those originally in possession of Admiral Sperry's fleet, and which were turned over to the sufferers at Messina and Reggio. The supplies were to have been discharged at Gibraltar.

One of the first vessels to reach the side of the Republic was the speedy revenue cutter Acushnet, which made the ninety some miles from Woods Hole in record time. When she arrived the Italian ship Florida was already standing by and taking off the Republic's passengers.

LOOMED OUT OF THE GLOOM.

The officers on the Acushnet learned briefly that the collision had occurred in a heavy fog and that the lookout of the Republic had not made out the vessel that did the damage until that craft was practically right upon the huge liner.

The crew of the Republic explained that they had encountered heavy fog from the time they cleared the Sandy Hook bar late yesterday afternoon, and that they were uncertain as to their position, at least the exact position, all during the night. From the soundings taken and the location shown in Captain Sealby's despatches, it is apparent that the Republic was some miles northward of her course. As she was taking the southern, or so-called Mediterranean, route, the Republic should have been some miles further south.

The following message was received by wireless on the floor of the Maritime Exchange:—

“S. S. Republic reported sinking at ten A. M. Steamships Lorraine and Baltic standing by. All the passengers taken off safely.”

The operators in the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., report that the
~ 009 ~

SAVED IN REPUBLIC COLLISION

All Taken Off the Sinking Liner.

ON WAY TO LAND

White Star Boat in Crash Off Nantucket.

WIRELESS BROUGHT AID

Quick Response to Messages from Stricken Steamship.

CARRIED 442 PASSENGERS

Nothing Known of the Vessel That Rammed Her.

The big liner Republic of the White Star company, bound out from this port to the Mediterranean with 231 saloon passengers, 211 in her third cabin and a crew of about 300, was rammed in the fog at 4 o’clock this morning off the Nantucket lightship. The name of the vessel that came out of the mist and crashed into the big liner remained unknown to those on land up to late this afternoon. Beyond this, the wireless told most of the story of the accident—of how the Republic started to sink after she received the terrific blow, of how Marconi messages called to her aid her sisters of the sea and of how all the passengers were transferred to the steamship Florida of the Lloyd-Italiano line bound in from Naples.

There was some doubt expressed up to this afternoon as to where the Florida would land the Republic’s passengers. The first wireless reports said that the Italian liner was making for Newport. Later word was received at the offices of the White Star line that the Florida would bring her passengers to New York. The Florida is a vessel of 6,000 tons and had, according to advices from Naples, 900 passengers on board.

Messages received this afternoon said that the Republic was still afloat at 12:15 o’clock. Nothing definite was said as to whether or not her crew had been taken off by the Florida or was standing by the stricken liner. The Baltic, also of the White Star line, and La Lorraine of the French line were in the vicinity.

A wireless message received from the Baltic at 2 o’clock this afternoon said that she had been unable to locate the Republic.

The 12:15 o’clock message, which was picked up at the Newport wireless station as it was flashed between the revenue cutters at the scene, read:

“Steamer Florida has taken passengers from the Republic. Steamer Baltic is about forty miles away and La Lorraine is searching close by. The weather is foggy.”

It was said at the office of the White Star line here this afternoon that the best information that could be gained from the latest messages was that the Florida would come direct to New York. As the Italian vessel is not a fast one it was estimated that if she came here direct she would not reach Quarantine much before midnight. It was thought that the passengers might be transferred to the Baltic and La Lorraine, which were bound in.

It was the good luck of the Florida to be the first to the aid of the Republic. The wireless call of the wounded liner had been sent in all directions over the sea and there were many responses. The big liners within range picked up the distress message and made for the longitude and latitude from which it came. From shore revenue cutters were despatched with all speed. But the Florida, with no wireless apparatus, could not be receptive of such a call and probably made her way to the Republic at the summons of the steam whistle.

There was much speculation at the Maritime Exchange as to what vessel could have been in collision with the Republic. The lists were carefully gone over, but it seemed too dangerous even to hazard a guess. There were some who thought that it might have been the Florida that struck the White Star boat and withstood the shock. That no mention was made of this in the wireless messages, however, seemed to place it beyond the possibilities.

GREAT ANXIETY HERE.

Intense anxiety for a time held in its grip the officers of the White Star line here when information was first received about the accident to the Republic.

Then came a reassuring message at 9:50 o’clock. It was received at the office of the Marconi Wireless Company in this city from Siasconsett and was to the effect that the passengers of the Republic were all right and had been taken off by another steamship.

The message, which did not give the name of the steamship, said that she was making for Newport with the passengers.

Later it was learned that the vessel which took off the Republic’s passengers was the steamship Florida of the Lloyd-Italiano line, bound from Naples to New York. It was estimated that it would take her at least six hours to reach Newport.

The Maritime Exchange received this message from Newport at 10 o’clock this morning:

“Passengers and crew of steamship Republic, before reported in collision off Nantucket, have been taken off by another steamship and coming in. The Republic is reported sinking at 10 A. M.”

CRASH OFF NANTUCKET.

The accident occurred twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship, according to the message received by the line from Capt. Sealby, commander of the vessel. The Republic sailed from this port yesterday afternoon at 5 o’clock.

The accident was caused by the thick fog. The messages gave no word of the other vessel, and it is unknown here whether or not she was also a sufferer through the collision.

HOW THE NEWS CAME.

Wireless Achieves a Triumph — La Bourgogne Recalled.

Wireless messages shot here and there along the seaboard from vessel and from coast station, spread information broadcast that the Republic needed aid and needed it quickly. Various ships were set in motion—each an independent relief expedition. The revenue cutter Acushnet left Woods Hole, Mass., and the steamship Baltic went on her way to extend what assistance she could. La Lorraine had crowded on all steam in order to get over the 260 or more miles separating her from the Republic, and her wireless instruments were taking messages from the injured vessel. The revenue cutter Gresham was making all speed toward the same focal point from a point off Cape Cod. All vessels within the wireless zone were picked up one after another and sent toward the scene of distress. It was the first big sea disaster since wireless

telegraphy became commercially practicable and the new system of communication had scored a triumph.

There wasn’t a slip in the messages. Each was clear and coherent. They told just what was happening off there in the fog, which lay like a shroud along the jagged outlines of the Massachusetts coast. The first message received here, the one to the Maritime Exchange, told an entire story in itself. Furthermore, it was direct from the Republic. “In distress and sinking off Nantucket,” it ran.

Another followed hot upon the heels of the first. This contained information in detail. The Republic had been rammed by an unknown vessel; it was just able to keep afloat, but the revenue cutter Acushnet and the Baltic of the same line were within range of the wireless waves and were speeding toward her. After that La Lorraine was heard from with the additional information that she expected to reach the Republic in about four hours.

The White Star line also got early word to the effect that there was no danger to life and that the Republic was talking with Nantucket.

The difference between the system of sending word by wireless and the old order of things had been strikingly shown. How marked the difference was is made plain when one harks back a little less than eleven years to the occasion of the last great sea disaster—the loss of La Bourgogne of the Campagnie Générale Transatlantique.

On the morning of July 6 a messenger boy from the offices of the Allan Steamship Company ran breathlessly into the building occupied by the Campagnie Générale Transatlantique carrying a crumpled telegram in his hand. He did not pause until he stood before Paul Faguet, the agent of the company. Then he stammered:

“The Bourgogne is lost!”

M. Faguet threw up his arms. “Mon Dieu!” he cried.

The boy exhibited the telegram. It was from the Western Union offices at Halifax.

There were no great poles at Nantucket then, from the top of which word was flashed through the air without the aid of wires, nor was there any such station at Newport or anywhere along the coast, which is now dotted with them. M. Faguet refused to believe the boy at first. Even when the youngster extended his hand and produced the crumpled telegram the French agent was incredulous. It told in the concise phraseology of the telegraph company how the steamship Grecian was on her way to Halifax with the British tramp Cromartyshire, on board of which were those saved from the French liner. The message said that the Cromartyshire reported having been in collision with La Bourgogne off Sable Island, where the graveyard of many good vessels is located.

The news was confirmed from Halifax and M. Faguet instantly sent word to the Canadian city for a list of those saved.

There had been one of the greatest calamities in the history of the sea. It had occurred on July 4, but not until two days later was the truth known in Halifax as it fell from the lips of La Bourgogne’s survivors. Out of a shipload of 538 only 184 were left to tell the story. The rest, 354 souls, were drowned.

Owing to the poor facilities for obtaining information in those days as compared with the methods of 1909 those who thronged to the offices of the French line to inquire about loved ones for whom they felt anxiety were left in suspense. The company could not give full details.

The Cromartyshire was working her way slowly forward through the grayness which shut off sight of everything about Sable Island, blowing her whistles at frequent intervals, when suddenly the

huge bulk of the Frenchman sprang out of the gloom. It was then too late to avoid the collision. The jibboom of the Cromartyshire jammed against the bridge of La Bourgogne, her bows smashed into the steamship's side and ten minutes later the Frenchman sank.

The story of what happened out there off the rugged shores of Sable Island was rendered more terrible by the tales of cowardice on the part of the men among the passengers who trampled women under foot in the effort to be first in the boats and fought among each other with knives. One boat, filled with women, got away, only to sink, and all who were in it perished.

The accident happened at about 5 o'clock in the morning. There was no ship near at hand except the Cromartyshire to give aid.

SAVED BY WIRELESS.

The great value of wireless in a marine crisis was demonstrated in the manner in which the news of the accident was received and aid sent to the steamship. In the neighborhood when the accident occurred were the Lorraine of the French line, the Baltic of the White Star line, both of which started immediately to the liner's assistance. These vessels were both bound for this port, and under ordinary conditions would have arrived before the accident occurred. They were delayed by bad weather and fog.

THE "C. Q. D." DISTRESS CALL.

Also by wireless were summoned the revenue cutters Gresham and Acushnet, the former from Cape Cod Bay and the latter leaving Woods Hole, Mass. The wireless distress signal, the letters "C Q D," flashed through the air in all directions from the Republic's wireless room, soon notified all vessels within a radius of 200 miles of the accident.

When the "C Q D" call comes into a Marconi Wireless office, whether ashore or afloat, the operator gets busy. The "C Q" is a notification to all steamships within range to come to the spot from which the message is issued. The "D" means danger and is added to denote the great urgency of the summons.

THE FIRST NEWS OF THE COLLISION.

The collision occurred at about 4 o'clock this morning. The first wireless message was received at the Maritime Exchange here from the Nantucket station, saying:

"The Republic was rammed by an unknown vessel off Nantucket early to-day and is just able to keep afloat. The revenue cutter Acushnet left Woods Hole, Mass., and the steamship Baltic of the same line is in wireless range and has gone to her assistance."

REPORT FROM CAPTAIN.

Soon afterward, a message from Capt. Sealby reached the White Star line offices:

"Ship in collision twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship. Unknown vessel rammed us. In communication with Nantucket. In communication with Baltic. No danger to life."

Capt. Ransom of the Baltic soon after this reported by wireless: "7:15 A. M. Returning to Republic. Fifty miles away from scene of disaster."

"HURRY" CALL SENT OUT.

The French line received a wireless from Capt. Tournier of the Lorraine, saying that his vessel was hurrying to the assistance of the Republic. A subsequent message from the Republic requested all vessels to make the best possible speed.

“Able to keep afloat—engine room full,” was another message flashed by the sinking liner.

The Lorraine was figured to be about forty miles east of Nantucket at the time the accident occurred, and it was thought she would reach the Republic in something over two hours. The Baltic was 115 miles east of the Ambrose Channel when the collision occurred, according to later messages, and was expected to reach the Republic in about four hours.

CALL REACHES THE LUCANIA.

The inward bound Lucania of the Cunard line also received the Republic’s summons for aid as this Marconi message received from her captain this afternoon at the Coroner’s office shows:

“Am sixty-five miles east of Nantucket lightship at noon to-day. Will reach Republic to render assistance about 4 P.M. Weather very hazy.”

SPREADING THE NEWS THROUGH AIR.

There were many instances of how the news of the accident was spread by wireless. One message was received at the Charlestown navy yard, Boston, via Cape Cod, at 8:30 o’clock. It said: “Steamship Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40 deg. 17 minutes, longitude, 70 deg. Twenty-six miles south of Nantucket.”

The wireless station at the Charlestown yard immediately communicated with the revenue cutter Gresham, which was cruising in Cape Cod Bay. The Gresham left for the scene shortly before 9 o’clock.

The White Star line offices were quickly besieged by those who had friends on board the Republic and telephone calls asking for information were continuous. Vice-President P. A. S. Franklin and General Passenger Agent Jefferys were busy assuring those who inquired that there had been no loss of life.

A later message from the Republic said through the Siasconsett station: “Can remain afloat. Sea calm and foggy.”

Nantucket Lightship is about forty miles south of the island of Nantucket, and the collision therefore took place about sixty-five miles from the nearest land. Newport is about 110 miles distant from the lightship.

HIT AMIDSHIPS?

In giving a theory as to where the Republic was struck officers of the line thought it must have been about amidships. Their idea was that the liner was struck between No. 1 hold and the fire-room, if reports as to the vessel being in a sinking condition were true, and considering that her engine room was full of water. This is the largest section of the vessel between watertight bulkheads. …
~ 010 ~

… Although usually on the Boston-Liverpool service, the Republic was making a winter cruise to the Mediterranean from this port. With 200 saloon passengers aboard she sailed yesterday bound for the Azores, Madeira, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples, and Alexandria. The Republic was a single funneled liner and made a speed of 17 or 18 knots. She carried a crew of about 300 men and consequently had on board about 740 persons when rammed.

COLLISION IN FOG

A dense fog prevailed at the time of the accident, according to advices from along the coast. A despatch from Woods Hole said the weather was very thick when news of the accident came. The revenue cutter Acushnet got under way immediately, Capt. Johnson saying he would go to the

Republic’s assistance at top speed.

The position in which the Republic reported herself to be, in latitude 40 deg. 17 min. and longitude 70 deg., is slightly to the north of the regular steamship lane, but near the place where outward-bound vessels change their course a little north of east in order to make the great circle route to the Mediterranean.

When the news of the collision reached Wellfleet, Mass., the operator there promptly notified the commander of the Baltic. Capt. Ransom of that vessel answered immediately that he had changed his course and was proceeding to the assistance of the Republic under forced draught.

As to the identity of the vessel which rammed the White Star boat, it was thought by shipping men that it was probably some coastwise vessel. All incoming liners seem to have been a considerable distance away when the smash occurred.

The Republic carried 231 first-class passengers, and 211 third cabin passengers.

Her officers were: I. Sealby, commander; R. L. Barker, purser; J. S. Stanyer, chief steward; J. J. Marsh, surgeon, and P. Giliberti, Italian surgeon.

Vessel That Rescued Republic’s Passengers, and Diagram of Boats Called by Wireless

“C. Q. D.” was the code message, the ambulance call of the sea, flashed by wireless from the sinking liner after the collision, and caught by shore stations and wireless ships within 100 miles. The liners Baltic, La Lorraine and Lucania got it and turned to the rescue; the revenue cutter Seneca, looking for a derelict forty miles away, got it, as did the cutter Mohawk, steaming off shore, while the cutter Acushnet was sent from Woods Hole, the cutter Gresham from Boston and the torpedo boat Cushing from Newport.
~ 011 ~

OPERATOR STICKS AT POST AS SHIP IS SINKING

“We’ll Keep Afloat About an Hour Longer,” Flashed from Republic by Binns, Who Has Been in Many Disasters.

The latest wireless news from the sinking White Star liner Republic was received at Vineyard Haven this afternoon from the Cunarder Lucania, steaming westward in the direction of Nantucket, and about three hours’ run from the scene of the collision.

The Lucania with her powerful dynamos working, was able to project her message to a much wider area than that available to the Republic, on which the wireless current was supplied by storage batteries.

According to the Lucania’s message, the wireless operator of the Republic, sticking to his post until the very last, sent out word at about 1 o’clock that the helpless vessel could not keep afloat much more than an hour longer.

At that hour the only persons remaining on the Republic, outside the wireless operator were the officers and a few picked men of the crew. The passengers and the rest of the crew were on the Florida, which was standing by.

The wireless operator reported as steadfastly standing by the doomed vessel is J.R. Binns, a young Englishman twenty-five years old. He was one of the first telegraphers employed by the Marconi system, five years ago, and since that time he has been at wireless stations on steamships encircling the globe three times. He was rounding out his forty-first trip to New York from Europe when the accident occurred.

Binns has sent out reports of disasters which have shaken the world in their list of deaths. He

was aboard the Bluecher at Kingston when the earthquake destroyed part of Jamaica. He was at Genoa when the recent upheaval wiped out Messina and Reggio, and for three days tried to “raise” the wireless stations on the “boot” of Italy. Usually there are two operators aboard the liners, but in this case Binns was alone.

On board Binns ranks as an officer and takes orders only from the captain. Possibly a reason why such meagre reports of the disaster have reached land was the captain’s anxiety to keep the wireless instrument calling for aid. While the ship is in distress the wireless station is guarded by a squad of seamen and only the captain has admission.

messages consisted of the letters “C. Q. D.,” which in the wireless code notifies all ships in the wireless zone that some ship is in danger.

As this signal is recorded all business is suspended in every wireless office it reaches. After a time there is a lull, and then, in response to an answering signal, the cause of distress and location of the vessel in danger are sent out.

This was the course pursued by the commander of the Republic. He announced to all within the reach of his wireless electrical arm that his ship was filling with water and helpless in latitude 70.10, longitude 40. This message reached the Baltic and La Lorraine at sea and was received in the wireless offices at Charlestown Navy-Yard, Boston, Newport, Woods Hole, Siasconset and Vineyard Haven.

MANY BOATS TO RESCUE.

The revenue cutter Acushnet started out from Wood’s Hole, the revenue cutter Gresham started from Boston, the torpedo boat Cushing started from Newport and the revenue cutters Mohawk and Seneca picked up the message somewhere along the coast and headed out in the general direction of latitude 40, longitude 70, south of Nantucket lightship.

The fog was thicker up there even than the fog that smothered down on this city like a blanket, and the vessels bound for the Republic were obliged to proceed with caution, because that section of the Atlantic is thickly sprinkled with ships. It is right in the line of travel between New York and all European ports.

ENGINE ROOM FLOODED.

Capt. I. Sealby, commander of the Republic, notified the White Star offices in this city of the collision in a brief wireless message. He said his vessel had been rammed by an unknown ship, that no lives had been lost, that the engine room was flooded, but that the ship could keep afloat until assistance reached her.

Other wireless messages received during the morning were not so assuring. The captain of the French liner La Lorraine, for instance, sent to his agents the following wireless despatch:

“Am going to the rescue of the steamship Republic, which is sinking southwest of Nantucket. Heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away, as we have to take bearings.”

At about the same time this message reached the French line offices Capt. Ranson, of the Baltic, sent a wireless stating that he was on his way to the rescue of the Republic. The Baltic, steaming westward in the fog, had reached a point 112 miles east of Sandy Hook and off the easterly end of Long Island when the news of the collision reached her commander.

The vessel was instantly sent around in a wide curve and headed back toward Nantucket. The Baltic and Republic had passed close to each other and exchanged messages only a few hours before.

The revenue cutter Acushnet, after two hours’ search through the fog off Nantucket, located the

Republic and ran alongside.

LITTLE CUTTER ALONGSIDE.

So far as was known up to that hour the little revenue cutter was the only ship within reaching distance of the disabled liner.

It was believed by mariners that the collision occurred as the Republic was about to turn Nantucket Lightship, although that beacon was some distance away. The position in which the Republic reported herself to be, of latitude 40.17, and longitude 70, is slightly to the north of the regular steamer lane, but near the place where outward bound vessels change their course a little north of east, in order to make the great circle route for the Mediterranean.

Besides her passenger list of 441 the Republic carried a crew of 250. She had no second-class passengers. The steerage passengers numbered 171 Italians and 40 Portuguese. From the fact that the engine room of the liner was flooded it is plain that the force of the collision was most strongly felt in the steerage, and there was undoubtedly a thrilling panic in that part of the ship.

SAVED BY WIRELESS.

The wreck of the Republic is the most marvellous story of the sea in recent years. By the use of the modern invention, wireless telegraphy, she was enabled to notify the shore and other ships of her dangerous plight, and the 700 souls aboard owe their lives, it is likely, to this fact.

IN COLLISION OFF NANTUCKET WITH UNKNOWN CRAFT

French Liner Lorraine and the Baltic, Both Bound for New York, Turn Back and Rush to the Rescue With Two Revenue Cutters, U.S. Cruiser, and a Collier.

ENGINE ROOM IS QUICKLY FLOODED, CAPTAIN WIRES

The Republic Left New York Yesterday With 460 Passengers Bound for a Cruise in the Mediterranean—Many Prominent Americans on Board—She Also Had Supplies for Sperry’s Fleet.

The great White Star liner Republic, with 761 souls aboard, 460 passengers bound to the Mediterranean for a winter cruise, and a crew of 301, was rammed in a dense fog off Nantucket Lightship early to-day by an unknown craft and sunk. The other vessel in collision vanished in the fog.

All the passengers and most of the crew of the Republic were taken off by the liner Florida of the Lloyd Italiano Steamship Company, and brought to Newport. The remainder of the crew with the officers stood by the doomed vessel till the last and then were transferred to other ships that were at hand. These vessels included the Baltic of the White Star Line, the Lorraine of the French Line, the revenue cutters Gresham and Acushnet, the United States collier Lebanon, and the scout cruiser Seneca, all of whom had been rushed to the scene in response to the wireless call for aid that had been sent broadcast by the Republic’s captain and picked up by a dozen or more craft and many land stations. …
~ 012 ~

…

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~ 013 ~

REPUBLIC NOT SUNK; ALL SAFE

Florida, Which Rammed Her, Bringing Passengers to New York.

CONVOYED BY THE BALTIC

White Star Liner in Collision Off Nantucket—Crew Are Still on Board.

Siasconset Got the First News of the Disaster by Wireless and Sent a Call for Help—Ship Bound on a Mediterranean Cruise—Many Well Known Persons on Board—Passengers at Once Taken to the Florida, Which Though Injured Was in No Danger—Baltic to Take Them on Board Today if the Weather Permits—Little Fear Republic Will Go to the Bottom.

The Republic of the White Star Line, cut down in the fog by the Italian steamer Florida early yesterday morning sixty-five miles from the nearest land, flashed out a call for help while she was sinking that brought to her all the transatlantic racers within 150 miles, sped up and down the seaboard and over the world. She had on board 742 persons.

Helpless and alone in the black fog except for the crippled Italian, with the sea pouring into her crushed side, the Republic managed to tell her story so briskly and clearly that within a few hours after the collision off Nantucket lightship the world knew that all was well with her people.

By nightfall the wireless has sent the news that those on the Republic would be brought to New York today aboard the vessel which cut her down, the Florida, with the big Baltic standing by.

MAY TAKE OFF PASSENGERS TO-DAY.

The weather was clearing, so the last wireless ran last night, the wind has brushed away the fog and it looked as if the Baltic would be able to transship those aboard the Florida some time early this morning.

There was the danger that the fresh wind might stir up a heavy sea, in which case the Baltic could do no more than stand by the Florida.

The Florida, with her steel and timber bow crushed like the nose of an egg jammed hard against a plate, broken nosed and crippled, has aboard of her all of her own passengers and all of the Republic’s, perhaps 2,000 people in all.

She is in good shape, the last news received by the White Star and the Italian line officials last night assured them, but overcrowded. The Baltic, a ship big enough to load up a young city, is merely waiting for a favorable turn of weather to relieve the Italian boat.

The Florida is coming along toward New York at an eight knot pace and the Baltic is reined in to keep with her. They should be here by 5 o'clock this afternoon, according to the steamship officials, provided no further accident delays them.

At midnight last night the news was received definitely at the White Star offices in Bowling Green that the Republic, while low in the sea and with a great hole in her starboard side, was in no danger of sinking.

Capt. Sealby and her crew are still aboard of her, and La Lorraine is not far away in case her services shall be needed.

PART THE WIRELESS PLAYED.

Ten years ago, before ships could talk to each other and to the land, before the wireless established news routes on the ocean, the Republic, alone in the fog and dark, might have gone to the bottom without the world knowing of the disaster for days. It was two days after La Bourgogne was sunk that the story of the catastrophe became known.

But the Republic, still reeling from the shock of her collision with the Florida, with the sea pouring into her hull, her passengers in fear of death, was able to tell her plight to the land within ten minutes after she had been cut down. Her calls for help reached the big Baltic, La Lorraine of the French Line, the Lucania, and half a dozen other steamers bound for this port. She drew them to her as fast as powerful engines could bring them, and her passengers knew they were coming, relieved of the terrible uncertainty and of the fear that the ship would sink without the possibility of help arriving.

In the absence of accurate details it is impossible to tell just how much the Republic and her passengers owed to the wireless, for her passengers were taken off by the very steamship which rammed her, the Florida; but this much is certain, the wireless brought to the Republic all of the ships from a half circle of the sea 100 miles in its diameter, and brought them in time to insure the safety not only of the Republic's people but of the passengers and crew of the Florida.

GOOD NEWS SOON FOLLOWED BAD.

It was the wireless flashing the news here at 7 o'clock in the morning that the passengers had been saved, although the ship was settling, that relieved the dread of thousands of persons, relatives and friends of the people aboard the Republic. The crowd which had besieged the White Star offices at 9 Broadway early yesterday morning soon melted away. The incessant calls by telephone received by the officials of the line from this town and a dozen cities in the East were lessened by half.

In short, four hours perhaps after the Republic was struck the world knew that no lives were lost, no matter what was the fate of the vessel herself.

FLORIDA MAY HAVE RAMMED HER.

And all through the day until late last night the wireless kept whispering more and more of what was going on way out in the fog off Nantucket—fragments of news, shreds of fact and surmise, shrewd guesses—that it was the Florida that drove her bow into the starboard plates of the Republic, how the passengers scrambled aboard the Italian boat as best they could, how the Republic settled lower and lower in the water, how her captain and officers stayed on board, how the wireless operator—Binns, his name is—stuck to his key, receiving and sending, sending

and receiving, how the big liners searched for the two troubled ships, how the little revenue cutters and a torpedo boat, drawn by the wireless from the coast of New England, slipped through the fog walls and called cheerily that they were about Uncle Sam’s business.

THE REPUBLIC BOUND ON A CRUISE.

The Republic, comparatively a new steamship though not a particularly fast one (she can make seventeen knots when her captain gets excited), dropped away from the White Star pier in the North River at 3 o’clock on Friday afternoon for a winter cruise in the Mediterranean. She had 311 passengers in her first cabin, folks from New York city, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities and from the West, who were booked for the pleasure cruise.

She was due at Punta Delgada in the Azores January 26; Gibraltar, February 2; Genoa, February 6; Naples, February 7, and Alexandria February 11.

Gen. Brayton Ives, one time president of the Stock Exchange; James B. Connolly, writer of sea tales; Prof. John M. Coulter of the University of Chicago; Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, the writer; Samuel Cupples, a rich merchant of St. Louis; James Cockcroft, an author and publisher of this city; Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, the wife of a New York banker were a few of the first cabin passengers.

In the steerage the Republic carried 211, of whom 160 were homeward bound Italians whose relatives had suffered from the earthquake. They were going to Sicily and Calabria. Not a few of them were making the trip to learn if mothers and fathers or sisters and brothers had been left alive by the calamity which overwhelmed south Italy. Most of the others in the steerage were Portuguese bound for the Azores and Madeira, with here and there a Slav, rattling money in his pocket, who was returning home to be a great fellow in his own town while the money lasted. There were no second cabin passengers.

The whole cruise was to have lasted about two months. On her Gibraltar stop she would have have discharged 500 tons of stores for our battleship fleet to take the place of those given to the Italian sufferers.

IN A FOG FROM THE START.

From the time the deckhands cast off the lines and the big Republic stuck her stern out into the North River she was in the grip of the fog. There wasn’t a clear road at any time to the open sea. It required no wireless from the waters off Nantucket to know that Capt. William I. Sealby must have used such precautions as sea captains are driven to when the fog blanket drops. In this era of communication without wires the one thing that chills the heart of the man who is responsible for the lives of passengers and the safety of his ship is fog, which puzzles the keenest ear while it completely blinds the sharpest eye. When the sun is on the ocean the skipper of these days isn’t much afraid of anything, but when the face of the waters is covered with wet, gray mist he misses sleep and fears anything.

LEFT PORT AT HALF SPEED.

The Republic, once outside the Hook, took the common road of the liners, the course that swings them around to the southeast of Nantucket lightship and starts them on the long stretch across the Atlantic. She steamed at the rate of from 7 to 11 knots an hour on the average, pretty much of a loaf for a lad like the Republic, who can light out at 17 or 18 if she is pressed for time.

Whether Capt. Sealby had the watertight compartments which divide a big vessel into so many little vessels, each independent of the other, closed when the Republic reached latitude 40:17, longitude 70, about the place where outward bound vessels change their course a little more to the east in order to make the great circle route to the Mediterranean, or whether he closed them in the instant’s warning that the fog gave him, could not be told last night. In all

probability, following a general rule, the compartments were electrically locked when the Republic found herself deep in the fog.

At all events the system which segregates a section of the ship which has been punctured and holds up the vessel herself while the injured part fills must have worked satisfactorily, since there was time enough even in the sudden collision and the scare which resulted to save the passengers. And after the immediate danger was past the Republic managed to keep afloat, although the short, sharp messages which trickled through told of the fear of her captain and officers that she would go down at any minute.

CRASH CAME ABOUT 4 A.M.

It was in the neighborhood of 4 o’clock in the morning—maybe a few minutes before, maybe a few minutes after—that the Republic met the crushing blow that all but sank her. The bow of some great ship, blurred by the mist, lifted itself out of nothing and struck the Republic. From the course of the two boats it is almost certain that the blow came on the Republic’s starboard side. There could not have been half a minute’s warning of the danger that the fog concealed.

The wireless told that much of the story in two words.

What happened then can readily be surmised. Capt. Sealby gave the call to quarters, and the call was obeyed with the discipline of a man of war. Every man, from the first officer to the Italian steerage stewards, jumped to his place. The boats were lowered the men were told off to guard them. Officers and stewards took up the task of getting the passengers out of their cabins and assembling them on deck with the least possible delay and confusion. Of how frightened the passengers were or of how much of a panic resulted no word has come from the sea, but of order the wireless spoke eloquently in the one word “discipline.”

THE SHIP THAT RAMMED HER.

There is little doubt that it was the Florida of the Italian Lloyds line, with 800 Italian immigrants and at most forty first cabin passengers, that drove her steel bow into the Republic’s side. She is little more than half as big as the Republic, but there was plenty of force behind the bow which cut into the White Star liner’s side. She was coming to New York with her immigrants from Naples and was due here this morning. The wireless gave no explanation of what brought about the collision, nor was one needed. The fog, that was enough. Groping blindly in the dark, feeling their way along in the thickness, the two ships stumbled blindly upon one another. The Florida, luckier than the bigger ship, hit bow on, while the Republic was mortally hurt.

Apparently the submarine signals which indicate the proximity of submerged bells of the lightships and are meant to sound warnings when other metal bottoms are too close for comfort failed to speed a hint of the approaching Florida to the pilot room of the Republic. The little iron tanks placed on either side of the Republic’s bow should have recorded the approach of the Florida and telephoned a warning automatically to the bridge. But whether the submarine signal worked or didn’t work there was no time for Capt. Sealby to sheer off his big ship from the ramming Italian.

PASSENGERS HURRIED TO THE FLORIDA.

The Florida apparently stuck to the Republic long enough for most of the latter’s passengers to be shepherded on to her as hastily as possible. Perhaps some of the Republic’s people were taken off in the boats and from them put aboard the Florida, but seemingly the transfer was made speedily and in excellent system. Already well filled by her crew and her own passengers the Florida must have been crammed with people when all of the Republic’s passengers managed to get aboard of her. Altogether before the giant Baltic nosed them out through the fog and relieved the situation the Florida was taking care of nearly 2,000 people in quarters designed for half that number.

FEARS FOR THE FLORIDA TOO.

Then came the fear—the irritatingly concise wireless told that part of it—that the Florida herself would go under. When her captain, Voltolin, yanked her back from the crushed Republic her bow was broken like the nose of an egg that had been jammed hard against a plate. The bow of one of these Atlantic liners is virtually a solid timber and steel ram for twenty feet or more back of its nose. It may be crushed and broken and riven, but it protects the more vulnerable part of the ship back of it. In the case of the Florida the bow was shattered, but the force of the collision was not enough to break the bulkhead and sink the ship. It was seen, however, that she could stay afloat indefinitely and was in better shape than the Republic, which had a great hole in her side.

All of these things took place, it must not be forgotten, in a fog so thick that Capt. Sealby could not see the bow of his ship from the altitude of the bridge; in which both vessels were merely blots on gray paper; in which men and women had to grope and stumble their way to safety. And all the while there was certainly present the fear that a third ship might blunder through the fog and finish the work that the Florida had begun.

Sealby and his officers stuck to the Republic when they had got their people safely off. They had work to do, they and Binns, the Marconi man. Ten minutes after the collision they had got the first word of the accident to the Siasconset operator, who buckled to his work and helped them call up the ships at sea. This business went on for hours, a sort of desperate feeling in the dark for a lantern. The Florida having no wireless apparatus was dependent for news of any kind upon the ship she had struck down.

THE BALTIC’S PROMPT ANSWER.

First of all to answer was the Baltic of the White Star Line. She was perhaps 150 miles east of Sandy Hook when her wireless man picked the Republic’s call out of the air. Capt. J. B. Ranson promptly sent the Baltic to the right about and headed her for latitude 40 degrees 17 minutes and longitude 70 degrees. He was the first to reach the two cripples, although it took him hours to locate them in the fog.

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The Lorraine of the French line, seventy-five miles from the Ambrose channel, nearly into port, caught the cry of the Republic, slowed down and whirled round the politest of French ladies. It took her some hours to discover the location of the Florida and the Republic, but when she found them she stood by in case her help was needed. The Lucania was another of the big transatlantics that the Republic reached in her hour of need. The Cunarder was speeding to New York and was sixty miles east of the Nantucket lightship when the sounder of her wireless clicked out the tale of the Republic’s danger. Her captain obeyed the call instantly, flashing the news to his company’s offices that he would get to the Republic at about 4 o’clock in the afternoon.

CUTTERS TO THE RESCUE.

While the liners were turning on their heels and steaming toward the Republic, the operator at Siasconset was the busiest man on the Atlantic seaboard. He tapped out the story of the Republic to New York, to Wood’s Hole, to Newport, to Charlestown, to a dozen points where assistance might be summoned for the distressed vessels. He got the news to New York at about 7 o’clock this morning. The torpedo boat Cushing sped away from Boston, the revenue cutters Gresham and Acushnet steamed out to sea, the former from Cape Cod Bay, the latter from Wood’s Hole. Other revenue cutters at points along the coast, steamers that had caught the appeal by

their wireless, tugs hired by the White Star Line here in New York and at Boston, all converged upon the bit of fog covered sea where the Republic and the Florida were in danger.

By the late afternoon, although the reports from the various sources were sometimes contradictory, just a sentence here and there hastily thrown out, it seemed altogether probable that the rescued passengers of the Baltic would be brought here this morning on board the Florida, which was able to make her own way. The big Baltic was convoying her.

REPUBLIC ONCE THE COLUMBUS

Built for the Dominion Line—Popular Mediterranean Boat.

The Republic was originally named the Columbus after her launching from the yard of Harland & Wolff at Belfast in 1903 and was intended for the service of the Dominion Line between Boston and Queenstown and Liverpool. After the Dominion Line became a part of the White Star service her name was changed to suit the White Star scheme of nomenclature, which requires all its vessels' names to end in "ic." She has been plying on the Boston-Mediterranean and Boston-Liverpool routes several years. Occasionally she went to the Mediterranean via both New York and Boston. She made a regular winter cruise from this port to the Azores, Madeira and the Mediterranean and always carried a large number of passengers. She was equipped as some of the best twin screw up to date liners, having besides wireless submarine apparatus to tell her commander almost exactly where he might be in dense fog when in the neighborhood of a lightship fitted with submarine bells.

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~ 014 ~

… The Republic was the biggest ship in the Boston service. She was 570 feet long, 67.8 feet beam and drew 24 feet when laden. She measured 15,378 tons gross. Her twin screws, driven by two sets of quadruple expansion engines, gave her a speed of about 16 knots. She was usually an eleven-day ship to Naples when her only stop on the route was Punta Delgada in the Azores, but on her winter cruises she took her time. She was due at the Azores on January 29 and at Gibraltar on February 2. She had aboard 500 tons of provisions for the battleship fleet, which

she was to have transferred to the supply ship Culgoa at Gibraltar.

The Republic was considered at a cost of about $1,000,000 and was insured for that amount. It is the policy of the White Star Line to put aside for the insurance of its vessels from a half to a third of their value. In the case of the Republic nearly half the insurance was carried by the line itself and the rest was divided among various companies, including Lloyd's.

COLLIER TO THE RESCUE.

The Lebanon Starts From Boston to Find the Republic.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23. — At the request of the White Star Steamship Company the naval collier Lebanon at Boston, awaiting an opportunity to start for Buzzards Bay, has been sent to the scene of the accident to lend assistance. Early this morning when the first report of disaster reached the Department the Lebanon was ordered by wireless to the scene of the collision. Several hours later the master of the Lebanon reported to the Department that the fog was so dense that he would probably be unable to reach the Republic in time to be of any assistance. In view of this fact his orders were countermanded.

Late this afternoon however, the White Star Line advised the Department that the Florida, which is supposed to have been the steamer that rammed the Republic and later took off the Republic's passengers, was herself in bad shape from the collision. The orders to the collier were accordingly reissued. On account of thick fog, however, the Lebanon will probably have some difficulty in locating the Florida. She probably left the Boston navy yard late this afternoon.

The Republic had on board a stock of food and supplies intended for the Atlantic battleship fleet valued at $61,000. Admiral Sperry, commanding the fleet, will be instructed to purchase whatever supplies the fleet requires at Gibraltar, as it will be impossible to send food and provisions to reach Gibraltar before the fleet starts across the Atlantic for Hampton Roads.

NOT ROOM ON THE FLORIDA.

Agent of the Line Says She Couldn't Accommodate the Refugees.

The Florida is a comparatively new steamship of the Lloyd Italiano fleet, all of which are named for States of the United States. She is a steel twin screw boat with a sharp, straight stem and is about half the gross tonnage of the Republic. She has two funnels and two pole masts and can make about fifteen knots. She sailed from Genoa on January 8 and from Naples the next day with about 900 steerage passengers, all Italian immigrants or Italians who have become American citizens and are returning from a visit, due to the industrial depression of last year, to their native land. C. B. Richards, the American agent of the line here, said that there probably were also some earthquake survivors among the steerage passengers.

She carried only a few voyagers in her cabins, which have a capacity for only forty persons. Mr. Richards said there were not provisions or room enough on the Florida for all hands from the Republic.

NEWS THAT CAME BY WIRELESS

First Word of the Wreck at Siasconset at 4:10 A.M.

OPERATOR STUCK TO POST

All Day Meagre Messages Told of the Sinking Ship and Her Passengers.

The call of "C. Q. D." that summons all ships within 200 miles, the first news of disaster—then came word that the Baltic had started for the relief—French Liner La Lorraine adds her message and the Cunarder Lucania soon joins in the hunt—messages from the injured vessel grow slowly

fainter and fainter.

A man sat in a room in a little shack down on a sand spit that points out into the Atlantic Ocean beyond the village of Siasconset on the south shore of Nantucket Island. He fingered a key and the flashes of blue light that jumped from the hammock of wires high over his head outside streaked the blackness of the windowpane. This man—A. H. Ginman is his name—was talking with the ships beyond where the waves piled up on the sand spit. That was his business.

Suddenly at 4:10 A.M. through the telephone receiver harness clamped around his head and over his ears there sounded an interrupting chatter. It was this:

“Ta-a tat ta-a tat—tat tat ta-a tat—ta-a tat tat tat.”

That meant these three letters, “C. Q. D.” In the Continental Morse code used by ships and Marconi stations these three letters mean what three nines mean to Chief Croker of the city’s Fire Department; what the collision signal means on a battleship. Those three letters are absolutely imperative.

When this operator caught the sense of those three letters instinctively he reached for his key and sent for 200 miles on every side of him, landward and seaward, a message that travelled at the rate of 180,000 miles a second. The message read:

“C. Q. D. Here Sc. G.”

This means “Distress signal received at Siasconset wireless station. Go ahead.”

Then in a minute came another message to the operator at Siasconset. It was:

“We were struck by an unknown boat; engine room filled; passengers all safe; can stay afloat; latitude 40.17, longitude 70. Republic.”

THE FIRST CALL FOR HELP.

As soon as the operator had put down the final word he reached for his key again. The regulations of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America are that whenever an operator shall receive the C. Q. D. signal of a ship in distress he shall immediately upon ascertaining her locality and the extent of her damage send out to every ship and station that may be in the zone of 200 miles radius about his station word of her distress, even though ships may have caught themselves the original message from the crippled ship to the shore.

So Ginman prefaced his message with the C. Q. D. of alarm, then carefully repeated the message that had come to him from the Republic. That done he sat back and waited.

This all occurred in less time than it takes to read these paragraphs. It was the first word from the White Star liner, Mediterranean bound and twenty-five miles south of Nantucket lightship. Only the time that was occupied by the swift movements of the operator’s fingers at Siasconset station held the electric message on its flight from ship to shore and from shore to other ships.

There was a ship at sea, that was filling with water. Aboard her an operator named Binns had sat and tapped a key at the dictation of the captain. More than forty miles away Ginman, the operator at Siasconset on the sandspit had heard and with the greater force of the batteries away in his shack he had sent the message out again.

The operator at Siasconset did not have long to wait before messages from the shoreward side and from ships began to drum into his ears. First came messages from Charleston navy yard, Newport, Boston, Vineyard Haven and Woods Hole, all of which stations had caught the alarm sent out from Siasconset. Woods Hole said that the revenue cutter Acushnet had started to the

rescue. From Boston came the report that the revenue cutter Gresham had the news and was leaving. The Mohawk and Seneca, revenue cutters, cruising along the coast, told Ginman that they had picked up his flash and were off for Nantucket light.

THE NEWS SENT TO NEW YORK.

Before the wires over Ginman's head had ceased their landward conversation another message came from the Republic. This was from Capt. Sealby, her commander, and was addressed to the White Star offices in New York. It was simply a duplicate of the message that had come to the Siasconset operator after the first startling "C. Q. D." This message was put on the land wires to New York and reached the White Star offices at 9 Broadway long before they were opened.

Later another message sifted in. This read:

"Baltic, 115 miles east of Ambrose Channel, going to assistance of Republic."

The message which was signed by Capt. Ranson was put on the wires by the Siasconset operator and a messenger boy ambled into the White Star offices with it five minutes after Vice-President P. A. S. Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine Company had received the telegram from the Republic.

Soon again the hammock of wires over the head of the operator on the sand spit began to catch the code out of the air. The dots and dashes that sang through the magnetic detector and into the earpiece clamped to the side of Ginman's head were from Binns on the Republic. Whatever might have been happening on board the sinking liner, Binns stuck to his seat in the wireless room, and whether he had to get his power from the energy generated by the donkey engine or by reserve storage batteries on the boat he was sending evenly, calmly. This message was addressed to the White Star offices and read:

"Able to keep afloat—engine room full."

Somewhere out in the fog was La Lorraine of the French Line, steaming westward. She had caught the alarm sent out by the Republic, and again the warning message from Siasconset. Capt. Tournier sent a wireless to the office of his company here: "Am going to the rescue of the Republic, which is sinking off Nantucket. Heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away, as we have to take our bearings."

As the morning advanced and the operator at Siasconset picked up the messages that were flying from the rescuing boats to the Republic he could trace upon his map the movements of the various liners away out there in the fog wastes. The Lucania, which was due in New York this afternoon, was the last to swing into line. At noon this message from Capt. Warr flashed from the ship to Siasconset, to be put on the land wires for the Cunard offices, at 24 State street:

WORD FROM THE LUCANIA.

"Sixty-five miles east of Nantucket. Hope to reach Republic at 4 P.M."

Once near the middle of the morning Ginman, who had been giving to the anxious folk on land news from the fog outside, tried the call for the Republic.

"Ck—Ck—Ck" was the code summons he tapped off on his key and there was no answer. Finally he got the answering call. Binns was still at his key.

"Power off, have to use storage batteries—Ck," was the word that came down from the wires overhead. After that there was a long silence. Here in New York the people who know about wireless gathered in a little knot in the office of the Marconi Company at 27 William street and tried to construct the situation that had hampered the talking wires. With the inrush of water into the fire rooms and the shutting off of the power that drove the ship's dynamos, they

said the only way that the Republic could keep her wireless going was by starting up the donkey engine on the forward deck and thus supplying power to the dynamos or by substituting storage batteries carried in reserve. Either of these makeshifts would shorten the radius of her zone of communication by at least half. Other ships near at hand might talk to her after her wireless waves had failed to reach the land station at Siasconset.

That the rescuing boats were rapidly drawing near and that they themselves were able to communicate with the Republic was proved at 3 o’clock in the afternoon, when Siasconset got a flash from the Baltic for transmission to the White Star managers here. The message said that the Baltic was nearly by the side of the Republic, which still floated, and that all of the latter’s passengers had been removed in safety to the Italian steamer Florida.

FIRST NEWS OF THE FLORIDA’S CONDITION.

The first rumor that the Italian steamer Florida was herself damaged, whether through collision with the Republic in the morning or subsequent disaster, came to the Marine Exchange from the operator at Siasconset about 5 o’clock. It had come from another boat, since the Italian was not equipped with wireless, and it was hazy and inconclusive.

Then at 6:45 o’clock came this to the White Star offices, which threw the first light upon the situation out beyond the fog curtain’s edge. The message read:

“Florida in bad shape; steering for New York; in need of assistance. La Lorraine and Lucania searching for her. Handicapped by lack of wireless on Florida. Baltic nearing Republic, which is still afloat and directing Baltic’s steering.”

The last three words of this message proved that the Republic still could send messages from her mast wires to guide the steamers that were bearing down in her direction.

A later message, sent from one of the searching ships at 7:50 and received at the Cunard Line pier office, said that the Lucania and Lorraine were searching off Nantucket for “disabled steamer.” This message was taken to refer to the Florida, which, unequipped with the talking wires as she is, could well be an object of search by boats so close together as chat comfortably with each other over their wires.

About 7:40 there came also a message from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic to the White Star offices which showed that the hunt for the Florida and the Republic had been successful. The message said:

“Have found Republic and Florida. Am standing by.”

An hour later a second message came over the wireless to Siasconset for the White Star people. In this Capt. Ranson reported that he was getting ready to transfer the Republic’s passengers from the Florida to the Baltic. The Florida’s bow was crushed in, the message stated.

A despatch was received at the French line offices at 9:45 o’clock from Capt. Tournier of La Lorraine and read as follows:

WOODS HOLE, Mass.

“Republic passengers have left by Florida. Baltic remains. We have been asked by Republic to follow Florida. Will arrive at Sandy Hook daylight. Will not telegraph Paris anything."

TOURNIER.

At 10 o’clock last night the White Star company posted the following bulletin in its office:

“The Florida is heading this way at eight knots an hour. No. 1 hold is filled with water. She

will probably arrive in the harbor at 4 or 5 o’clock to-morrow afternoon. She is being convoyed by a steamer, either the Lorraine or the Baltic.”

A wireless message received later in the evening said that the crew of the Republic had been transferred to one of the ships standing by at 9 o’clock and that the Republic was sinking.

PRAISE FOR THE WIRELESS.

“Wireless? Why, it is the greatest safeguard against accident at sea that the world could have.”

Thus Mr. Franklin, the vice-president of the International Mercantile Marine Company, expressed his relief as he sat in the office of the White Star Company yesterday afternoon reading the yellow strips of paper that bore messages from Siasconset.

“It might have been as bad as the Bourgogne had it not been for the wireless,” he added. “Not only has it enabled the Republic to call aid to her within five minutes after she was out in jeopardy but the thousands of people on shore who have friends on board of her can know as much as anybody does know about what is going on and how the passengers are being rescued. This is the most perfect test of the value of wireless since the invention was made.”

John Bottomley, vice-president and general manager of the Marconi American Wireless Company, spoke of the discipline which had made possible all day long the almost instantaneous transmission of messages from the ships to the shore.

“The strictest rule of the company is that no matter what may be the press of commercial traffic when the danger signal C.Q.D. sounds everything is dropped and the operator receiving such a signal instantly tries to ascertain the position of the ship so signalling, then to give word of her plight to other ships in the zone. This was done almost automatically this morning and we are pleased. We are pleased also that Binns, the operator on the Republic, kept his head and stuck to his job until the end.”

The Steel Bulkhead and the Wireless Wave.

When before yesterday was there ever a capital disaster to a great steamship at sea without a marked impairment, for some time thereafter, of confidence in the safety of the ocean passage and a strong accentuation in the public mind of its possibilities of peril?

It is a notable thing that such consequences are unlikely to follow the loss of the Republic, a vessel of fame for qualities that endear her memory to thousands. The legacy that is left by the rammed Republic and the lesson taught by her fate consist mainly of encouragement and reassurance to the ocean traveller.

Until science can banish fog or surround the hull of the fog hidden ship with a zone impassable without adequate warning, there must always be the possibility of accidents like those which destroyed the Oregon, La Bourgogne and now the Republic. In this last case, however, there has been a triumphant demonstration of the efficiency of the two greatest factors of human safety at sea under modern conditions, namely, the watertight compartment and the wireless telegraph. The trustworthiness of each and the special value of the two in combination in time of need have never had so signal an illustration.

This demonstration is something to be grateful for—apart from those larger reasons for profound gratitude which are so obvious as to render commonplace the expression of them.
~ 015 ~

LINER REPUBLIC RAMMED AT SEA; FOUR LIVES LOST?

Florida Hit Her in Fog Off Nantucket While Her 461 Passengers Were Asleep.

SURVIVORS ALL TAKEN OFF

Transferred to the Florida, Then to the Baltic, Which Heads in at 1 A.M.

REPUBLIC ADRIFT HELPLESS

A Whole Company of Mighty Ships, Called by Wireless, to Her Aid.

SKIPPER TRIES TO SAVE HER

But Is Reported to Have Left Her Early This Morning—The Rescued Will Be Here To-day.

THE BALTIC REPORTS LOSS OF LIFE.

By Marconi Wireless Telegraph to The New York Times.

Steamship Baltic, via Siasconsett, Mass., Jan. 24, 1 A.M. — The steamship Florida collided with the Republic 175 miles east of the Ambrose Lightship at 5:30 A.M. on Saturday. The Republic's passengers were transferred to the Florida.

The Republic is rapidly sinking. It is doubtful if she will remain afloat much longer. The Baltic is now taking all the passengers aboard. The Lucania, Lorraine, and Furnessia are standing by to render assistance and convoy the Florida to New York.

It is reported on board that four passengers on the Republic have been killed.

The weather is threatening, and the Florida is seriously damaged. We hear that assistance is coming from New York.

MARCONI OPERATOR.

Out in the fog-hidden waters of the Atlantic, some 250 miles from this city, and 26 miles southeast of the Nantucket Lightship which guards the Nantucket shoals, the White Star liner Republic, outward bound from this port for Mediterranean ports, and laden with 461 passengers and supplies for the United States Battleship Fleet, lay in collision early yesterday morning at 5:30 with an incoming steamer, now known to be the Florida of the Lloyd Italiano Line, bound for this port from Italian waters.

Fifteen hours or so later Capt. William I. Sealby of the Republic still stuck to his ship with his crew, but every one of the Republic's passengers had been transferred to the steamer Florida, still afloat, although her bow was caved in. It was this damage to the Florida which soon afterward decided Capt. Ransom of the White Star liner Baltic, which had arrived at the scene in response to wireless appeals from the Republic, to remove all the passengers from the Florida into his own boat, including in the number the Florida's contingent as well as the men and women who had been transferred to her from the Republic.

Transferring the Passengers.

A wireless message from Capt. Ransom, received at the office of the White Star Line here at 11:40 last night, said that only the desperate condition of the Florida had persuaded him to the move and he added that he had begun the work of transfer with twenty boats, each capable of carrying ten persons besides the crew that manned it.

The message stated also that the vessels lay about a mile apart, and it was estimated for this reason, that the Baltic could hardly accomplish the transfer of all the passengers before morning. The Baltic had on board 90 first-class passengers, 170 second-class passengers, and 220 steerage passengers. This number is far below her capacity, and Capt. Ransom wired that he

would have no difficulty in caring for the 210 first-class passengers of the Republic as well as the 250 steerage passengers and the contingent from the Florida, which brought the total number added to his own list up to 1,242.

In the same message Capt. Ransom stated that the Republic was still afloat and had drifted sixteen miles nearer to the Nantucket Lightship, lying then about ten miles southeast of the Nantucket Beacon.

Survivors on Baltic—Republic Abandoned.

The transfer of the passengers to the Baltic was accomplished speedily and without incident, and shortly before 1 o'clock this morning both the Baltic and Florida started for this city. If the Baltic proceeds at her usual speed, not delaying for the Florida, she should reach here this afternoon.

A wireless message from the Baltic at 2 o'clock this morning, after many contradictory reports about the Republic had left her condition very much in doubt, said that she had been abandoned and that Capt. Sealby and crew were aboard the Baltic.

This was the news which reached this city in a series of fragmentary wireless messages yesterday and last night, and seafaring men declared that had it not been for this same wireless the story of the accident, when it finally reached this city, might have been far different.

The collision occurred at 5:30 in the morning when many of the Republic's passengers were still in their berths. Capt. Sealby was on the bridge. Ahead and upon all sides was an almost impenetrable fog. The Republic was coasting slowly along. She was a little off the beaten path for ocean liners, having turned a little north to get a start on the long sweep into the Mediterranean.

Suddenly there came a dozen quickly repeated blasts on a fog siren, apparently close at hand. Almost at the same instant a hazy shape loomed up in the mist bearing down on the Republic. There was no time to stop or reverse the engines. The oncoming steamer crashed into the Republic, hurling her over to one side as the sharp prow of the colliding vessel gouged through the iron plates into the engine room of the White Star liner. Then the vessel pulled away, righted herself, and staggered off into the fog.

In a moment Capt. Sealby had called his crew to quarters and had the collision bulkheads closed down, shutting off the engine room from the rest of the ship. All that he could do himself had then been done, and he turned to the last hope that remained, the wireless instrument. The operator needed no orders. Already his fingers were pressing the key, and out from the masthead leaped the ambulance call of the sea, the signal, "C. Q. D.," which translated from the code, means, "All ships. Danger."

Call for Help Heard.

Then message after message was flashed away from the stricken vessel, carrying the word that the Republic had been in collision, that she was in danger, and that she lay in latitude 40.17, longitude 70. On the steamer Baltic, on the French liner Lorraine, at the Nantucket wireless station, at the naval stations at Newport, Woods Hole, and Provincetown the message was picked up.

Each ship which got the message turned in her tracks and sped toward the stricken ship. The revenue cutters Acushnot and Gresham started toward the scene, and the Lucania, incoming, notified from the shore, also turned off her course to hunt the Republic.

Then messages were exchanged with the shore. Capt. Sealby got into communication with the White Star office in this city, notifying his owners of the accident, but conveying the welcome news

that there was no danger to life, and that his vessel would float for some time at least.

With the sending of these messages all that could be done on board the ship had been done, and there remained to Capt. Sealby, his passengers, and his crew, nothing to do but wait until they could be transferred to the Florida, which was quickly done.

Whether or not the Florida was the vessel which struck the Republic cannot be told certainly. The vessel has no wireless apparatus, and communication with her was impossible. It was generally accepted, however, that it was she whose prow stove in the Republic's side, for the Florida's bow was damaged.

A late wireless report from Capt. Ransom stated that No. 1 hold on the Florida had been found to be filled with water.

Prior to the discovery of this fact it had been agreed that the Florida, which had already taken off the Republic's passengers before the arrival of the Baltic, should carry them to this port, the Baltic standing by as a convoy.

STORY OF THE DISASTER.

Crash Came in Thick Fog When Passengers Were Asleep.

Full details of what occurred aboard the Republic when out of the fog off Nantucket the Florida, as it is supposed, smashed into her engine room amidships early yesterday morning will only be known when her passengers arrive here, probably to-day. Here is the story of the collision as it appears from the facts reported in brief wireless dispatches and from a knowledge of conditions aboard the liner.

The Republic, out-bound, with her 250 cabin and 211 steerage passengers asleep in their berths, was groping slowly along through the dense fog about twenty-six miles east of the Nantucket Lightship, in the early morning. From out of the murk ahead came the little Florida, only half the size of the big White Star liner.

If she sounded a warning on her whistles it was too late. The officers on the Republic's bridge saw the other vessel looming in the mist ahead, bear down upon them, and the next moment they were struck amidships on the starboard side.

There must have been a terrific roll to port, as the Republic's side plates were torn asunder by the sharp prow of the colliding steamer. Iron and wood were rent apart, and the steel-clad bow of the Florida bored its way into the White Star liner's engine room, immediately to back out again and stagger off out of sight into the fog, while tons of water plunged through the hole, putting out the fires.

Engine Room Flooded.

The engine room force tumbled up the ladders to the decks, soaked, gasping, and frightened. From the bridge the crew were called to quarters, and the collision bulkheads closed. With the vessel between seventy and eighty miles from the nearest land—for the Nantucket Lightship is fifty miles from shore—with water enough in the hold to sink the steamer with its cargo of human beings unless the bulkheads held, the wireless apparatus was then called upon to find the means of safety.

The operator had stuck to his post—he was sending a message when the collision occurred—and soon from the masthead of the Republic a message went out, telling all who could understand within 300 miles, as concentric circles of little waves spread from a spot in the water in which a stone is dropped, that the Republic needed aid.

Response to Wireless Call.

The passengers who hurried on deck when the crash came were told to prepare to take to the boats if necessary, while being assured of the Captain’s belief that the watertight compartments would hold and prevent the Republic from sinking. And it was soon seen that the bulkheads were performing their work while the wireless was sending out the distress call, which foolishly would pass unheeded.

It was not many hours before it was known that the Baltic, 109 miles from Sandy Hook, had turned in her tracks and was making for the stricken Republic at full speed, that the French liner Lorraine, 19 miles away from Ambrose Channel, was also coming full speed ahead through the fog, and that all there was to do was to wait.

The vessel rolled in the seas, powerless to turn this way or that. The engine-room bulkheads still held, and there was now little doubt of the safety of all on board.

A Rescuer Appears.

Presently a steamer hove in sight through the mist. She proved to be the Lloyd’s Italian liner Florida, with her bow smashed in. Evidently she was the vessel that had rammed the Republic. She announced herself able and willing to take the Republic’s passengers, and the transfer was begun.

It was 12:30 o’clock when the last of the passengers left the stricken ship. Still Capt. Sealby and the crew stayed, hoping to save the vessel, now sinking lower and lower in the water.

Capt. Sealby and the crew stuck to the wrecked vessel through the afternoon. At 7:30 o’clock the Baltic found the Republic and stood by her and the Florida, on which were the rescued passengers. The Republic’s crew were transferred, but still Capt. Sealby refused to leave his vessel.

HOW WIRELESS SAVED A SHIPLOAD OF SOULS

Thrilling Story of the Rescue Call That Turned Other Liners to the Republic.

C. Q. D. MEANS HELP QUICK

A General Ambulance Call of the Deep Sea to Which Probably Some 750 Owe Their Lives.

This is what happened in the Marconi wireless service when the first news of the accident to the Republic flashed across the ocean at 7 o’clock yesterday morning:

The steamships Baltic and Republic of the White Star line, Pennsylvania of the Hamburg-American line, incoming from Hamburg; the Furnessa of the Anchor line, from Glasgow; the French liner Lorraine from Havre, the Cunarder, Lucania, from Liverpool, and the Atlantic Transport liner Minneapolis from London were all within the wireless zone of the shore stations along the coast.

The Lorraine and the Lucania were furthest in, and, with the Republic, were holding communication with the station at Siasconsett; the Baltic, some ninety miles in toward New York, was just passing into the zone covered by the station at Sagonanock.

Each ship has an individual call letter—K. C. for the Republic, B. C. for the Baltic, L. I. for the Lorraine, and L. A. for the Lucania. The land stations take messages in order of priority. To avoid a babel of messages the land station in communication with the vessels calls the particular vessel it wishes to receive from or send a message to, and this call gives that particular vessel the “right of way.” The others, all tuned alike, keep silent and listen to the messages, or when needed, pass them along to others farther out at sea.

The Republic was in commercial communication at the time of the accident. She had been “talking to the station,” and A. H. Ginman, the operator, was clicking off a message to the vessel. He was well under way, and everything was in working order in spite of the fog, when suddenly the operator on the Republic broke in sharply, and there began to come into the station the letters “C. Q.” This is the signal of the wireless code meaning that something important has happened and that all other shore stations and vessels in the wireless zone must instantly stop sending and give attention.

Instantly the operator on shore stopped his message and waited with some anxiety for the next flash. On each ship the operators were watching, for something of moment had plainly happened to cause the operator on the Republic to violate the etiquette of wireless and break in thus on the sending man ashore.

“C Q D” Out of the Fog.

There were just a few seconds of waiting and then the Republic began to send in haste, repeating over and over again the letters “C Q D.”

The added “D” meant danger, and the three letters together are a cry for help, a general ambulance call of the deep sea. The operator called the wireless identification letters and next the wireless instrument ashore and on the other steamers began to deliver this, the first message telling of the accident:

6:40 A.M. Rammed by unknown ship, 26 miles south of Nantucket. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70.

Immediately the shore operator sent out another C. Q. D. call, and then repeated the message, letting all other vessels within the zone, 200 to 300 miles from the station, know what had happened and the steamship Republic’s need for help. The shore instrument is capable of covering a greater zone than the Republic, and could reach other vessels which might not have heard the call of distress from the Republic. It was an indirect appeal to every steamer in reach to make for the scene of the collision without delay.

First Response from Baltic.

At this moment the Baltic was in communication with the Sagonanock Station on Long Island, some hundred miles west of Siasconsett. It was from the Baltic that the first answering message came. She sent word that she had picked up the call, and began to sound off a message telling both shore and ships that she was turning back on her course and would make all speed to find the Republic in the fog.

Then from all the other vessels in range—the Lorraine, the Lucania, the St. Louis—came wireless notice to the shore that they had heard the message and were also turning toward Nantucket to help. Then came other responses. The Revenue Cutter Service has just made Wood Hole a cutter station. As soon as Ginman received his warning of trouble he forwarded it to the cutter Acushnet there. She at once got out and steamed away in the fog.

The revenue cutter Mohawk was off the coast on a derelict search. She, too, caught the message and hastened away.

And so it went. From time to time came to the wireless stations ashore messages from the rescuing ships; from the revenue cutter Acushnet, which got first to the disabled liner, and more faintly as the hours went on and the batteries of the Republic began to fail from the ship herself telling that the passengers were safe aboard the Florida, herself partly disabled, and that there was a rescue fleet around doing all that could be done.

Late in the evening, when wireless messages from the Republic seemed to halt, the White Star Line received a wireless from Capt. Ransom of the Baltic that the Lucania and the Baltic were within reach of the Republic and she was directing their movements by her own wireless which

was found to be in use only within a limited area.

The Value of Wireless Shown.

“The accident,” said John Bottomly, Vice President and General Manager of the Marconi system, last night, “has demonstrated the working of the Marconi system in case of danger. We are much pleased with the way the affair has been managed and the saving of life. We have sent a letter to A. H. Ginman, the operator at Grasoncett, thanking him for his promptness.”

Mr. Bottomly said that the Marconi Company had recently given to the United States Government the call letters of all of the 190 vessels equipped with its system. Especial attention has been called to the C Q D call, which is only used in extreme cases. Fifty out of the 190 stations are equipped with long distance apparatus, which will reach 2,000 miles from high power stations.

THE FLORIDA A NEW SHIP.

She Is About Half the Size of the Boat She Rammed.

The Florida belongs to the fleet of the Italian Line. She is a new ship, about half the size of the Republic. She was built at Genoa, Italy, in 1905. She is described in the Record of American and Foreign Shipping for 1909 as a steel screw steamer, with schooner rigging. She is 381.4 feet in length, 48.1 in breadth, and 25.7 in depth. Her tonnage is placed at 3,143.

She is equipped with two three-cylinder triple-expansion engines, 26, 42, 72 by 45, with 376 nominal horse power. She was docked for repairs two years ago. She runs between Naples and New York. …
~ 016 ~

THE RESCUE OF THE REPUBLIC.

The rescue of the passengers and crew of the White Star steamship Republic is a signal triumph for the wireless telegraph. That invention has given man one more potent weapon in his fight to control the forces of nature. In bridging space, penetrating the pall of the fog and patrolling the wastes of the ocean it has greatly reduced the perils of travel by sea and narrowed the opportunities for great sea disasters.

Under conditions prevailing up to a few years ago the Republic would probably have been unable to summon assistance in time. Struck in the dead of night and drifting helplessly in a dense fog, the big liner might have lingered, as she did for a few hours, and then gone down without getting into communication with the shore or with any passing ship. Her passengers and crew would have suffered a fate only too common in the history of the dangerous route from Sandy Hook to Cape Race. But the wireless telegraph has happily transformed the conditions of ocean travel. If a damaged vessel happens to be near shore or near a generally travelled ocean lane it can communicate its plight to many possible rescuers. To keep afloat for half a day is to make rescue fairly certain.

Thus the Republic’s messages quickly reached the shore stations from Newport to Portsmouth and were caught by the Baltic, the Lucania and the Lorraine, and concerted efforts could be made to effect a rescue. Whatever part the Florida may have played in connection with the accident, it was mere chance that the passengers could thus be transferred to a vessel without the wireless apparatus. But if she had not been by, it is clear that the ships summoned from afar would have arrived in time to effect a rescue. The complete success of these efforts will be hailed as the sign of a great deliverance from the terrors of the past by the thousands who travel the Atlantic. It will help to eliminate a dread only too well founded in harrowing experiences and to increase man’s confidence in his ultimate ability to overcome the destructive elements in the world about him. On the fog-laden sea, where he long seemed so utterly helpless and isolated, he has now the grateful assurance of neighborly communication and assistance.

The remarkable contrast between the happy rescue of all the passengers and crew of the Republic and the fate of the ship's company of the Bourgogne, in 1898, gives a striking measure of progress in ten years.

NAVAL STORES LOST.

Admiral Sperry May Have to Get Supplies from Relief Ship.

The Republic carried stores for Rear Admiral Sperry's fleet, which were valued at $61,000. These it is feared will be a total loss.

The stores were to be taken to Gibraltar by the Carmania, but for some reason this plan was changed, and they were sent on the Republic. They comprised immense quantities of fresh and smoked meats, turkeys, potatoes, sugar, butter, and eggs.

It will be impracticable for the navy to start a fresh cargo in time to meet the battleship fleet at Gibraltar before it departs for the United States, and the Admiral may purchase his meats and other supplies from those aboard the Celtic, which has been sent to Italy for the sufferers, the money to be paid for them being used for other relief purposes.

REPUBLIC A HANDSOME SHIP.

Flagship of the White Star Boston Service—Only Four Years Old.

The White Star liner Republic was commissioned in 1904. She has been regarded as the finest liner in the White Star Boston-European service, of which she was the flagship. Since she took her place in the service she has several times been used in the New York-Mediterranean service in the Winter season. The voyage that ended so disastrously off Nantucket yesterday was one of these extra assignments.

The Republic was of 15,400 tons displacement. For several years she held the record for the fastest passages between Boston and Queenstown. She was luxuriously equipped for the saloon passenger trade, and her second-cabin accommodations, which were not used in this trip, compare favorably with the second-cabin equipment of any liner afloat.

The finest apartments on the liner were the dining saloon with its seating capacity of 200 diners; the library, the smoking room, and the lounge. The dining saloon was finished in ornamental wood. The upholstery was of rich texture, and the wood carvings were among the finest to be found on any vessel afloat. The great dome that formed the principal decorative feature of the ceiling of the dining saloon was another much admired fixture. The library and smoking rooms were equally well equipped.

The lounge was put on the promenade deck, and was perhaps the most popular apartment, particularly with the women passengers. Suites for saloon passengers and the cabins de luxe were splendidly furnished apartments.

The Republic was a single funnel ship, 570 feet long, 67.3 feet wide, and 24 feet deep. She had twelve water-tight compartments and a double skin. The largest single compartment was that amidships, containing the engines. She was built by Harland & Wolff, at Belfast, in 1903, and was commissioned in the following year.

The only previous collision in which the Republic had figured was a slight one on Sunday, Feb. 18, 1907. While entering the harbor of Naples the Republic and the Centro America, an Italian steamer, crashed together. No one was hurt, but the passengers of the Republic were alarmed. Both ships were considerably damaged.

On her first trip from Boston to Liverpool the Republic, at that time the Columbus, carried the

Honorable Artillery Company of London at the conclusion of their tour of the United States as the guests of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. On her last trip to New York the Republic brought the first refugees from the Sicilian and Calabrian earthquake to land on American shores.

After the acquisition of the Dominion Line by the White Star Line the renamed vessel was placed in the newly established Boston-Mediterranean service. Together with the Canopic and Romanic, also purchased from the Dominion Line. Later the Republic was transferred to the New York-Mediterranean service.

THE REPUBLIC COLLISION.

The reports of the collision of an unknown vessel with the outgoing steamship Republic, with 461 passengers on board, near the South Shoals yesterday morning prove once more the utility of the wireless telegraph as a means of saving life at sea. Wireless messages from the damaged steamship quickly summoned to its aid vessels enough to ensure the safety of its passengers.

Collision in a fog and fire at sea are now almost the only dangers to be dreaded in an ocean voyage. The construction of the modern ships and the discipline observed on them have minimized the danger of fire, while collisions such as that which damaged the Republic are never likely to occur except when a vessel is near the coast. In the open sea the peril is never great.

Most of the cabin passengers of the Republic were bound on pleasure trips in Southern Europe and the Orient. Their pleasure has been sadly marred by the shock they experienced and a few hours of apprehension, and also by an expensive loss of time, if not of all their luggage. Probably many of them, when they get home, will stay there and defer their European trips until the weather is more propitious. With the Sicilian earthquake and the wreck of the Republic, projects of pleasure travel have been much marred this Winter.

The news of the collision caused great excitement throughout the country yesterday, but the fears of a terrible loss of life were soon allayed. The rescued passengers have the consolation of knowing that their lives were never actually in danger. Steamships and revenue cutters quickly responded to the wireless appeal. The only gratifying feature of the incident is the proof it affords that the newest of man’s inventions has greatly decreased the danger to human life at sea.
~ 017 ~

REPUBLIC CAN BE SAVED

IN NO IMMEDIATE DANGER, THE LINE HEARS.

Story of the Accident as It Came by Wireless to the Offices Here—Ship Struck Amidships and Engine Room Wrecked—Tugs Are Hurried to the Rescue.

This is the story of the disaster told by a White Star Line official based on wireless dispatches received and sent by that office:

The first intimation that the company had of an accident to the Republic was a wireless message which was delivered at the company’s office at 8:10 o’clock yesterday morning. It was from Capt. Sealby. It did not have the time on it. It said that the Republic had been rammed by an unknown vessel, but was able to keep afloat. This was sufficient to let the officials of the company know that the accident was serious. Later, about 9 o’clock, a message was received from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, dated 7:25, which said that he had been in communication with the Republic, had learned that she had been in collision and asked for help. It was thick off Nantucket then, according to him, and the Baltic, which started back at once to find the Republic, could not place her. He said that the steamers Lorraine and Lucania, which had also been in touch with the Republic, were seeking for the disabled vessel.

After the first message no more were received from the captain of the Republic, but Capt. Ranson of the Baltic was in constant communication with the office and later notified the company that the passengers of the Republic had been transferred to the steamer Florida.

The weather was so thick that it was impossible for those on the searching steamers to find the disabled vessel, but they were at times able to get in communication with her, and the news learned this way by Capt. Ranson of the Baltic was transferred to the company in this city. In this way it was learned that the Republic had been struck amidships and that the engine room was full of water, but all watertight compartments were closed, and so the vessel was able to keep afloat. The Republic is a modern vessel and has sixteen watertight compartments. There is a longitudinal steel bulkhead which divides the engine room. She has twin engines, and one is in each compartment. If only one compartment had been flooded it would have been possible for the vessel to have come back to port under one engine, but both were put out of business, and Capt. Sealby was using a donkey engine to pump out water and to work his wireless outfit.

Only recently the company had storage batteries put on board the Republic for the wireless. These batteries were not strong enough to enable her to send a message a long distance, but were probably powerful enough to send a few miles, and in this way Capt. Sealby was able to communicate with Capt. Ranson and the commanders of the other ships that were searching for the disabled vessel.

It was impossible to state the position of the Republic accurately, as there had been a thick fog for several hours and no opportunity to get a sight, so that to find the vessel was a difficult job, as it was only known that she was about twenty miles south of the Nantucket Shoals lightship.

In the company’s office the experts got to work on the information and figured that even if six of the compartments were filled with water the vessel would still keep afloat and as the sea off Nantucket was very smooth the chances of saving her were very good indeed.

The fact that both engines were out of business and that both compartments were filled with water told that the Republic had been rammed hard and that either the vessel that struck her had gone through the longitudinal bulkhead or else had driven one engine through into the compartment on the opposite side of the steamer.

It was also figured that the Republic must have been struck on the starboard side about amidships. The Republic was steaming east and the Florida was heading this way. She was probably standing in toward Nantucket in order to be reported, and heading west by northwest would have struck the Republic at a sharp angle. That she was struck on the starboard side, if it be true, was fortunate, as on the Republic all the first class staterooms on the main deck are on the port side.

Early in the evening another message told that the Baltic had at last found the Republic and that she was still afloat, but that her engine compartments were full of water. The passengers were then on the Florida. Capt. Ranson did not give any details as to how the accident happened, but he did say that not a life had been lost and no one was injured. He asked for instructions.

The company sent him word that to save life was his first duty. It suggested that the Florida should proceed to this port with the passengers on board and that the Baltic should convoy that vessel and if possible transfer the passengers to the Baltic so as to make them more comfortable and land them quicker.

At 9:55 Capt. Ranson sent a message which said that the Florida had started for New York and was making about eight nautical miles an hour; that she would probably arrive off Sandy Hook between 4 and 5 o’clock this afternoon, and that the Baltic would convoy the Florida, and if the weather was fine in the morning he would take the passengers from the Florida.

The Florida at her best can make about fifteen miles an hour, but could not make more than half that speed under her present condition. If the passengers were transferred to the Baltic that vessel, being able to make sixteen miles an hour, would land them here much earlier.

According to Capt. Ranson the weather had then cleared, but the wind was coming from the east which, at this season of the year is likely to kick up a nasty sea and so hurt the chances of saving the Republic.

Capt. Sealby and his crew were still on the disabled steamer then and were waiting for the help that had been ordered. As soon as the tugs arrived it was the intention of Capt. Sealby to head for the nearest port and should the weather become too bad to have the Republic beached on Nantucket or some other shoal and safe spot.

At 11 o’clock another wireless was received by the White Star Company from Capt. Ranson. This said that he and Capt. Sealby were still in communication and consulting about the advisability of transferring the passengers on the Florida to the Baltic as the Florida was in bad shape and a strong wind was coming up. At the same time a message was received which said that the two revenue cutters had reached the disabled Republic and that attempts would be made to get that ship into port or to beach her if necessary.

The White Star Line’s offices were kept open all last night and will be open all day to-day, so that those who are anxious about passengers on the Republic can learn the latest news about them. The telephones in the offices, and there are many of them, were kept busy all the afternoon and until late in the evening with inquiries. In each case the facts as they were known were given, and the telephone number of the inquirer taken so that later news could be given as soon as it was received.

WIRELESS TOLD WORLD

CALL FOR AID O’ER SEA AND LAND.

How Land and Ship Stations, Scores of Miles Apart, Told the News.

It was in the neighborhood of 4 o’clock when the Republic and the unknown steamer crashed into each other. It was two hours later that Captain Ranson, after a thorough examination, decided that the Republic’s passengers must leave the ship as soon as possible. At 8 o’clock, four hours after the shock of collision, the following message sent a thrill through the receiving operator at the United States navy yard at Charlestown, Mass., 150 miles from the disabled steamer:

“To revenue cutter Gresham, Boston: The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17; longitude, 70.”

The engine room of the Republic was flooded, but her wireless apparatus was equipped with a storage battery system, and with this at his command Binns, the wireless operator, sent his call for aid continuously out into the night. It reached the Siasconset wireless station, seventy-seven miles away, and Siasconset took it up.

“C D 2” was the warning that carried through 150 miles of black fog, and every wireless operator on ship or on shore in that zone sat up and in turn sent out the call, until it became an endless chain of air waves, spelling “Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40:17, longitude 70.”

Station after station took it up, and it reached ship after ship. Ship after ship took it up, and crowded on full steam ahead and forged into the fog wall. The cry of the Republic sounded within a radius of from sixty to one hundred and fifty miles of the spot where she was to go down. Highland Light got it, 120 miles away, and passed it on. Newport got it, 108 miles away, and flashed the warning out. New Bedford, 105 miles away, caught it, and the United States ship

Seneca, in the harbor there, started to the rescue. The revenue cutter Mohawk, cruising 135 miles away, received the call, and turned her prow for the designated latitude and longitude.

BALTIC AND LA LORRAINE HEED CALL.

Westward bound, the Baltic, sister ship of the Republic, and La Lorraine were pushing cautiously into unending gloom. They were hardly more than ten miles apart, the Baltic being about seventy-eight miles from the scene of the collision, when simultaneously the message-bearing waves struck their wireless masts. On the instant courses were changed. The wireless feelers of these two vessels then stretched out into the night and fog, and soon there was an answer from the Cunarder Lucania, likewise westward bound.

Then began one of the strangest and weirdest scenes recorded in the annals of modern seafaring life. Bound for the same spot, unable to get their bearings, almost feeling their way unseen, unheard, yet constantly talking to one another as though side by side, were three huge greyhounds of the Atlantic and four United States revenue cutters, the Seneca, the Mohawk, the Acushnet and the Gresham. Collision threatened them, and the fate that had overtaken the Republic lurked for them in the fog. They kept on. “Have you found her?” “Are you talking with her?” they asked one another.

The nearest of the government cutters was three and a half hours’ run away. One was at New Bedford, one at Watch Hill and one off Cape Cod, while the derelict destroyer Seneca was cruising off shore searching for a wreck at a point about forty miles away from the place where the Republic was thought to be slowly foundering. The big liners were twice that distance away.

The Republic’s dry battery was losing its power, but it continued to do noble service. “Still afloat,” it called, and “She’s still afloat” was passed around from ship to ship of the fleet hunting for the helpless one in the unlifting fog, from station to station on shore.

“When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket Lightship this morning was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger and no lives lost.”

This was the wireless message transmitted by telegraph received at the White Star Line offices in New York at 10 o’clock.

At 9:45 a.m. a wireless message reached Vineyard Haven saying that the passengers and crew of the Republic had been taken off by another vessel. A wireless message, transmitted to the White Star offices, reported the revenue cutter Acushnet alongside the Republic just before 10 o’clock.

The government wireless operators at Newport reported that at 11:30 a.m. they could still hear the wireless working faintly from the Republic, but there were indications that the storage batteries were becoming exhausted. The same operators at 11:50 a.m. heard from the revenue cutter Acushnet, then somewhere off Gay Head, that she had picked up messages stating that passengers on the Republic were being transferred to another steamer, that La Lorraine was searching for the Republic, and that the Baltic was forty miles away, hastening to the Republic’s assistance.

Thus each step in the hide-and-seek game in the fog, every measure of succor that was being taken and the assurance of the safety of the passengers were flashed by wireless from station to station, from ship to ship, and, transmitted by Morse code and instruments, told all the waiting, anxious world of the fate of the steamer and her human freight.

The Republic’s instrument in its dying breath told New York that the Florida was taking off the passengers and crew.

At 12:30 p.m. the Cunarder Lucania reported that the Republic would soon sink. The Lucania’s message said that wireless communication with the Republic at that hour was nearly perfect. Not

only had the Lucania caught the warning from the sea-sent messages, but a message first sent by wire from the office of her line told her to look out for the damaged vessel.

Having told of the transfer of the passengers to the Florida, the magic wireless told of a new danger. Word was sent broadcast over sea and land that she was displaying signals for assistance. It told thereafter of every step in the closing act of this sea drama; how the Baltic found the Republic and started with the Florida for New York, and how the Republic plunged to the bottom when all had left her. …
~ 018 ~

FIRST GREAT TEST OF WIRELESS SAVES 761 AT SEA

Continued from Preceding Page.

telegraphy was put to a full test. It told promptly of the danger, summoned aid, and then kept the ever-changing situation fully before the eyes of the civilized world.

The wireless told of the transfer of the passengers from the sinking Republic to the steamship Florida, and then that it was the Florida which had rammed her. It told of the Florida standing by to aid the crew, herself in some distress, and then of the arrival of the liners that had hastened to the rescue, and even unto the last act, when Captain Sealby, of the Republic, the last to leave the vessel, stood by in his gig to wait for his ship to disappear forever into the graveyard of the liner and the tramp—the bed of the ocean.

CAPTAIN’S MESSAGE: “NO DANGER TO LIFE.”

The first flash of the wireless—the danger signal picked up from the air—came at 6:40 yesterday morning. The wireless operator at the Siasconset (Mass.) station, looking out upon the gray fog bank that hid the sea, was aroused by the faint calling of some steamer using the Marconi call of distress.

It proved to be the Republic calling, and the message was that the Republic was in distress and was sinking.

Quickly the operator got into communication with other stations and reported the news. There was a long pause before the next message came.

“Republic was rammed by an unknown steamer, twenty-six miles east of Nantucket. No danger to life.”

The Republic was feeling her way through the heavy fog, sounding her siren, sounding her fog bell, using her submarine fog signal and occasionally sending out wireless flashes to locate the positions of other liners, using every precaution known to science to prevent an accident.

But suddenly there was a black blur where the fog had shown gray—a blur that grew larger and was suddenly wiped away to reveal the fearful picture of a liner as big as the Republic bearing hard down upon her.

Before a touch of the hand could send a signal to the engine room or sound a belated warning, the unknown vessel had come out of the rolling gray fog, lunged into the Republic almost amidships and tore a great hole in her side.

TWO GIANTS STRIKE, THEN DRIFT APART.

The two vessels drifted apart and the unknown steamer disappeared, while the doors of the water-tight compartments of the Republic were being closed with a slam and every urgent measure taken to prevent her sinking.

It was in this state that the operator in the wireless room of the liner flashed out his message to the world at large for assistance.

There was a long and distressing pause before the wireless of the Republic spoke again for the first call of distress. But the fragmentary message from the vessel in distress had brought to life every wireless station along the Eastern coast and back out to sea, even over the very hull of the disabled ship so that her own wireless instruments responded to the pulsations. Messages were charging the sudden air.

Quickly came responses from these signals of alarm, as though all the liners were life guards on patrol and only awaiting the signal to act.

The Baltic, a sister of the same line, was the first to catch the signal and respond. She was eastbound to New York, on the home-stretch to port, and charting her way cautiously along in the fog. She was off Montauk Point when her wireless instruments began to pulse and record the fact that the Republic was in distress.

BIG BALTIC STOPS, THEN TURNS, A HERO.

As soon as the message was delivered to the Captain on the bridge, giving the approximate location of the sinking Republic, he initiated a hasty reply. It stated simply that he would go at once to the aid of the distressed ship. Action was as quick as thought, and the New-Yorking liner was almost instantly turned and into an active zigzag of rescue. The passengers wondered as the big liner turned directly back in her tracks and her propellers began to churn slower and faster until they were firmly fixed at full speed, and the big liner was plouging straight into the fog.

Her mission was soon learned and all aboard were alert to the task before the ship, and waited anxiously for each new message flashed by the wireless.

At the same moment almost a message for the revenue cutter Gresham was stirring the wireless mast at the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston. It was from the Republic and read:

To the revenue cutter Gresham, Boston: The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70, southwest of Nantucket.

The Gresham was not at the Navy Yard, but even before, by the wonders of the etherial waves, she had intercepted the message for herself at Provincetown Harbor and immediately put out to find the Republic.

While addressed to the Gresham, the message was for the world at large, and among the ships which read it were the revenue cutter Acushnet, on her way out of Woods Hole, Mass., the revenue cutter Mohawk, on New Bedford, and the Seneca off New London.

MOHAWK GOES AGROUND; NANTUCKET IN TROUBLE.

All started to the aid of the Republic, but in her haste the Mohawk ran fast aground and the Acushnet was called aside to aid the Nantucket, a coastwise steamer, which had gone aground off Nobiska and was in a dangerous situation. The passengers from the Nantucket were taken off and put ashore in boats.

But with this small fleet in motion, the call of “C. Q. D.” the wireless signal of distress, was still flashed out to sea, as definite word had not been received from the Republic and the vessels which had answered the first call were from three to four hours’ run distant from the Republic.

La Lorraine, the eastbound French liner which had passed the Republic in the night with a friendly greeting by wireless and the reassuring “All’s well” fresh in memory, was the next to

catch and answer the call. Her wireless said that she was not far out of her boating, but would turn back and seek the Republic.

The oncoming Lucania, of the Cunard Line, also heard the call. She replied at 12:30 in the afternoon that she was three and a half hours’ run from the Republic and proceeding with all speed to the relief of the ship.

Thus from all points of the compass ships were hurrying to answer the appeal with the unseen finger of the wireless to point their way.

Captain Sealby lost no time in sending a reassuring message about the condition of the vessel, but gave no word of the unknown ship that had struck him. Then from the Republic came the message of the timely appearance of the Florida, and of the removal of passengers from the Republic to this vessel.

AND FLORIDA HAD OVER 1,100 ON BOARD.

The Florida is not equipped with wireless, and it was one chance in a million that she would find the half-submerged Republic in the fog especially as the Republic had been robbed of her far-sounding whistle by the drenching of the fires under her boilers. All that was known about the Florida was that she was eastbound from Naples with more than 1,100 souls aboard and was due to arrive in New York Sunday.

This message of the appearance of the Florida and the transfer of the passengers of the Republic was the last wireless message received ashore from the injured ship. Her storage batteries were growing weak and there was no means of replenishing them. The next messages came from La Lorraine and the Baltic, which had gotten in wireless touch with the Republic and relayed messages to the shore.

Later messages told of the battered condition of the Florida, and for the first time it was learned that she was the vessel which had rammed the Republic and was crippled and flying signals of distress. Despite her condition, she was bravely standing by the Republic, ready to take off officers and crew, who had declined to quit the sinking ship.

It was a dangerous task that faced the three big liners when they came close to the Republic and the Florida. The batteries of the wireless had grown so weak on the Republic that the faint messages could not be spelled out, and the submarine fog bell had taken the place of the wireless.

MESSINA REFUGEES IN A NEW PANIC.

By this guide the vessels continued to grope in the fog until the Baltic, La Lorraine and the Lucania were all close by, but it was not until after 7 o’clock at night that the Baltic came in sight of the Republic and the Florida, which was standing close by. La Lorraine and the Lucania waited for further communication from the Baltic before attempting to come closer.

The brief messages gave but meager descriptions of the scenes aboard the two vessels at the time of the collision. Most of the passengers were awakened from their sleep by the shock of the collision and, while never in real danger, suffered greatly from fright.

On board the Florida were a number of refugees from Messina, escaping from that disaster on land, only to face another peril at sea. They were in a delirium of fright after the accident, and the officers of the Florida had a difficult task to quiet their own passengers and take a hasty survey of the damage to the vessel before groping through the fog to find and assist the vessel she had rammed. The Florida is said to have been on her course on account of the fog.

The value of the Republic, as given by the company, is about $1,000,000. Her cargo, light because of her being a passenger steamer, is worth between $600,000 and $650,000. Only a small

portion of the loss will be sustained by the company, as the ship and cargo are almost fully covered by insurance.

When the Republic set in New York harbor Friday she ran into a thick, blanket fog which had been hanging over the Atlantic coast for the past two or three days. She halted inside the the Sandy …
~ 019 ~

… Hook lightship before passing the Southwest Spit, as though to determine whether it would be advisable to proceed in the fog. Late in the afternoon there were signs of its lifting, and the vessel proceeded on her way. Evidently she had felt her way through fog for the 200 miles lying between Sandy Hook and Nantucket.

No finer demonstration of the value of the wireless telegraph service in its relation to safety at sea was ever afforded than was made by Captain Sealby on the stricken liner. It was the first practical test, so far as big liners are concerned, the first vital application of the system since its perfection by Marconi. Had it not been for this service no one would have heard of this accident, and the vessel might well have been left to sink, with perhaps never a word to tell relatives and friends of the fate which she had met.

FIRST GREAT TEST OF WIRELESS A SUCCESS.

As it was, from the very first, communication was established between the injured liner and ships hundreds of miles away and the shore. When the complete chronological catalogue of the messages from the Republic is made up it will stand as one of the most dramatic pages in maritime annals.

The first message came to the operator at the Boston Navy Yard sitting in his observatory, gazing out into the fog-hidden waters of Massachusetts Bay. It read:

The steamship Republic has been rammed in lat. 40.47, long. 70. Badly hurt. Need immediate assistance.

It was this message that went everywhere. Then came this:

To revenue cutter Gresham, Boston: The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17; longitude 70, 26 miles south of Nantucket.

The captain of the Baltic also wired the New York offices of the company as follows:

Received message from Republic of ramming. Will proceed to her assistance. Reach her at 11 o’clock. Now 115 east of Ambrose Channel.

Next came the message from Captain Sealby to the White Star offices in this city.

A message from the captain of La Lorraine, which came through the wireless station at Siasconsett, was as follows:

Going to help Republic sinking southwest of Nantucket lightship. Heavy fog. Our own position on chart uncertain. Will do all possible to save crew and passengers.

The inward bound Lucania of the Cunard line also received the Republic’s summons for aid as this Marconi message received from her captain quickly showed:

“Am sixty-five miles east of Nantucket lightship at noon to-day. Will reach Republic to render assistance about 4 p.m. Weather very hazy.”

For eleven years great ocean liners have been remarkably free from accidents of serious nature.

The last serious accident off the American coast was the sinking of the French Line steamship Bourgogne, rammed off Cape Sable by the ship Cromartyshire. She went to the bottom with the loss of almost every one on board. Previous to that the Cunarder Oregon was rammed off Fire Island in the early eighties by an

A Triumph for Wireless.

The most signal triumph yet scored by wireless telegraphy comes in connection with the disastrous collision between the steamers Florida and Republic off the Massachusetts coast Saturday morning. By its mysterious means the doomed vessel was able to give New York the news of the wreck at once, was able to report to the anxious ones on shore the progress of the breathless events on board, the transfer of passengers from the more damaged to the less injured ship, was able to summon a number of other steamers and relief ships from various points on the ocean to the aid of the endangered thousands on board.

Does this sound commonplace? Imagine for a moment what it would have meant to the people of half a century ago. Had the fathers of the middle-aged men of today been told that through the air for hundreds and thousands of miles electric intelligence could be exchanged; no wires, no poles, no subterranean method of communication—simply the harnessing of the atmosphere for the purposes of man. So fast does the world move, so rapidly, does one scientific wonder give way to its successor, that men grow careless and indifferent and become unappreciative of the new agencies being constantly broken to their convenience.

Strange and wonderful enough in the abstract, wireless telegraphy takes a new importance when, as in the case of Saturday’s disaster at sea, it comes to the rescue of imperiled men, women and children and directly contributes to their safety. It is in such an instance that society for a moment realizes what this occult force called wireless is capable of doing.

REPUBLIC RAMMED AT SEA; 1,900 ON 2 SHIPS IN PANIC; ALL SAVED

Florida, in Fog Off Nantucket, Strikes White Star Giant Death Blow, Then Crawls Back to Rescue Passengers as Wireless Summons Aid.

CREW STANDS BY SINKING SHIP TILL HOPE IS GONE

Great Vessels Catch Aerograms and Race to Aid. Baltic Guards Quivering Florida as She Starts on 200-Mile Journey to N. Y.—Notables Aboard. All Due Here To-day.

After more than fourteen hours of great suspense, from the time the wireless telegraph aboard the White Star liner Republic reported early in the morning that the ship had been rammed and was sinking about twenty-six miles southwest of the Nantucket lightship, the last word from the scene of the disaster was flashed by wireless late last night that the Republic had been abandoned and gone down.

The Republic was east-bound from New York to Mediterranean ports and was groping her way at half speed through the fog when, without warning, the Florida, of the Lloyd Italian Line, west-bound from Naples to New York, loomed up in the path.

A moment later the Florida struck the Republic a crushing blow almost amidships, and when the vessels parted the sea poured into the hold of the Republic. Promptly the watertight compartments were closed, and the science of modern shipbuilding held true, for the Republic was kept afloat for many hours and not a life was lost as the result of the collision.

1,900 in Panic on Two Ships.

On both ships the officers and crew had a difficult task in calming the passengers, thrown into a wild panic by the crash of the vessels while most were asleep in their berths. In all there were 1,900 souls aboard the two vessels, and their fate was in jeopardy until the extent of the

damage was learned.

The Florida almost immediately disappeared in the fog. The Republic, with her boiler and engine rooms flooded, was helpless, and those aboard did not even know the identity of the ship which had dealt their vessel a death blow in the dark.

Sole dependence for aid rested upon the wireless, and the operator sent broadcast his appeals for aid. There were responses from many sides, and it was only a matter of a few hours for some of the vessels who had heard the call to reach the side of the Republic.

But the black fog hindered and harassed them, and even with the guidance of the wireless, and the further aid of the submarine fog bells, another marvelous invention with which modern liners are equipped, they groped helplessly and at great peril to themselves for hours in a vain effort to locate the sinking Republic.

Out of Fog Crawls Florida to Rescue.

In this hour of peril succor came from an unlooked-for source. The fate of the vessel which had rammed them was believed to have been worse than their own by those aboard the Republic, but out of the fog, with her bow twisted and broken, crawled the Florida.

Quickly all the passengers were transferred from the Republic to the Florida. The strength of the bulkheads of the watertight compartments was under a severe strain, but Captain William I. Sealby and his crew refused to quit the ship. The Florida would not proceed without them, and stood by for almost twelve hours after she had found the Republic until the climbing water forced the crew to the boats.

All went aboard the Florida except Captain Sealby and the crew of his gig. They waited until the Republic sank out of sight, a fortune to be buried forever beneath the sea, and then accepted the aid of the Captain of the Florida.

The Florida, crowded to the decks with her own passengers and those from the sunken vessel, was guarded by the Baltic, La Lorraine and the Lucania. She is badly damaged, but her captain believed he could make New York safely and started on the 200-mile journey before midnight.

On the journey the Florida will be attended by the Baltic, ready at the first signs of distress to take over the passengers of the Republic and Florida. It is expected that the Florida will reach New York about 7 o’clock to-night.

Wireless Gives Graphic Report.

A disaster of the fog-bound sea, one of the fearsome mishaps of the unmarked paths of travel, where two great liners, freighted with sleeping passengers, collide and are left crippled or sinking, was for the first time yesterday graphically reported by wireless telegraphy.

Fragmentary messages first told that the White Star steamship Republic, one day out from New York, had been rammed and was sinking. It was the crippled ship that first reported her own misfortune and sent a thrilling call for aid.

The Republic said that she was rammed by an unknown steamer. She reported herself as sinking and gave no intimation of the fate of the other ship.

On the Republic, one of the modern giants of the ocean, were 761 souls. Of these 250 were first cabin passengers, leisurely tourists on their way to the sunny countries of southern Europe; 211 steerage passengers, most of them returning for a visit to their native countries, and 210 of crew and officers.

For more than an hour the fog-clothed sea held the fate of these souls, and as many more as

were aboard the other vessel in the collision, an impenetrable mystery.

Big Liners Race to Wounded Vessel.

Then came another message that all were safe. Again and again, at intervals, the mysterious messages came out of the great bank of fog off the Massachusetts coast, telling a fragmentary but comprehensive story of the stirring drama being enacted far out at sea—of unexpected succor at the hour of urgent need, and of other ships hearing the call sent out to their winds and hastening to the aid of the sinking vessel.

In this race of the three big liners to the aid of the wounded Republic, as yet unaware of the fate of those aboard, was furnished the most exciting side of this thrilling marine disaster, when for the first time the wireless…

Ships That Heard Wireless Calls of Republic and Went to Her Aid

The Baltic, of the White Star Line—100 miles away.
La Lorraine, of the French Line—75 miles away.
The Lucania—150 miles away.
Revenue Cutter Gresham—At Provincetown, 100 miles away.
Revenue Cutter Acushnet—At Wood's Hole, 100 miles away.
Torpedo Boat Cushing—At Newport, 60 miles away.
Revenue Cutter Seneca—150 miles away.
Revenue Cutter Mohawk—150 miles away.

MARVELLOUS WORK OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY ROBS THE DREADED SEAS OF THEIR TERRORS.

Over and above every other feature of the disaster stood the marvelous arm of the wireless telegraph, with its message of new hope to those who shall hereafter go down to the sea, the treacherous and dreaded sea, in ships.

Scarcely had the shock of collision died away on the Republic ere her heroic Marconi wireless operator, J. H. Binns, whose nerves had been steeled by his experiences in the earthquakes in Jamaica and in Italy, had taken his post to click out the magic letters "C. Q. D.," which sent out through the air for hundreds of miles in every direction the warning of a disaster.

For "C. Q. D." in the wireless code is the urgent notification to all ships in the wireless zone that some ship is in danger.

All business is suspended in every wireless telegraph office as soon as that signal comes flashing its thrilling message down from the upper air. The operators, in suspense, wait until their answering signal is responded to. Then the location of the vessel and the cause of the distress are sent out.

Distress Signal Came from Sea.

And so it was yesterday. At 6:40 A.M. the Marconi operator at the wireless station at Siasconset, Mass., was startled by the faint calling of some steamer using the Marconi signal of distress. With bated breath he dropped the key and listened. A moment later came the signal which indicated that it was the Republic, of the White Star line, which had sailed from here Friday afternoon, with a full cabin list, for the Mediterranean.

The operator on the Republic reported the ship was in dire disaster, having been rammed by a steamer the identity of which had not at that time been ascertained. The collision, the operator on …
~ 020 ~

… The Republic said, had occurred while the vessel was proceeding slowly in a dense fog about

twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship, in latitude 40.17, longitude 70. The extent of the damage, the operator said, had not been fully determined, but it was known that the engine room was full of water. But by means of the water-tight compartments the boat could remain afloat some time.

Call Goes Far and Wide.

The Republic’s broadcast call by wireless for help was dispersed all over the eastern part of the Atlantic. It was heard by the Baltic, her sister White Star ship, hurrying here from Europe. It was heard by the operator on board the French liner La Lorraine, also bound to New York on her westward trip from Gaul.

All vessels within range of the mysterious pulsations were asked to hasten to the scene. Aid was also asked of the United States Government, which resulted in the ordering there of four revenue cutters and the naval collier Lebanon. The call for help which the Republic had sent into space was recorded at the Charlestown Navy Yard at 8 o’clock in the forenoon. It said: “To revenue cutter Gresham, Boston: The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70, twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket.”

The Gresham was not at the navy yard, but had intercepted the appeal in Provincetown Harbor. She started immediately for Nantucket. Other wireless apparatus also caught the flying message, and in a short time the cutter Acushnet was on her way out from Woods Hole. The Mohawk, another revenue cutter, had started from New Bedford, and the Seneca had been ordered out from New London, Conn.

Mohawk Soon Runs Aground.

The Mohawk soon ran aground, while the Acushnet did not get outside of Vineyard Sound, and later came back to assist another vessel in distress.

The appeal of the wireless far off in the fog-enshrouded ocean stopped every ship within 300 miles that had a Marconi wireless outfit aboard.

The Baltic and La Lorraine had both passed the Republic a few hours earlier and were speeding for New York, those on board joyous at the anticipation of soon being once more safe and ashore. The message from the Republic came with a terrible thrill, and as quickly as possible both ships turned and steamed back toward the scene of the disaster.

Slow and Ugly Work.

It was slow and what the old sea dogs call nasty work feeling their way through the fog toward the disabled steamers. They ploughed through the still sea water—for there was almost a dead calm on—as fast as they dared. But it was several hours before the Baltic got within sound of the submarine bell on the Republic. Its tones, rolling on in deep and measured notes through the water, sounded like a funeral knell to the operator in charge of the receivers on the approaching vessels, tuned as they were to record the distance from which the sounds were coming in such muffled, solemn measures.

The Baltic was the first to reach the scene, and at a little before noon came the welcome news in this city, by wireless, that the Baltic had found the Republic. La Lorraine was only a little bit behind the Baltic, though she did not move up so close, leaving the White Star boat to extend first aid to her damaged sister. Then it was learned here, from the Baltic definitely, that the collision had been amidships. Further details also came briefly. The Republic’s engine room had been almost immediately flooded. The stokers, engineers, and cadets had had to flee for their lives. The big ship quickly became helpless.

Wireless Equipment Not Damaged.

Fortunately, her wireless equipment had not been disturbed by the great shock of the collision, and the disabled ship was well supplied with storage batteries. These were used for more than six hours, until they gradually became exhausted. After that the officers of the Republic had recourse only to their submarine bells, another new invention, by means of which the location of a ship can be told in a fog or during a gale, which might interfere with the transmission of the wireless signals through the air.

Though the wireless operator on the Republic did not bother, brave soul, to record the fact, those here and in all the wireless stations on shore or on the rescuing ships pictured the intense scenes on the Republic and on the Florida, too, during the long hours that intervened between the collision and the transfer of the passengers from the Republic to the smaller Italian vessel, already well loaded with her 800 immigrants from Sicily and Calabria.

With the arrival of the Baltic near the scene came the reassuring news by wireless that the transfer of the passengers from the Republic to the Florida was accomplished, and safely accomplished, during the middle of the forenoon. Though the sea was calm the water was enveloped with a dense fog, and the work of taking the people from the Republic, men, women and children, was not accomplished without a very considerable share of danger. No accidents, however, occurred during the transfer.

Baggage All Left on Board.

Only human beings were taken in the lifeboats that made the passage between the two vessels. All the baggage was left on board the Republic.

By noon, according to a wireless telegram from the Baltic, she and the Lorraine of the French line were close to the scene of the collision, but had not actually come in sight of the two damaged vessels. The submarine bells, though, were distinctly heard, and the wireless communications between the Republic and the Baltic enabled those on the latter to get a clear idea of the disaster, and of the events that followed and were even then transpiring.

At 4 P.M. the Baltic and La Lorraine, and the giant Cunarder Lucania, which had also turned out of her course, were all three in the collision zone, and were searching for the Republic with some danger to themselves, owing to the almost impenetrable fog.

Captain Sees Vessel Sink.

It was dark when the Baltic finally drew, with many coarse warnings from her fog-horn, within human calling distance of the two disabled vessels. Her long search was ended, amid cheers from those on all three ships. A part of the crew still remained on the Republic with Capt. Sealby.

At 9 o’clock last night it was evident that the Republic would soon sink. Her hull was almost full of water. Capt. Sealby in his gig, with a handful of his brave men, was the last to leave. With tears in his eyes he ascended the gang-plank of the Florida to join his crew and passengers, and stood with uplifted hands as the big Republic sank from view forever.

BRIEF, VIVID PICTURE OF DISASTER BY WIRELESS.

Operator at Nantucket Reports First Faint Call of Distress, Then Rush of Lorraine to Rescue, “with Boilers Almost Bursting”—Finding of Liner by Baltic—Sinking of the Republic, with Captain in Boat Alongside.

(By the Marconi wireless operator stationed at Siasconsett, Nantucket.)
(Special to The World.)
SIASCONSETT, Mass., Jan. 23.—At 6.40 this morning the Marconi operator at this station was startled by the faint calling of some steamer using the Marconi call of distress. The steamer proved to be the White Star liner Republic, sailing from New York yesterday for the Mediterranean, with a full passenger list.

The operator reported the ship was in distress, having been rammed by a steamer the identity of which could not be ascertained, while the Republic was steaming slowly in a dense fog, about twenty-six miles south of Nantucket Lightship.

The extent of the damage could not at the time be ascertained, except that the engine-room was full of water and that by means of her water-tight compartments it was expected that she could remain afloat for some time. The White Star liner Baltic, bound from Liverpool to New York, at this time was off Montauk Point in communication with the Siasconsett station. The Baltic was immediately put in communication with the Republic, and, putting about, she steamed at full speed for the position given.

Lorraine Also to the Rescue.

The French liner Lorraine, also bound for New York, was communicated with and immediately made for the scene at full speed.

It subsequently developed that the Italian steamer Florida, from Naples for New York, was the vessel which rammed the Republic, and that, standing by, it took off the latter’s passengers. The Florida herself was badly damaged about the bows, but otherwise safe.

Throughout this time the station here was in constant communication with the fast settling ship, and also with the ships rushing to her aid, thus greatly allaying the anxiety of those on board and their friends ashore. At noon the Lorraine’s wireless operator reported that she was steaming with boilers almost bursting, the speed that she heard the submarine bells on board the Republic, which he is still steering straight toward her, and now probably not more than eight miles off.

It is definitely assured that no one on the rammed vessel is killed. I cannot positively state whether the Florida is standing by or whether she is making for port.

Crew Were Standing by Ship.

All the doomed ship’s crew are standing by their ship, and as the fog is lifting somewhat it is probable they will be rescued within a few hours.

Later.—At 7.30 P.M. the Baltic found the Florida and the Republic and is now standing by them to render further assistance. All the passengers and crew are safe, sea calm, and light and fog, although still dense, is lifting.

10.19 P.M.—All hands off; Republic sinking fast. Capt. Sealby, in boat alongside, refused to leave her until she was out of sight. Baltic will convoy Florida to New York. Latter all well and steam slowly.

Great Disasters of the Sea Have Cost Thousands of Lives.

The crash into the Republic resembled the accident which befell the Cunarder Oregon, rammed and sunk, but without loss of life, off Fire Island about twenty years ago. A pilot boat saved the passengers and crew of the Oregon.

Another ocean calamity similar, but fearful in its results, was the sinking of the French liner La Bourgogne, July 4, 1898, by the British ship Cromartyshire, off the Nova Scotian coast. The exact point of the collision was sixty miles south of Sable Island and the hour 4.30 A.M.

Of the 739 persons on board only 159 were saved. There were 184 saloon and second cabin passengers, 333 steerage passengers and 222 in the crew. Of the passengers 463 were lost, and of the officers and crew 117. No first class passengers were saved.

The survivors included 11 second class passengers, 44 steerage, 4 officers, 22 sailors, 51 engineers and stokers and 27 stewards and other employees.

Capt. Louis DeJoncile, who was known as the “Wolf of the Sea,” went down at his post, together with most of his officers.

The only woman survivor was Mrs. A. D. Lacasse, of No. 73 West Third Street, New York.

In a padding of fog, the sailing ship rammed the Bourgogne with her jibboom athwartships, almost at right angles. The bowsprit and prow of the sailing vessel tore away half the steamer’s bridge and opened the boiler room. The panic, almost indescribable in its horror, has seldom been equalled. Crazed men, armed with weapons, fought back the women.

Among the lost was Ismail Yousouf, the wrestler, known as the “Terrible Turk,” who had in his belt $2,800 in gold.

The following record of terrible sacrifices of life at sea shows by comparison the advances made in steamship construction, safety appliances, and means of communication at sea. The record extends back about forty-two years.

1866, Jan. 11—Steamer London, on her way to Melbourne, foundered in the Bay of Biscay; 220 lives lost.
1866, Oct. 3—Steamer Evening Star, from New York to New Orleans, foundered; about 250 lives lost.
1867, Oct. 29—Royal Mail steamers Rhone and Wye and about 50 other vessels driven ashore and wrecked at St. Thomas, West Indies, by a hurricane; about 1,000 lives lost.
1870—Inman Line steamer City of Boston left New York with 177 passengers and was never heard from again.
1871, July 30—Staten Island ferry boat Westfield exploded in New York Harbor; 100 lives lost.
1873, Jan. 22—British steamer Northfleet sunk in collision off Dungeness; 300 lives lost.
1873, Nov. 23—White Star liner Atlantic, wrecked off Nova Scotia; 547 lives lost.
1878, Nov. 23—French Line steamer Ville du Havre, from New York to Havre, in collision with ship Loch Earn and sank in sixteen minutes; 110 lives lost.
1874, Dec. 23—Emigrant vessel Cospatrick took fire and sank off Auckland; 473 lives lost.
1875, May 7—Hamburg mail steamer Schiller wrecked in fog on Scilly Isles; 200 lives lost.
1875, Nov. 4—American steamer Pacific, in collision thirty miles southwest of Cape Flattery; 236 lives lost.
1877, Nov. 23—United States sloop of war Huron wrecked off North Carolina coast; 100 lives lost.
1878, Jan. 31—Steamer Metropolis wrecked off North Carolina; 104 lives lost.
1878, March 24—British training ship Eurydice, a frigate, foundered near the Isle of Wight; 300 lives lost.
1878, Sept. 3—British iron steamer Princess Alice, sunk in collision in the Thames; 700 lives lost.
1878, Dec. 18—French steamer Byzantin sunk in collision in the Dardanelles with the British steamer Rhinaldo; 210 lives lost. 1879, Dec. 2—Steamer Borussia sank off the coast of Spain; 174 lives lost.
1880, Jan. 31—British training ship Atlanta left Bermuda with 290 men and was never heard from.
1881, Aug. 30—Steamer Teuton wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope; 200 lives lost.
1883, July 3—Steamer Daphne turned turtle in the Clyde; 124 lives lost.
1884, Jan. 18—American steamer City of Columbus wrecked off Gay Head Light, Massachusetts; 99 lives lost.
1884, April 19—Bark Fonema and steamship State of Florida sank in mid-ocean after collision; 145 lives lost.
1884, July 23—Spanish steamer Gijon and British steamer Lux in collision off Finisterre; 150 lives lost.
1887, Jan. 20—Steamer Kapunda in collision with bark Ada Melore off coast of Brazil; 300 lives lost.

1887, Nov. 15—British steamer Wah Young caught fire between Canton and Hongkong; 400 lives lost.
1888, Sept. 13—Italian steamship Sud America and steamship La France in collision near the Canary Isles; 89 lives lost.
1889, March 16—U.S. warships Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic and German ships Adler and Eber wrecked on Samoan Islands; 147 lives lost.
1890, Jan. 2—Steamer Persia wrecked on Corsica; 130 lives lost.
1890, Feb. 17—British steamer Duburg wrecked in the China Sea; 400 lives lost.
1890, March 1—British steamship Quetta foundered in Torres Straits; 124 lives lost.
1890, Sept. 1—Turkish frigate Entogru foundered off Japan; 540 lives lost.
1890, Dec. 27—British steamer Shanghai burned in China Sea; 101 lives lost.
1891, March 17—Anchor liner Utopia, in collision with British steamer Anson, off Gibraltar and sunk; 574 lives lost.
1891, April 16—British ship St. Catharis, wrecked off Caroline Island; 90 lives lost.
1892, Jan. 13—Steamer Namechow wrecked in China Sea; 414 lives lost.
1892, Oct. 28—Anchor line Romania wrecked off Portugal; 113 lives lost.
1893, Feb. 8—Anchor liner Trinalria wrecked off Spain; 115 lives lost.
1893, June 22—British battleship Victoria sunk in collision with the Camperdown off Syria; 357 lives lost.
1894, June 25—Steamship Norge, wrecked on Rockall Reef, in the North Atlantic; nearly 600 lives lost.
1894, Nov. 1—Steamer Wairarapa wrecked off New Zealand; 134 lives lost. 1895, Jan. 30—German steamer Elbe sunk in collision with British steamer Crathie in North Sea; 335 lives lost.
1895, March 11—Spanish cruiser Reina Regenta foundered in the Atlantic at entrance to the Mediterranean; 400 lives lost.
1904, June 15—General Slocum, excursion steamboat, with 1,400 persons aboard, took fire going through Hell Gate, East River; more than 1,000 lives lost.
1897, March 7—French steamship Ville de St. Nazaire foundered off Hatteras; about 55 lives lost.
1907, Feb. 21—Steamer Berlin in a southwesterly gale, with wind blowing 100 miles an hour, wrecked off the Hook of Holland; 180 drowned.
1907, Feb. 2—Joy liner Larchmont sunk in collision with a schooner off Block Island; 134 lives lost.
1907, March 12—Explosion on French battleship Iena at Toulon; 120 killed.
1907, June—Pacific Mail Navigation Company’s steamer Santiago foundered off Chili; 80 lives lost.
1907, July 22—Steamer San Pedro sank steamer Columbia off California; 110 lives lost.
1907, Nov. 24—Turkish steamer Kaplan foundered; 78 lives lost.
1908, Jan. 31—Chinese steamer Hongkong foundered; 120 lives lost.
~ 021 ~

REPUBLIC, BIG WHITE STAR LINER, RAMMED AND SUNK OFF NANTUCKET; 701 SAVED.

Vessel, Believed to be the Italian Emigrant Steamship Florida, Westward Bound With Nearly 1,000 Souls on Board, Crashes Into English Ship on Way to Mediterranean With Many Rich Americans.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE AVERTED BY THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

“C. Q. D.,” the Call of Crippled Boat for Help Hurries Liners and Revenue Cutters to Her Aid—They Stand By All Day and Till Liner Goes Down at Night—Florida on the Way to New York with the Rescued Passengers.

Late last night the White Star officials received a wireless message that the Florida, with all the Republic’s passengers safely on board, was on its way to New York.

This was followed by another message from Capt. Ransom of the Baltic saying he would keep in company with the Florida to New York.

As the Florida in her crippled condition can only make about eight knots an hour, it is figured that the two vessels will reach this harbor about 7 o’clock to-night.

Good luck—and wireless telegraphy—robbed human history of an appalling disaster early yesterday, when the big White Star steamship Republic, her cabins laden with rich and pleasure-seeking Americans bound for a Mediterranean cruise, was smashed amidships off Nantucket, Mass., by another vessel, believed to be the Italian Lloyd’s emigrant steamer Florida, heading for this port, with 900 souls aboard. The Republic had on board 701 persons, including passengers and crew.

That not a life was lost on either ship was due in very large part to that most wonderful of recent discoveries, wireless telegraphy, which found in yesterday’s collision a splendid chance to open a new chapter in the great drama of ocean life. Hereafter, shipping men agree, the sea will be robbed of half its terrors.

Big Liners Standing by Crippled Vessel.

At 8 o’clock last night a wireless was received direct from Capt. Ransom, on the White Star liner Baltic—which, with La Lorraine and the Lucania had been reached by wireless and had gone off their courses to her assistance—stating that the Republic was still afloat.

He announced that the Florida, with her own people and most of those from the Republic aboard, close to 2,000 souls in all, was near by, and that the Baltic was near the scene, standing by in readiness to extend aid.

The steamers La Lorraine and Lucania, Capt. Ransom said, were also in the vicinity, and the Republic, through her wireless outfit, was directing the movements of the ships of rescue.

The Florida has her bow crushed in, it was stated last night by wireless messages.

The fog was still heavy late last night all along the Nantucket stretch of watery waste.

At 5 P.M. came word by wireless that the captain and the rest of the crew had left the Republic and she had been abandoned. This was taken here to indicate the Florida, with the Baltic, was proceeding to some port.

When the Republic started to go under, Capt. Sealby launched his gig. Instead of rowing to the Florida immediately, he remained a short distance from the Republic until she disappeared under the waves. Then he rowed to the Florida and was taken on board.

The Florida, with one of her compartments full of water, then started presumably for New York under convoy of the Baltic. The Florida is capable of making about eight knots an hour and should arrive in New York Harbor about 7 o’clock tonight.
~ 022 ~

WHITE STAR LINE QUICKLY PLANS TO AID PASSENGERS.

Arranges for Special Train at Newport, Craft to Go to Sandy Hook, and for Landing Here Without Delay.

OFFICES FLOODED WITH INQUIRIES FAR AND NEAR.

Vice-President Franklin Pays High Tribute to Captain of the Disabled Ship.

The first report that the Republic had been in collision with another vessel reached the offices of the White Star line, No. 9 Broadway, soon after the opening at 8 A.M. yesterday. From that hour until early in the evening there was a constant stream of visitors inquiring as to the safety of relatives and friends who had sailed the day before on the unfortunate boat.

Immediately after the receipt of the first bulletin Vice-President John Lee and Vice-President P. A. S. Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine Company called a consultation of other officials in the office of the latter, the result of which was an order that newspaper representatives be admitted to the office at every hour of the day and that they be kept fully posted as to every bulletin as it arrived. Clerks likewise were told to inform inquiring ones of the latest news.

While the officials tried to conceal their apprehension over the safety of the Republic's passengers, and announced from time to time that everyone had been saved and there was not the slightest need for alarm, the day's anxiety did not end until shortly after 8 o'clock last night. Then there flashed through the air a wireless message from Capt. Ranson, commander of the Baltic, at the same time. It came via Siasconsett and Woods Hole, Mass., and read:

"Have located Republic and Florida. Am standing by."

"Thank goodness! Now we know there is no further cause for alarm," exclaimed Mr. Franklin, as he passed the joyous message to those assembled around him.

Until the receipt of Capt. Ranson's reassuring message the officials of the steamship company were as much in the dark as to the true condition of affairs off Nantucket as anyone else. To be sure all bulletins were optimistic, but far from satisfactory.

The First Message.

The first wireless of the day came from Capt. Sealby, of the Republic. It said simply that his vessel had been rammed by an unknown craft, and that he could keep afloat for several hours. A little later came messages from La Lorraine, of the French line, and one of the Republic's sister ships, the Baltic, telling of the accident. Then there was a message saying that the Republic's passengers had been transferred to the Lloyd Italian liner, Florida, and that all were safe.

Vice-President Franklin and his assistants immediately got busy with maps and charts. They figured that the Florida would take the Republic's passengers to Newport. Again they might be brought directly to New York. With this conjecture, the Merritt Chapman wrecking tug Relief was ordered to the aid of the Republic from this port, and the Mary F. Scully from Providence.

After the first message, it was impossible again to get into wireless communication with the Republic. This led to the belief that the engine rooms had been flooded and the wireless battery disabled. When messages began to come in from other vessels, hovering in the fog around the Republic, and from shore stations, still conveying the information that everyone was safe, the company's officials could not understand how the vessels were able to get this information. Finally it was figured that the Republic was using her storage batteries in sending wireless messages, but that they were not powerful enough to drive the wireless waves farther than to the ships which surrounded her.

Orders for Assistance.

When the wrecking tugs were gotten under way, Vice-President Franklin ordered the steamer General Putnam alongside the company's pier at the foot of West Eleventh street, intending to steam for Sandy Hook at 1 o'clock this morning. Mr. Franklin had also gotten into communication with the Naval Bureau in Washington over the long-distance telephone, and requested that the Government order the derelict destroyer Seneca to the assistance of the Republic; also a vessel from the Newport station.

This followed a message from the Baltic via Woods Holl, that the Florida, on which are the rescued passengers, had a badly damaged bow and had herself sent up signals of distress and whistles for help. It was explained that the fog made it impossible for any of the vessels, the

Lorraine, Baltic and Lucania, to locate the Republic or the Florida.

When the report came that the Florida was also disabled much of the mystery that had surrounded the identity of the boat that struck the Republic was cleared away.

“There is no doubt in my mind that it was the Florida that rammed the Republic,” said Mr. Franklin. “I figure that, on account of the fog, Capt. Sealby had slowed down his speed and possibly had stopped his engines entirely when the collision took place. This would account for the terrific damage that the Florida, only a 5,000-ton vessel, inflicted upon the Republic, a vessel of near three times her tonnage.

“One thing that has been established beyond doubt is that the Republic’s passengers owe their lives to wireless telegraphy. Had it not been for this great invention it would have been impossible for the Republic to have communicated with her sister ships; and, if the fog keeps up as it has for the past two days, we might never have known the fate of the two boats.

“While the Republic is seriously damaged, we have every hope of saving her. According to our figures, five or even six of the Republic’s water-tight compartments might be flooded and she would still remain afloat. Capt. Sealby is one of the most competent commanders on the Atlantic, and we feel sure that he will not desert his vessel until the last hope of saving her has disappeared.

“It is an impossibility to state whether the Florida is sufficiently seaworthy to bring the Republic’s passengers to New York or not, or whether the weather will moderate enough to allow the passengers to be retransferred to the Baltic. We realize that they are in crowded and totally inadequate quarters aboard the Florida, and have instructed Capt. Ranson to take them aboard the Baltic if it is possible to do so without endangering life.

Not knowing whether the boats would be able to proceed to New York or not, Mr. Franklin has arranged with the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad for a special train to bring the rescued passengers from Newport to New York. This train is now ready at Newport. Otherwise, if it is learned that the boats will proceed to this port, the General Putnam will go down the bay and out to Sandy Hook early this morning. If the passengers are still aboard the Florida, as many of them as possible will be taken aboard the Putnam. If they have been transferred to the Baltic, they will remain aboard that vessel until she reaches her pier.

Mr. Franklin held a consultation with Gen. Clarkson, Surveyor of the Port, and Col. Edward S. Fowler, Collector of the Port, early in the evening, and it has been arranged to expedite the landing of the passengers. Deputy Surveyor Coneys and Deputy Collector Conrow, together with several custom house inspectors, will go down the bay on the General Putnam and the revenue cutter. So far as known, no baggage was taken off the Republic. Only the baggage of the Florida’s 700 immigrants will have to be examined.

Questioned about the baggage of the Republic’s passengers, Mr. Franklin said, “We do not know whether any baggage was saved or not; what we were most interested in was saving the lives of our passengers. The baggage can take care of itself.”

Inquiries from Far and Near.

The news of the disaster spread quickly through the city, and it was not long before the White Star offices were besieged with inquiries by telephone and telegraph, and also by many who hastened there in person to learn everything possible in relation to the accident.

To all, the same answer was given, namely, that though the Republic had been in a collision, her passengers had all been transferred safely without the loss of a single life, and would probably soon be heard from direct.

There were also many anxious inquiries at the office of the Maritime Exchange, where all

bulletins were posted as fast as they were received.

The Republic is valued at about $1,500,000. The International Mercantile Marine Company has an insurance fund of its own, made up from sums of money set aside each year. The loss on the vessel will therefore be covered. As the Republic is now a cruising boat she carried a cargo worth not more than $50,000, it is said. No one connected with the company could estimate the value of the 500 tons of supplies consigned to the United States fleet in the Mediterranean.

Passengers when they reach New York will be taken care of by the International Mercantile Marine Company. If they desire to re-embark on their Mediterranean cruise, they can go from Boston on the Romanic of the same line next Saturday or the following Saturday, or they will be provided with cabins on either the Kroonland, Vaderland, Minnedosa or Baltic, all of which are scheduled to sail from New York for Europe the present week.

REPUBLIC FIRST CALLED COLUMBUS.

Name Changed When White Star Took Her—Florida Is Owned in Italy.

The Republic, which was christened the Columbus at her launching, was built by Harland & Wolff, Limited, of Belfast, official shipbuilders for the International Mercantile Marine Company. She took the water in 1903 for the Dominion line for service between Liverpool and Boston, touching at Queenstown.

She had run on that route only a short time when the White Star line decided to conduct a service between New York and the Mediterranean, and she was transferred to the White Star line and her name changed to the Republic to correspond in termination with all the other ships of the line.

She is a steel, twin screw, four-masted steamer of 15,378 tons gross, 14,301 tons under deck and 9,742 tons net. She is 570 feet long, 67 feet 8 inches beam and 34 feet deep. The Republic has quadruple expansion engines, with cylinders 24, 41½, 61 and 87 inches in diameter, with a 60-inch stroke. Her official owners are the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, Limited, Ismay, Imrie & Co., managers.

She has brought a large number of Italians to this port, carried away all laborers returning to their old homes to her full capacity, made successful cruises to the Mediterranean by way of the Azores, carried many artists and school teachers, made some quick rescues of drowning persons and been a popular ship.

The Florida, one of the big fleet of ocean carriers, owned by half a dozen different companies under the Italian flag that have recently begun to dot the Atlantic, was built at Genoa in 1905 by the Societa Esercizio Bacini, and belongs to the Italiano-Societa di Navigazione, for which C.B. Richard & Co., of No. 61 Broadway, are agents. She is a steel twin screw steamer with three decks of 5,018 tons gross, 4,583 tons under deck and 3,071 tons net. She is 381 feet long, 50 feet one inch beam, and 28 feet 7 inches deep. She hails from Naples.

The Florida has triple expansion engines and a speed of about fifteen knots. Her accommodation is mostly steerage and her first-class quarters are rather limited.

The Florida is designed to make steerage passengers happy. They have the whole craft to themselves. They have a saloon, with a piano, reading rooms, baths and good berths.

The immigrant quarters are so far above the water line that the big portholes can be kept open in almost any sort of weather.

She has accommodations for 1,400 passengers, the quarters for men being forward and those for women aft.

The Italian Government is supposed to lend its support indirectly to the Italian Lloyds, which was incorporated in 1904 with a capital of $4,000,000.

Republic Built for Comfort and Speed

The Republic is the largest and fastest ship in the White Star Line service between Boston and England. She was built at the Belfast yards of Harland & Wolff, Ltd., the great Irish builders, five years ago, for the Dominion Line, that for a time operated a passenger service between Boston and Queenstown and Liverpool.

She was christened the Columbus, but after the Dominion Line service was taken over by the White Star Line her name was changed to the Republic. She held the record for speed between Boston and Queenstown.

She is elegantly fitted. Her dining saloon is finished in hardwoods of the lightest colors and seats two hundred. Over the dining saloon is an unusually large dome of glass and steel. There is an elaborately fitted “lounge” on the promenade deck. This, in a sheltered place, is a great favorite with women travellers. Her smoking room is a model of comfort and her library is commodious, containing the easiest of chairs and davenports, with a librarian in charge of a well-stocked library of standard authors, classics and modern fiction.

To the veteran tourist the Republic is what is termed a comfort ship, that combines with comfort speed. She feels little vibration, for the speed she makes, and for this reason is preferred by many who are not good sailors.

The liner is 570 feet long, 67.8 feet beam, with a draught of 24 feet. Her tonnage is 15,378 gross and 9,742 net. She has watertight compartments, which greatly reduce the chance of being sunk in a collision. In addition, she has a cellular double bottom, which makes her safer than many of her class. She was designed as nearly unsinkable as a vessel could be made.

The Republic was only recently put on the Mediterranean route. It was because of the comfort that was to be found aboard that she was selected for this service, where the cruise is long and passengers fret because of cramped quarters that grow smaller to them as the cruise extends into weeks.

On her recent arrival at New York the liner brought the first load of Italian earthquake refugees to American shores. The first port of call for the Republic on the schedule for this voyage was Ponta Delgada, in the Azores, where she was due on January 29. She was due at Gibraltar on February 2, at Genoa on the fifth, at Naples on the seventh, and at Alexandria on the eleventh. It was intended that she should also touch at Madeira.

NEWPORT WAS READY FOR THE FLORIDA.

(Special to The World.)

NEWPORT, Jan. 23. Capt. Chauncey Kenyon, of the Brenton’s Reef Life Saving Station, said at 9 o’clock to-night that he had received word from Nantucket through District Inspector Knowles that the Florida was headed for Newport.

Believing that the steamship Florida, having aboard the passengers and crew of the Republic, would make Newport as the nearest and most available port, Boston officials of the White Star line arrived here this evening. They say that, like every one else, they are simply guessing as to the whereabouts of the Florida, but they have hopes that she will put in here.

The White Star line officials now here are Manager Taplin, of the Boston office; J. W. Langley and F. E. Houghton. As soon as they reached town they sent for Jere J. Greene, the Newport agent of the Fall River line and of the White Star steamers, who was consulted concerning the transferring of the passengers should they arrive here. A special train is waiting in Boston to

rush to any port where the Florida may put in.

The White Star officials have found that there are but two hotels open here, so an immediate transfer to some larger city is thought advisable. Those who desire to go to New York will be forced to wait until to-morrow.

Manager Taplin said to-night that he fears the Florida herself may be disabled. He based this supposition merely upon the fact that nothing has been heard from her. Men who are familiar with coastwise conditions hereabout are not of the same opinion. They point out that the fog is so thick that it would be next to impossible for the steamer to make Newport under present conditions. They believe that the boat is lying off the shore and that she will come into the bay the moment the fog lifts.

At 9 o’clock the fog began to break under a downpour of rain. The sea, it is like a looking-glass save for the swell.

At 2 o’clock this afternoon a large steamer anchored outside Brenton’s Reef, and for a time it was thought that she might be the Florida. It has since been established that she is not. The Solicitor, a tug commanded by Capt. “Jack” O’Neill is lying under steam at her dock and will be sent out to transfer the Florida’s passengers in case she appears in the bay and cannot make Long Wharf.

Hundreds of inquiries have been received here during the day and evening from Boston, New York and other points by persons who took it for granted that the Florida would head for Newport. The wireless station at the Torpedo Station and the Life-Saving Stations at Montauk Point, Block Island, Watch Hill and Point Judith have also been besieged with inquiries.

Marconi Feels Grateful that Lives Were Saved by Wireless.

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(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

To the Editor of The World:

LONDON, Jan. 23, 1909.—I am exceedingly grateful that wireless telegraphy has again proved its value in saving life at sea. I feel that a single incident such as the rescue of the Republic’s passengers is an overwhelming reward for any effort I may have made to render such a thing possible. Much had been accomplished already. The case of the Republic is an earnest of the future. I believe the time is fast approaching, if it is not already here, when wireless telegraphy will have robbed ocean travel of its old-time terrors.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI.
~ 023 ~

The Florida Crashes Into the Republic During Fog, Then Rescues Passengers

Accident Happens in the Early Morning Twenty-Six Miles South of Nantucket, the Vessels Being Wrapped in Dense Blanket of Mist.

461 PERSONS, ON THEIR WAY TO EUROPE, WILL BE BACK IN NEW YORK THIS EVENING

DURING the prevalence of a dense fog off Nantucket in the early hours of yesterday morning the steamship Republic, of the White Star line, was rammed by the Florida, of the Lloyds Italiano line and so badly damaged that she was later abandoned.

All the passengers, many of whom were wealthy Americans bound for winter resorts on the Riviera, were transferred to the Florida, which was somewhat damaged. They will arrive in this

city to-day.

Although the Florida stood by her stricken sister ship, the use of wireless telegraphy and of submarine bells, with which the White Star liner was equipped, summoned to her aid two other liners and several revenue cutters and insured the safety of the seven hundred persons aboard her.

PASSENGERS BEING SENT TO THE BALTIC AS A HEAVY SEA IMPERILS THE FLORIDA

[SPECIAL BY WIRELESS TO THE HERALD.]

SIASCONSETT, Mass., Saturday, 11:30 P. M.—The passengers of the Republic are now being transferred from the Florida to the Baltic.

Captain Ransom, of the Baltic, on noticing that the fog had lifted and a strong northeasterly wind had come up deemed it advisable to transfer the passengers to the Baltic. The company had instructed Captain Ransom to use his judgment in the matter.

Effort is being made to get in wireless communication with the steamship New York, which is due in the vicinity of Nantucket at two o’clock on Sunday morning, and to request her to stand by the Florida and Baltic.

Contrary to earlier advices which stated that the captain and crew of the Republic had abandoned that vessel and taken refuge on the Florida, it is now learned that Captain Sealby and his crew are still aboard the damaged liner, which has now drifted to a point about ten miles south of the Nantucket light.

Two revenue cutters are standing by the Republic and a Scully tug is being sent to the vessel with the object of taking her in tow and beaching her.

HOW THE 461 PASSENGERS ON THE SHIP WERE SAVED THROUGH BELLS AND WIRELESS

Rammed in the fog early yesterday morning when about twenty-six miles south of Nantucket, the Republic, of the White Star Steamship line, was so badly damaged that at nine o’clock last night she was abandoned by her crew and was momentarily expected to sink.

The passengers, numbering 461, were saved by the Florida, of the Lloyd Italiano line, bound for New York, the vessel which came into collision with the unfortunate liner, which was on her way to the Mediterranean ports.

The Baltic, of the White Star line, inward bound, was in the neighborhood, probably about eighty miles away, as were the French line ship the Lorraine and the Cunarder Lucania, both bound westward. All these vessels were apprised of the disaster by the wireless telegraph system in use on all the White Star ships, and in addition the Lorraine, which at the time of the collision was fifty miles distant, was warned by the submarine bells with which the Republic, like all her sister ships, is equipped. The two inventions of the twentieth century were the means of attracting aid that saved the lives of the passengers, this being the first instance in which the submarine bells had proved their usefulness in time of shipwreck.

CRASH IN THE FOG.

As nearly as can be learned the collision took place at about half-past four o’clock while the Republic was threading her way slowly through a dense fog. The nose of the Florida crashed through her side and tons of water poured into her engine room, rendering her utterly helpless.

Realizing that safety for the passengers and the crew of nearly three hundred men could only be had by calling for aid, the captain of the disabled vessel set the wireless apparatus at work in every direction, calling on Boston, Newport and New York for help and upon any ships in

reach to come alongside.

The response was immediate and within a few minutes three ocean liners and as many revenue cutters were on their way. The messages sent out by Captain Inman Sealby at first indicated that the Republic was sinking and that her passengers and crew were in imminent peril. Later despatches were to the effect that she would not go down for at least several hours.

First of all to reach the side of the stricken ship was the Florida, whose crushed bow and general appearance of distress indicated that it was she who had hit the Republic the blow that may end her career on the sea. Fortunately the sea was quiet and it was a comparatively short time before the entire complement was taken aboard the Italian ship.

Alarm over the prospect of what seemed to be certain death had given way to confidence, and the 461 passengers went aboard the rescuer without disorder. Later in the day the Baltic caught up and stood by both the crippled steamship and the “first aid” vessel, while the Lucania and the Lorraine were in hot pursuit, following the clews furnished by the mysterious waves of the wireless apparatus.

CRY FOR HELP HEARD.

Across the ocean miles in each direction went the signal “C Q D,” the Marconi code sign which means to all mariners, “I am in serious trouble; come to my aid.”

It was this signal that caused the three liners to turn about in their courses and seek the vessel which had sent out the cry for aid.

Other messages were sent to the mainland in a few minutes, the first one being received at the Navy Yard in Boston at eight o’clock, in which the revenue cutter Gresham was asked to hasten with all speed to the side of the ship.

“The Republic in distress and sinking,” this message ran, “latitude 40 17, longitude 76, twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket.” At that time the Gresham was at Provincetown, but she had “caught” the message and in a moment was under way. Other wireless stations had likewise received the call and the cutter Acushnet was soon on her way from Woods Hole, while the Mohawk started out from New Bedford on the mission of mercy. Neither of the latter vessels got far, however, the Mohawk going aground and the Acushnet putting back to assist another vessel in distress.

As the day wore on the wireless was worked with untiring energy and constantly messages were sent from the injured ship calling for help or notifying the agents of the line of her condition and of the progress of the work of rescue. Just before noon came a message which reassured the friends of the passengers in this and nearly every other city in the land that the Republic was in no immediate danger of sinking and that in all probability there would be no loss of life.

THE REASSURING MESSAGE.

“When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship,” said this despatch from Captain Sealby, “was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger. No lives lost.”

Later came the report that the Florida had come alongside and was taking off the passengers in lifeboats. Only human beings were taken off the ship, all baggage being left behind. A despatch that came late in the afternoon stated that the Republic was still afloat and that her watertight bulkheads were holding well, although under a terrific strain. Fears were expressed, however, that she could not long resist the tremendous pressure and that she was likely to go down at any moment.

As nearly as the limited description of the accident furnished by Captain Sealby could explain the collision, it seems that the bow of the other vessel struck the Republic squarely amidships, crashing into her engine room so as to stop her and flood her fires and render her utterly helpless.

Naturally this put her dynamos out of commission and would have destroyed the efficacy of her wireless plant except for the fact that she carries a storage battery system of great power. It was upon this emergency plant that she depended, and it was kept working at full speed until it gradually became exhausted, nearly eight hours after the accident.

The energy displayed by Captain Sealby and his assistants in working the wireless under such discouraging conditions was responsible for the prompt appearance of the relieving squadron of liners and for the safety of the lives of the passengers.
~ 024 ~

CRASHED IN FOG.

The Florida Stood By and Took Off Passengers.

While picking her way out to sea on the east-bound transatlantic track to the Mediterranean, in a thick fog early yesterday morning, the White Star liner Republic, with 761 souls on board, was struck by the Florida, of the Lloyd Italiano Line, which suddenly emerged from the fog, when the steamships were about forty-three miles south of Nantucket Lightship. The collision is reported to have occurred about 4 o’clock a. m. None of the wireless messages gave any details of the collision, but it is thought that the Republic must have been hit, and hit hard, on the starboard side, just aft of amidships. The Florida, which was inbound, with 900 steerage passengers and a crew of 160, is thought to have been out of her course and, not being equipped with the submarine bell system, was unable to get her bearings from the bell signals from the Nantucket Lightship.

The impact of the vessel that struck the Republic was terrific, as it ripped up big steel plates and let a flood of water into the engine room, rendering her helpless. The fact that she was able to send word of her plight was due to the fact that the wireless equipment did not depend wholly upon the electrical current from the dynamo in the engine room. A powerful storage battery of the type used by the wireless operator on the boat deck supplied sufficient current to send messages to Nantucket, a distance of about forty-five miles.

Realizing that his vessel was in a bad way Captain Sealby sent out a wireless message which was received at the navy yard at Charlestown, Mass., Nantucket, Vineyard Haven and Newport, and subsequently sent broadcast from these stations to various points from whence relief boats could be sent to the disabled liner. The first message sent by Captain Sealby announced that he had been hit by an unknown vessel in the fog, in latitude 40.17, longitude 76. The message was sent with a twofold purpose—primarily that assistance might come to him, and incidentally to inform the local office of the accident. The message stated that the engine room was flooded, but that he could keep afloat. Later messages announced that the steamer Florida had taken off his passengers, that there was no danger, and that there had been no loss of life.

The storage battery which was sending the messages from the Republic held out well, and according to the wireless operator of the government station at Newport the waves from the Republic’s antennae could be heard distinctly up to 11:30 a.m. The vibrations then became weaker and weaker, and within fifteen minutes ceased. The failure of the Republic’s equipment to work further gave rise to the rumor that she had sunk.
~ 025 ~

REPUBLIC’S PASSENGERS SAFE ON THE FLORIDA

Wireless Messages Report She Has Sunk—White Star Denies It.

WIRELESS SUCCOR BY LAND AND SEA

Over a Thousand Souls in Peril When Florida Rams Liner in Thick Fog Forty Miles from Nantucket Light.

Wireless messages from Nantucket state that the steamship Republic, of the White Star Line, has sunk after being abandoned, and that her passengers and crew, taken on board the steamship Florida, which gave the Republic a deathblow in a collision yesterday morning, are proceeding to this city.

At 11:30 o’clock last night the White Star Line office in this city declared this to be untrue, asserting that the Republic had not been abandoned and was still afloat; that the Republic’s passengers were on the Florida, which, with the Baltic, was standing by the Republic.

The White Star liner Republic, outward bound for Naples, was rammed and sunk yesterday, about forty-five miles south of Nantucket. Through the agency of wireless telegraphy assistance was sent to her through an almost opaque fog blanket, and not a single soul of the 761 on board was lost. The big liner, which is only five years old and was built to be proof against the heaviest storms of the Atlantic, was sent to the bottom by the Lloyd Italiano steamer Florida, a vessel about a fifth of the Republic’s tonnage. The little vessel which sank the Republic took on board the latter’s passengers, numbering more than four hundred, and when the Republic was abandoned started for New York with the rescued and her own nine hundred passengers and crew of 130. The Florida is being convoyed by the White Star liner Baltic, which arrived on the scene of the wreck, being summoned by wireless telegraphy. The two ships will arrive in New York Bay about 7 o’clock this evening.

The collision occurred in the fog about 4 a.m. Within two hours the Republic’s passengers were transferred to the Florida, which stood by after sustaining a buckled bow and disabled machinery. Within four hours the plight of the Republic was known all along the Atlantic Coast, and help was not only sent from shore, but transatlantic liners within a radius of one hundred miles started to the scene.

The Baltic, of the White Star Line, inbound from Liverpool, was one hundred miles to the eastward of the Republic when the plight of the latter vessel was made known through the receipt of a wireless message from Siasconset. The Lucania, of the Cunard Line, and the French liner La Lorraine, both westbound, were both informed, and they sent messages to New York announcing that they would look for and stand by the Republic.

The Baltic got to the Republic first.

The Baltic got to the Republic, joined by Captain Sealby and his crew at 9 o’clock last night. The Republic was abandoned by Captain Sealby and his crew at 9 o’clock last night. The captain sent his crew aboard the Baltic, and, getting into his gig, he stood by the wrecked vessel until she sank. Then he consented to board the Baltic.

Captain Sealby, who is considered one of the ablest commanders of the White Star fleet, was on his proper course when the Florida hit him. He knew his latitude and longitude and reported his exact position. But the Florida was some thirty miles off the westward lane, taken by the Mediterranean fleet.

The Florida hit the Republic on the starboard side, aft of the midship section. Tons of water poured into a big hole, and the engine room was flooded. Had the positions of the vessels been reversed, the Republic, it is believed, would have cut the Florida in two. The Republic kept afloat for about fifteen hours, but the pressure of the sea in the rent made by the Florida was too great for her to withstand, and one by one her water-tight compartments gave way to the sea. She sank where she was struck.

The Florida started for New York after Captain Sealby was taken aboard the Baltic. The Baltic

steamed alongside the Florida, acting as convoy. A wireless message received at the White Star office in this city last night from the Baltic said that the Florida and the Baltic were steaming at about eight knots, and would arrive here about 5 o’clock this evening if the weather remained favorable. The Florida was damaged chiefly in the bow, and one of her watertight compartments is filled with water.

Sinking of the Republic, As Told by the Furnessia

STEAMSHIP FURNESSIA, via SIASCONSETT, Mass., Jan. 25.—After a search during the night of dense fog, the Furnessia arrived alongside the Florida at 7:50 o’clock on Sunday morning, eleven miles south of the Nantucket light vessel.

The Baltic was already there, and had the Republic’s passengers, who had been transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. The Baltic then continued her search for the Republic.

After ascertaining that the Florida needed no assistance, the Furnessia proceeded at 8:45 o’clock to search for the Republic, and at 10:15 o’clock in the morning sighted the Republic with the Baltic lying close to.

The Furnessia came alongside the Republic at 10:30 o’clock. The Baltic then started for New York, and the Furnessia stood by. The Republic had the Marconi wireless system on board still working faintly, which helped the operation greatly.

The Republic had been run into on her broadside, but looked in good condition for towing. At noon the Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Republic, but officers from the cutter were then aboard her.

At 12:30 the Government revenue cutter Gresham arrived and made fast ahead of the Republic. The Furnessia made fast astern. A move was then made, proceeding very slowly. At 2 P.M. the Government cutter Seneca arrived.

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At 6:22 P.M. towing was again begun, but the stern hawsers were carried away at 6:35 P.M., so it was necessary to stand by.

Only the Captain and Chief Officer of the Republic were then on board. All the crew had been transferred to the Gresham during the afternoon.

The night was very dark, only a small light on the Republic's bridge being visible from the Furnessia. There was not a sound of any kind from the Republic heard on board this ship when, at 8:40 o'clock, the Republic disappeared in thirty-five fathoms of water.

It was only when the Gresham reported the Republic sunk and searchlights flashed around that one could believe she had disappeared. The captain and chief officer were on board when she sank, and fears were felt that they had gone down, but a boat from the Gresham picked both up safely.

After cruising about to see that all possible had been done, the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York.

Wireless on Both Boats Would Have Averted Crash

Had the Florida been equipped with the Marconi wireless system the collision with the Republic would have been avoided.

In foggy weathers, all liners equipped with Marconi apparatus, and in touch with one another constantly, keep each other advised of their position, speed, identity and condition of weather. When the signals from an approaching ship become unusually strong, showing the vessels to be in close, the operators call up the bridge on their ships, speed is reduced and sirens sounded until all chance of a collision has passed.

The wireless transmitter on the Republic was operated from the electric light mains of the ship, and the range with this sort of power was about two hundred miles. In addition, ships are fitted with an auxiliary storage battery for just such an emergency as occurred on Saturday off Nantucket Shoals.

Method of Communication.

The Marconi instruments are placed in a cabin especially built for the purpose and usually located on the boat deck. This cabin is fitted with a comfortable berth, writing desk, locker and instrument table, and here the operator lives and works.

Each Marconi ship and shore station is supplied monthly with a communication chart.

This chart shows at a glance what ship or shore stations should be within range.

The cabin is fitted with direct telephones to the bridge, by means of which the captain or chief officer is kept in close touch with all that goes on. The Marconi operators are classed as officers and are directly under the command of the captain.

The transmitter equipment of the Republic consisted of a ten-inch spark coil operated from ship's power, a Morse key being placed in the circuit to make and break; thus forming the Morse code. For instance, the now famous call of C. Q. D., if printed in Morse (as used to be the case with the older wireless receivers), would easily be understood by an operator.

But in the more modern apparatus, where the receiving is done entirely by means of telephone receivers, the impulses would come as a series of buzzing sounds corresponding in length to certain dots and dashes. When the operator presses the key the current from the ship's mains passes into the primary, or heavy windings of the induction coil, and from these it is transformed up from 100 volts to 5,000 volts in the main or secondary winding.

Effect of High Pressure.

At this extremely high pressure the current leaps across an air gap, thus making a spark and setting up ether waves in a wire attached to one side of the spark gap, the other side of the spark gap being connected to earth.

These waves that are set up in the aerial wire, which reaches from the spark gap through the cabin roof to the masthead, travel out in all directions with the speed of light, and wherever they fall upon an aerial wire connected to a wireless receiver they produce sounds corresponding to the Morse characters in the telephones attached to the receiving instrument.

The marvellous little machine that is delicate enough and capable of detecting these impulses is nothing more than a band of iron wires kept in motion by clockwork, passing through a bobbin containing two windings and flanked by two pairs of strong permanent magnets.
~ 026 ~

THE VANISHING SEA PERIL.

With the behavior of all concerned so admirable it is not strange that congratulation rather than commiseration is present in the comment on the Republic disaster. Discipline comes in properly for praise. It is very fine to think of the firemen, when the water was rushing in, calmly and methodically drawing their fires and thus obviating the risk of explosion. Equally fine was the behavior of the crew coolly debarking the passengers and of the captain and engineer staying with the ship until she went down in the night. Science is also a hero, for aid came in response to the messages of distress that a new invention scattered on the waves of the impalpable ether. And likewise sympathy is laureled, and quick and eager was the response of a fleet of vessels to the call that came to them out of the air. Great is the contrast between the present news and that which came in 1898, when the La Bourgogne went down, and out of a company of 735 but 164 were saved.

Yet, despite all that has been done, much remains to be done if peril is to be taken from those who go down to the sea in ships. There was a collision, and the query naturally arises as to why the ships were unaware of a dangerous propinquity. A function of the wireless is to locate other sea travelers. The explanation is that one of the ships was not equipped, and thus could neither give nor receive warnings. Thus one lesson of the calamity is the desirability of international regulation requiring every steam vessel to have electrical antennae. On the same principle that ships are compelled to carry lights so ought they be compelled constantly to display electrical signals, stating their location. In time doubtless the oceans will be charted into squares, each vessel at reasonable intervals proclaiming which one it occupies. This application of the block system to ocean travel is a development soon to be expected.

Furthermore, it appears that there is need of greater care in the making of the compartments which are supposed to make a modern vessel unsinkable. The Republic had compartments, yet she sank, and if the vessel had been in remoter waters, even though the engulfment was delayed, there might have been no reliance except on open boats. The naval constructors may not assume that they have reached a finality in the making of bulkheads.

Nevertheless, it is more than ever susceptible of statistical proof that travelling on the sea is safer than travel on land. There is a smaller percentage of lives lost on the steamships than on the railway trains—especially the railway trains of this country. With such men as manned the Republic, with the wireless at their command, there is little need of writing wills before going on shipboard. Yet even the minimum of danger now existing is to be still further reduced.

La Lorraine a Floating Wireless Relay Station

It was La Lorraine that brought to this port the first connected story of the hunt through the

fog-blanketed waters off the New England coast for the stricken Republic and the battered Florida. The big French liner was forty hours late when she berthed, and for practically all of two days and nights her commander, Capt. Edouard Turnier, had been upon the bridge without rest, first guarding his own ship in the mists that wrapped her in thick and smothering folds, and then, when the signal came flashing by the blue-flamed wireless from Siasconset, groping about trying to reach the sinking White Star ship.

It was La Lorraine's job, as it developed, not to take an actual hand in the work of rescue, but to serve as a floating relay station for the strings of messages that went flitting to and fro, telling first of the position and state of the damaged vessels and then of the progress of the ships bent on the work of relief.

Once La Lorraine got so close to the ships which had been in collision that she heard the Republic's bell—or thought she did—and the bleating whistle of the Florida, but she never really sighted either of them.

On Duty Thirty-three Hours.

It was at 7 o'clock Saturday morning (New York time) that Emil Born, the wireless operator on the French boat, picked up the first call for help. From that time on until the ship docked yesterday afternoon Born and his relief, Ernest Monrouzeau, were never off except for a moment. In the new annals of the sea, in the era that dates from the adoption of the wireless, the operator must rank with the master himself for swiftness of skill and fidelity to an imposed trust.

"It was about 7 A.M., on Jan. 23," said M. Monrouzeau, speaking with a strong French accent.

"From Siasconset came the distress call 'C.Q.D.' I spring, I jump and drop everything but this. Outside it was all dark, absolutely, all fog.

"I answer 'G,' which means I am coming; have received it. I sign 'M.L.,' which is the code sign of La Lorraine.

"Then came also from Siasconset this message:

"'Latitude 40.17 north, longitude 70 west. Republic wrecked; wants assistance.'

"'M.K. (Republic).'

"At 7:10 I sent to Siasconset:

"'Your C.Q.D. received O.K. Notified captain.'

"'M.L.L.'

"At 7:05 I had sent to Lucania, which was too far away to hear Siasconset:

"'C.Q.D. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70. Republic wrecked; wants assistance.'

"'M.M.L.'

"I had been in communication with Lucania during the week. Lucania was about twenty-four miles astern.

"At 7:50 A.M., La Lorraine to Siasconset:

"'Please tell Republic we are eighty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P.M.'

Asks for Republic’s Position.

“At 9:45 La Lorraine to Republic,” continued M. Monrouzeau, the methodical:

"‘Please tell us if you are in fog and your exact position.’

"‘M.L.L.’

"At 9:50, Republic to La Lorraine:

"‘Position Lat. 40.17, Long. 70 west. We are in 10%.’

"‘M.K.’

"At 10:35, Republic to Baltic:

"‘Lat. 40.27, Long. 70.’

"This I caught in transmission. The Republic was calling to her own ship, her sister.

"At 9:52, La Lorraine to Republic:

"‘Please tell us the depth of water. Our captain wants to direct his steerings accordingly.’

"This last had been flashed at the request of Capt. Tournier, who at the first intimation of a call of distress had set to studying his chart and shaped his course for Nantucket Lightship. At 7 o’clock, the French wireless manipulator went on.

"La Lorraine to Republic: Now thirty miles off.

11:25 A.M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Now about twenty miles off.

It all sounded so short and formal, dry and precise. But those words and figures, so curtly and accurately snapped and spiked off on the hard worked instruments of the sinking Republic’s operator sounded sweet to him.

12:45 P.M.—La Lorraine to the Republic:

‘Tell your captain we can hear his bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steerings, because the fog is thick.’

M.L.L.

The Baltic’s Message.

“It was 6:40 P.M., on Saturday, I believe,” concluded M. Monrouzeau, "that we caught this message from the Baltic:

Baltic to La Lorraine: Republic says to steer for Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and she must have some one to stand by. She is blowing full blasts.

The White Star liner, from Liverpool, now first appearing in the wireless conversation and action, thus acted as intermediary between the Republic and the Lorraine, which was asked to stand by the Florida, also now making her first entrance into the story of the etheral waves. Here was the message at 6:56 P.M. Saturday. La Lorraine to Siasconset:

French Line, Pier 42, North River, New York. Republic’s passengers have all left by Florida. Baltic remains. We have been asked by the Republic to follow the Florida. We arrive at Sandy

Hook daylight.

M.L.L.

The last message fixes the time at which the French line was notified by its own ship of the safety of the Republic’s passengers.

7:32 P.M.—Baltic to Lorraine: Baltic alongside both ships. Clear weather. Can see lights.

RANSON.

The wireless tale ends logically with the Baltic standing by at the hour mentioned and the French ship left with naught to do but convoy the Italian steamer Florida.

Meanwhile the principal of the foregoing messages, so potent with hope, had been posted in both French and English on the bulletin boards in the first and the second cabins, where they had been perused with varying degrees of interest, largely dependent upon the comprehension and temperament of the traveller.

The Lorraine’s companion ways were thronged with passengers scanning the terse, almost unintelligible words and numerals, while Capt. Tournier still groped and maneuvered in the opaque air of the ocean.

After the modest Marconi operator had told his part Capt. Tournier, with equal honesty, the cross of the Legion of

Honor on his breast, told how he had guided his ship during a tireless vigil to coincide with the requests and directions received through the air.

He said he had had fog from St. George’s Bank and before this nice weather. The first wireless telegram from Siasconset had been received, he supposed, at about 6:30 A.M. on Saturday.

On the Bridge All Night.

“I was on the bridge,” said the captain. "I had been there all night, from after 8 A.M. of the day before, but that’s nothing.

"The first thing I did after I received the message of distress in the morning was to look on the chart and see what I had to do. On the day before I had my last observation, in the morning, and so when I receive this message, I locate myself on the chart and I see that my way is to Nantucket lightship and so I go directly to Nantucket, so as to have a good start for the Republic.

Capt. Tournier said La Lorraine might have been eighty miles to the eastward of the lightship when she got the call of distress.

“When I have knowledge of my position,” continued the French captain, "I steer for the exact place given by the Republic, and I was there at 12:45 P.M. Saturday, and the Baltic was there, and so I have looked to the north, south, east, west, giving messages and receiving messages, but I don’t find the Republic. That’s all.

"I do not know how far I was from the Republic, I heard a submarine bell and don’t know whether it was the Nantucket lightship’s bell or the Republic’s bell.

"I stayed in the vicinity about six hours. In about six hours I have received from the captain of the Republic a message telling me all the passengers are on the Florida and will proceed to New York.

"I saw (got into wireless touch with) the Baltic in the afternoon of Saturday but not with the Republic Saturday night.

"The Republic had prayed me to follow the Florida, convoy her to New York, and so I have followed her.

"At about 6:30 P.M. on Saturday, I heard the blast signals of the Florida and I was going at slow speed and steered in the direction and heard nothing more.

"This morning I heard Sandy Hook lightship submarine bell 11 miles away. After that I went to Sandy Hook and arrived there at 7 A.M. and took on the pilot.

“At about 9 P.M. on Saturday I turned in but was on the bridge again at 1 A.M. to-day to take soundings.”
~ 027 ~

STEAMSHIP REPUBLIC GOES DOWN WHILE IN TOW

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MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1909.—16 PAGES.

BALTIC CAPTAIN WIRES AMERICAN FULL STORY

First News of Four Deaths on Florida, as Well as Other New Details of Disaster.

Marconi Wireless to New York American from Capt. Ransom, of the Baltic, off Sandy Hook, at 3 a.m.

Florida inward and Republic outward bound in collision 175 miles east of Ambrose lightship at 5:45 a.m. Saturday.

Republic struck amidships on port side, penetrated to engine room. Ship was immediately plunged in darkness.

Marconi’s were sent from Republic asking for assistance. Baltic first vessel to make for scene of action and after searching for twelve hours in dense fog located both colliding vessels close together.

At 7 p.m. Republic was abandoned except Captain, chief officers and lifeboat crew, who remained alongside all night.

Baltic proceeded to steamship Florida and removed all her passengers and crew except the deck department.

The Baltic took on board 1,610 people. Two first saloon passengers, Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney, were killed on the Republic. Mr. Mooney was killed instantly and Mrs. Lynch died soon after.

Four passengers on Florida were killed. Names are unknown, but they are stated steerage passengers of Italian nationality.

Several passengers were injured, but are all doing well.

The Furnessia, at daylight, proceeded to convoy the Florida, which has her bows buckled almost up to the bridge.

The New York and the Baltic searched for the Republic, which had been lost again in fog during the night and found her about 10 o’clock, with Captain Sealby and his boat crews aboard.

A skeleton crew was then put aboard her and the mail boat made for New York later.

The Lucania, New York and other vessels are anchored off Sandy Hook. The Republic sank at 8 p.m. Sunday.

All hands are now safe aboard Gresham, making for Gay Head.

Bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were on board Republic in caskets and are probably gone down with her.

Inquiries from survivors of Republic show there was no excitement.

Capt. Sealby controlled everything, and made a speech from the bridge and kept all hands informed of movements of approaching vessels as reported by wireless, being ably assisted by his officers and crew.

The Marconi cabin was smashed in, but fortunately the operator and apparatus escaped injury.

LATEST BULLETIN

By wireless to Newport at 1:20 A.M. Monday, from the Gresham.

On way to Gayhead; arrive in the morning. The Republic sank 8 p.m. Gresham’s boat picked up captain and mate in the water. Seneca is going with us to take passengers to New York in the morning.

WIRELESS IS PROOF PRAYER REACHES GOD —FATHER WALSH

From the pulpit of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Father William Walsh, a Jesuit, expressed his belief in clairvoyancy and admitted that his skepticism of the occult had been removed some years ago by the remarkable feat of a woman medium. In his sermon, upon the topic “Prayer and Reason,” Father Walsh further contended that if wireless were possible in the present day it is not incompatible with the laws of nature for communication to be held with the Deity through the means of prayer; but it was inconsistent with nature that one man’s will should be subservient to that of another, so he felt that hypnotism was only a suspension of those laws.

Medium Converted Him.

“Clairvoyance and clairaudience are scoffed at as impossibilities,” he said, "yet I believe and have had proof that they are not impossible. I had my skepticism removed some time ago by a very striking illustration of the powers of clairvoyancy. A friend of mine visited a clairvoyant in this city. My friend was a stranger in New York and his home is 250 miles away. The moment he entered the room in which the clairvoyant woman was, she said she could tell him all about his home, which she did, as well as related incidents that had occurred after his departure.

"‘I can see,’ said the clairvoyant, ‘that a crucifix has been broken and that people in the house are trying to glue it together. I can see all these things just as plainly as if I were in your house.’

Crucifix Was Broken.

"My friend could not believe that all the clairvoyant told him was true. As the crucifix was not broken when my friend left home, he decided to test the woman. He wrote to his family asking about the crucifix, and soon after received a letter verifying everything that had been said. This medium had been unaware of even what part of the country he came from.

"All this goes to prove that the day of miracles is not over. If ordinary mortals have this power to project their sight through hundreds of miles of space and tell what is going on, how much greater must be the power of God!

Wireless Proves Prayer.

"They say that for a man to kneel and fix his thoughts upon his Maker and thus establish spiritual communication with Him is opposed by every law of the universe, and that to have such a feat made possible would mean the breaking of these laws. But Marconi's invention broke no natural laws, though it was first considered a modern miracle. Why should there not be a spiritual telegraphy to make possible intercourse between God and His humblest subject? Must we see the wires that invisibly connect the Kingdom of Heaven with the world of mankind to believe in them?

Suspend Nature's Laws.

Father Walsh spoke of the wonderful attainments of hypnotism in subjecting one man to the will of another. He said one cannot reconcile the idea of a man being in complete subjection to the brain of a hypnotic specialist with the laws of the universe. Therefore, he added, hypnotism is not to be regarded as the breaking, but merely as a suspension of such laws.

Rev. Father Walsh is one of the thirty priests, members of the congregation of St. Paul, whose duty it is to travel about the country as missionaries of the Catholic church. For the last two weeks he has been stationed in the Paulist Fathers' headquarters, No. 415 West Fifty-ninth street.
~ 028 ~

How Wireless Told of Republic's Plight and Brought Aid

REPUBLIC SINKS; 6 DEAD; KILLED BY FLORIDA'S BOW

Wireless That Helped Save 1,900 Flashes "White Star Liner Goes Down Off No Man's Land"—Crew Picked Up as Giant Is Engulfed.

CAPTAIN SAVED FROM SEA. BALTIC NEAR PORT WITH 1,650

At 2 o'Clock This Morning the Great Baltic, with Her Load of Passengers Taken from the Disabled Florida, Reached Her Anchorage at Sandy Hook. Expected to Proceed Up the Bay at Sunrise.

The steamer Baltic, with the passengers of the steamers Florida and Republic, was reported at 1:30 this morning as nearing her anchorage off Sandy Hook by the Marconi wireless station at Sea Gate. She will anchor for the night and will not come up to the city until well in the morning.

Wireless from Baltic, via Sea Gate.
1:40 a.m., anchored off Ambrose Channel; dense fog; Mr. Lynch on board the Florida; cannot tell his condition.

As toll for the collision between the steamships Florida and Republic six persons on the latter ship—two of them passengers—were claimed by death, and the Republic itself went down into the sea last evening.

The helpless White Star liner Republic was being towed in the direction of New York by the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca when she went down at 7:30 o'clock last night.

Captain Sealby stuck to his ship to the last. He was too late to reach the boats, and he and

his brave mate had to plunge into the sea just before the big liner disappeared beneath the water. They were found clinging to a boom and were rescued.

The Seneca and Gresham were slowly towing the liner, when about ten miles south of Nantucket she was seen to be sinking rapidly. One of the bulkheads of the water-tight compartments had suddenly given way under the strain.

Boats were instantly lowered from the Gresham and the Seneca, and by brilliant work they managed to rescue all of the crew. Captain Sealby was almost exhausted when reached by the Gresham's boat.

Once her bulkheads gave way, the Republic sank very rapidly. She rolled over on her side, threw her bow in the air and disappeared stern first.

Seneca to Bring Crew to New York.

The Seneca will take off the members of the crew from the Gresham at daybreak and will proceed to New York. The captain and mate of the Republic are being cared for in the ward room of the Gresham and will not suffer any ill-effects from exposure.

With all the passengers of both the Florida and the Republic on board, and with a part of the latter's crew, the liner Baltic, of the White Star Company, was at her anchorage off Sandy Hook at an early hour this morning, and will come up the bay at daylight. She will probably dock between 8 and 9 o'clock.

The wireless telegraph on Saturday spoke, but the prologue of the great drama being enacted behind the impenetrable curtain of fog out upon the sea, was that the steamship Florida, with 1,100 souls aboard, had rammed the White Star liner Republic, with upward of 800 in her charge. Yesterday, by the same magic means, the full drama was enacted before the attentive world and soon revealed itself a tragedy.

Regret that first-class passengers of the Republic, Mrs. Eugene Lynch and Mr. W. J. Mooney were killed; also Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy badly injured.

(Signed) RANSON.

This wireless message received by officials of the White Star Line grimly refuted the "all safe" and "no lives lost" messages that had gladdened the relatives on shore. Science had done much to lessen the horrors of this latest terrible disaster of the sea, but death was not baffled. It came quick and terrible when the sharp prow of the Florida cut its way into the side of the Republic, crushing to death the two passengers as they slept in their berths and mangling those who slept but an arm's length away.

Cut Down at Work in Ship's Hold.

It visited the hold as well as the deck of the liner, and four members of the crew, believed to be coal passers at work deep in the hold of the ship, were killed by the blow that doomed the Republic.

The dead and injured as reported by wireless are as follows: DEAD.—W. J. Mooney, Langdon, North Dakota; Mrs. Eugene H. Lynch, Boston, Mass; four members of the crew, unnamed. INJURED.—Eugene H. Lynch, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. M. J. Murphy, Grand Forks, South Dakota.

Those named above were first cabin passengers and occupied adjoining staterooms on the saloon deck on the port side of the Republic, where the bow of the Florida crashed into the vessel.

The belated report of the casualties is believed to be due to the fact that they were not known at the time the first messages were sent out from the Republic for aid, and, when discovered,

were delayed by the press of messages directing the work of rescue.

Passengers of the Republic who lived through the peril passed through the most thrilling experiences yet recorded in the history of marine disasters. Transferred from a sinking ship by small boats in the black fog, abandoning their effects and glad of the chance for their lives, they found themselves aboard a vessel but little safer than the damaged hulk they had left, and facing a rising gale.

For fourteen hours they were crowded upon the decks of the Florida, with her 900 excited passengers, sleepless and poorly nourished, while the fog made the midnight of their peril never ending.

Transferred in Small Boats to Great Liner.

Helpless, and with the knowledge that the rolling ship beneath them could not outlive the promised storm, at almost midnight by the clock and weather, they were told that they must face another peril—that within twenty-four hours they must be twice transferred from the decks of sinking liners by means of the small boats; must climb down the frail rope ladder thrown over the swinging sides of the ship until, like human pendulums, they were swung aboard the cockle-shells tossing on the waves.

Wireless Bulletins of the Republic Disaster

Messages Flashed Over the Sea Tell of Progress of Rescue and of Ship’s Loss.

10 A.M.—From S.S. Baltic to White Star Co.—Baltic standing by Republic. Republic in good towing condition. Lucania has left and Baltic is now on her way to N.Y.

2 P.M.—Nantucket, from S.S. Baltic.—Killed, Mrs. E. Lynch, Boston, Mass.; W. J. Mooney, Langdon, N. D.; four negroes (names unobtainable). Mrs. Murphy badly injured.

3 P.M.—From Siasconsett to Nantucket.—After transfer of passengers of Republic and Florida to Baltic. Florida and Baltic started for N.Y. If Baltic goes at average speed and does not stop to convoy Florida she should reach N.Y. Sunday evening.

3:05 P.M.—S.S. Baltic, at sea, to David Lindsay, White Star offices, N.Y.—The work of transferring passengers began 11 o’clock last night. There was an easterly wind blowing and gale brewing. One thousand six hundred and fifty aboard the Florida, this including the passengers of the Republic and Florida. They were all lined up on the upper deck. All members of the crew, from first staff officers to stokers, went among the passengers and assured them there was no danger. Seventy-five per cent of passengers on Republic were women. The work of transferring passengers of Republic and Florida lasted from 11 last night until 10:30 this morning. There was a heavy fog, and the giant searchlight of the Baltic was called into action. At 9 a.m. it was pitch dark and impossible to see without searchlight.

RANSON.

3:15 P.M.—From Wood’s Holl, Mass.—Republic and Florida now twelve miles south of Nantucket Shoals lightship.

5:45 P.M.—From Siasconsett, Mass.—Baltic now nearing Long Island on her way to N.Y. Republic now being towed by revenue cutter Gresham, steered by Furnessia, aft. Florida, under own steam, refuses assistance.

8:20 P.M.—Via Newport, from the Gresham—The Republic sank at 8 o’clock to-night, off Nantucket Shoal Lightship. The crew had been removed a half hour before. She was in tow of the Gresham and the Mohawk at the time.

TERRY, Commander.

8:40 P.M.—From Revenue Cutter Gresham, via Cape Cod to Boston Custom House.—Gresham and Seneca proceeding to Gay Head.

TERRY, Commander.

10:31 P.M.—From Captain Sealby, of the Republic—The Republic has sunk. All hands were taken off the vessel and are aboard the revenue cutter Gresham, which is making for Gay Head, Mass.

10:35—United wireless from United States revenue cutter Gresham—Gresham and Senator have left Republic and are proceeding to Gay Head. The Mohawk will stand by.

11:25 P.M.—Captain Ranson, of Baltic, to White Star Line—Baltic fifty miles east of Coney Island. Will probably arrive at Sandy Hook 1 o’clock Monday morning.

The Wireless Now a Necessity

The wireless telegraph has at last played a leading role in a thrilling emergency, and so has been born into the full consciousness of the world.

It has passed, like the railroad, the cable and the steamboat, through all the stages of rejection, ridicule, and tentative success. From a dream of romance to a wonder of the laboratory it has come to its settled place as a part of the indispensable structure of civilization.

Everybody breathed a little deeper yesterday for the story of the mortally wounded White Star liner, with Binns—imperturbable Mr. Binns!—at the wireless key whispering his calls for help through the wide reaches of the land and sea and drawing a rescuing fleet up out of the dark.

After the congratulations and cheers for the magnificent rush to save the stricken ships we must not fail to take thought of the plain lesson of the disaster—a lesson which no doubt had to be learned by experience, but now should be quickly applied.

If the Florida had been equipped with a wireless telegraph apparatus the collision need not have happened.

The wireless system has proved its usefulness in minimizing the loss of life in a smash-up at sea. But it seems to be able to do more than that. It can put an end to the most serious danger that menaces ocean travel—can safeguard ships from colliding in a fog.

Evidently the lugubrious groaning foghorn—which has so long depressed the spirits of seafarers—has proved its ineffectiveness and will in due time pass away.

The subtler, surer, far-ranging signal of the wireless will in the future be depended upon to apprise ships of the proximity of neighbors and keep them from running each other down.

No ship should be allowed to clear from an American port without a wireless telegraph outfit in good working order. And this new rule should become as soon as possible the imperative law and custom of the seven seas.

WAITING AT THE HOTELS

Friends of Republic’s Passengers Get News of Their Safety.

The Knickerbocker, Plaza, Gotham, Belmont, Imperial, Grand Union, and other hotels each had guests last night who had come to await the arrival of passengers from the Republic on the Baltic to-day, and they expected many here by last night’s late trains and to-day.

Herbert L. Griggs, President of the Bank of New York, is at the St. Regis and is awaiting the arrival of his wife, who was on the Republic. Mr. Griggs has received a wireless message from his wife in which she said that she was well and comfortable, but had lost everything she possessed on the sunken steamer.

At the Waldorf was Mr. C. R. Scudder of St. Louis. On hearing of the disaster he took the first train to New York, and will meet the Baltic, on which are his sister, Mrs. William Scudder, and her daughters, the Misses Gladys, Maidee, and Martha Scudder, who were on the Republic. Mr. Scudder received a telegram from his wife stating that she had received a wireless message saying that all the party were rescued from the Republic and are on board the Baltic with nothing but the clothes they wear.

The Waldorf management also received messages from persons who were guests there previous to the sailing of the Republic, asking for rooms when the Baltic gets in. Samuel Cupples of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Deveraux of Minneapolis, Miss M. Mott of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. R. Mellon, Miss Sarah Mellon, and maid, from Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Miller and Miss Miller of Pittsburg, Mrs. J. L. Stack of Chicago, and G. H. Van Woert of the same city, were among those who engaged rooms.

At the Manhattan Hotel is J. H. Whitney of Chicago. His wife and daughter were on the Republic and are on the Baltic. S. A. Van Dusen of Baltimore is at the Astor to meet his cousin, L. T. Appold, who is on the Baltic. Mr. Appold sent a wireless message to his sisters in Baltimore saying that he was safe, and his cousin left at once to meet him. Mr. Appold is Vice President of the Colonial Trust Company of Baltimore and is unmarried.

Mrs. David Perry, widow of Gen. Perry, and her daughter, are at the New Grand Hotel. They are waiting to meet Major and Mrs. F.W. Perry, who are close personal friends, and were on the Republic. The Knickerbocker Hotel reported Mr. J. H. Brookmire from St. Louis, who saw his mother and sister off on the Republic last Thursday.
~ 029 ~

Distress Signal Aroused Whole Force at Siasconset, Help Sent to Sinking Republic

Lonely Vigil Broken by First Cry for Aid

Wireless Operator at the Siasconset Station Tells of Alarm.

All Hands Called Out

How Assistance Was Sent to the Republic from Nantucket

By A. H. Ginman.

(Description of vigil for news of wrecked Republic as told by manager of the wireless station at Siasconset, Nantucket Island.)

Siasconset, Mass., Jan. 24.—Imagine a lonely island in the middle of Winter, thereon a lonely Marconi station, therein a lonely Marconi operator, with his telephones glued to his head watching the break of day, thinking of his past and future, listening for any sign of life in his telephones.

Imagine that man suddenly startled with a faint, very faint, call from a ship using the recognized distress signal, giving her position and calling for help.

Slowly, all too slowly, came the cry for urgent aid, each call seemingly taking an hour’s valuable time, yet in truth but a fraction of a second. Will he never sign? Who can it be? At last came the recognized code letters of the White Star Republic, and again the call for aid.

Search for Ships Made by Wireless.

With this information Operator Irwin, of the Marconi force at the station here, who was on duty at the time, immediately got the wires hot, knowing the revenue cutter Acushnet to be lying at Wood’s Hole, and within one minute the captain was informed that his calls had been heard and aid was being rushed to him.

All hands were immediately brought on duty and the seas scanned by wireless in search of a vessel near the Republic.

The first to answer the urgent call of the now very busy wireless station was the French liner La Lorraine, and she was immediately sent to render assistance to the sinking vessel.

The White Star liner Baltic, at this time nearing Long Island, however, was apparently listening to rapid fire orders, for the captain immediately about-shipped and was chasing in pursuit of the wreck before actually receiving orders direct. Now attention was turned to the sinking vessel and assurances given that aid was being rushed to them. The result to them could only be imagined.

Calls of the Republic Were Growing Faint.

No time could be wasted on sentiment, for the ships in pursuit had to be kept in close touch with the situation so not a moment would be lost. Fainter seemed the Republic’s calls, now like the gasp of a drowning man, but the Marconi operator aboard had apparently been working under great difficulties and was able to give the news that her engine room was full of water and that the passengers were being taken off by an unknown vessel, apparently the one that struck her.

Slowly and deliberately this news was scattered broadcast by the loyal operator, evidently now nursing his power for the supreme efforts that he knew would be called for. Nothing but the most essential points could be gained from him, and, anxious though he knew those on shore would be, he was still more anxious to keep the vessels searching for him on the right track.

“Steer south-southwest.”
“Is that you firing two bombs in succession?”

Those and other vital instructions were winding their way through the ether, each man anxiously straining his ears for the smallest scrap of information that would successfully guide them to the distressed vessel.

The steamer Baltic was the first to relieve the tense situation when she reported being alongside the Republic and that all passengers were safe aboard the Florida, which was also standing by.

Up to this time it was obviously impossible to disturb such important orders with a request for details of the accident, but now came the urgent cry of relatives ashore for news and particulars.

Still there was the difficulty of getting news of the Republic’s passengers, who were now on the Florida, which is not fitted with wireless, and the impatient cry of the loved ones at home came fast and furious.

It was then decided to transfer all passengers to the Baltic, and this was done with the same strict discipline that prevailed at the previous transfer. Now the air was filled with:

“Safe and well aboard Baltic.”

All this time the Republic seemed to be settling fast, but her captain refused to abandon her, and preparations were made to endeavor to save her. This done, the Baltic steamed toward New York. The exciting period had passed, but the triumph of Marconi will live forever.

LOST FLEET SUPPLIES.

Naval Paymaster Must Buy More to Replace Those Sunk on Republic.

VILLEFRANCHE, Jan. 24—As a result of the sinking of the White Star steamer Republic, Fleet Paymaster McGowan left here hurriedly to-day for Marseilles. On board the Republic were 660 tons of provisions for the American fleet, and Paymaster McGowan will endeavor to duplicate the consignment or purchase a sufficient quantity to serve during the homeward trip.

GETTING BALTIC NEWS FROM OUT THE AIR

Long Island Wireless Stations Swamped with Messages from and to Incoming Liner.

“A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE”

Thus Was One Message Worded—Communication Broken at Times—What the Stations Heard.

The several wireless stations on the south shore of Long Island which on Saturday had to be content with repeated messages from the wrecked steamer Republic and her rescuers, took up yesterday the work of conveying to this city news of the progress toward this city of the White Star liner Baltic, laden with the passengers of the Republic and of the Florida. The station at Sagonaponack, near Bridgehampton, L.I., 100 miles from this city, caught the first flash from the incoming Baltic.

This was late in the afternoon and after receiving many messages destined for friends of those on board, the operator commenced sending words of congratulation and invitations to visit friends on reaching this city, to the passengers on the Baltic. All told, the operator had more than 300 messages of this kind to send, and before many of them had flashed away from the wireless sending pole, communication with the steamer, creeping slowly toward this city, was lost.

Then Sagonaponack called the wireless station at Sea Gate, and explained the difficulty. Sea Gate knew it already, for it was only 5:30 o’clock when Operator Harry Williams picked up the first of the Baltic’s messages, destined, however, for Sagonaponack and not for him. But this communication had been lost again in time, and when Sagonaponack called, Sea Gate was still awaiting the re-establishment of communication with the Baltic. In the meantime Sagonaponack’s messages were relayed to Sea Gate to be sent from there when the Baltic was picked up again.

The scene in the little room on the second floor of the lodge of the Sea Gate Association, situated less than a quarter of a mile back from the end of Norton’s Point, was one of suppressed excitement. Without there was nothing to be seen but the murk of a heavy fog, through which sounded the boom of the surf in the Lower Bay on one side and from smaller Gravesend Bay on the other. Within, a dozen men, among whom was Chief Engineer Frederick M. Sammis of the Marconi Company, crowded around the operating table, at which sat Harry Williams.

Back and forth flew questions and suppositions as to where the Baltic might be, until a faint sound like the peculiar rumble of an automobile engine, only many times weaker, sounded in the room. Instantly there was perfect silence, for the message was a faint one.

“It’s the Baltic,” said Williams, as he caught the first words, and then he translated the messages meant for Sagonaponack.

At the first lull an effort was made to connect with the steamer. The operator pulled downward a long lever that released the current and then turned to his key, which is like that of an

ordinary telegraph instrument. As his fingers pressed it downward the other occupants of the room had to stop their ears, for in the crowded space there burst forth a noise like that from an automobile engine, only this time as loud as a racing car makes when the power is turned on. Message after message shot out from the Sea Gate tower, but there came no answer from the Baltic. No reply had been received up to 10 o’clock, but at that time Mr. Sammis estimated, from the sound of the last messages from the steamer, that the Baltic was only a little east of Fire Island, and was rapidly drawing into the Sea Gate range.

Mrs. Lynch’s Body Lost.

At Sagonaponack the most important message which was received was one to Dr. Patrick Finnegan of East Cambridge, Mass., which stated that the body of Mrs. Eugene Lynch was on the Republic when the latter sank. …
~ 030 ~

‘Ship Sinking, but Will Stick to the End,’ Said Operator of the Republic

I’m on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to end. — Wireless Operator J. R. Binns, of Republic, to Wireless Operator J. B. Bous, of La Lorraine.

Keep cool, old man; keep courage. We’ll get you out of that fix in a moment. Nearly blowing our boilers off. Doing twenty-two knots. — Bous, of La Lorraine, to Binns, of the Republic.

How Wireless Operator Binns, aboard the White Star liner Republic, told of their plight after her collision with the Florida was first told an American reporter last night by J. B. Bous, chief Marconi wireless operator aboard the French liner La Lorraine, which docked at Pier No. 42, North River, at 2 p. m. yesterday. The unofficial messages flashed across the void by Binns and his friend Bous are part and parcel of the unwritten romance of wireless telegraphy.

Binns Was “On the Job.”

To his coolness and devotion to duty, it is now learned, was due the prompt assistance accorded the stricken passenger steamer by sister liners. As he himself expressed it by wireless, Binns was “on the job” from the time the Florida crashed into the Republic amidships until the last passenger had been transferred to the colliding vessel.

It was a stretch of thirty hours, and every minute of that time the telephone receivers, which are part of the wireless apparatus, were strapped to his eager and listening ears. Seldom has there been a more shining example of that calm courage that goes hand in hand with a sound sense of business duty.

Almost until the Republic went down, Binns kept his ship in touch with the coast and passing ships by the use of accumulators; for the shutting down of the engines ended the power of his electric dynamos that ordinarily give the power of transmission to the wireless.

In another cubbyhole, far up on another boat deck of La Lorraine, an American reporter found a haggard-eyed man, whose every aspect showed loss of sleep, in the fog of last night. The man was smoking and talking with his assistant Ernest Monrouzeau, also sunken-eyed from sleeplessness. The man was J. B. Bous, the wireless expert, and a new light came into his eyes when the name of Binns was mentioned.

Bour Praises Binns.

“Ah, there’s a man!” he said. "He was there in every sense of the word when the call of duty came. If Captain Sealby, of the Republic, proved seamanship and high courage, this man Binns showed equal courage and a sure and certain readiness to put his ship in instant communication with passing ships and the nearest land wireless station.

"I believe that man easily worked thirty hours with the wireless ’phones strapped to his ears. Not an easy job, you can imagine, when the operator is on a ship supposed to be sinking! But I know Binns. He’s the sort that can be depended upon. He did his duty aboard the Blücher at the time of the Italian earthquake. It was the same when he was aboard the Republic during the Italian earthquake.

"He’s only twenty-six years old, but he is now making his forty-first trip across the Atlantic.

Ship in Danger Signal.

“You want the story of his wireless feat. ”Well, I’ll tell it to you. It was at 7 a. m. on Saturday, January 23, when my buzzers first began working, and this is what I got from the wireless station at Siasconset: ‘C. Q. D.’ That was repeated half a dozen times. ‘C. Q. D.’ in our code means ‘Ship in great danger.’ It is the international call for assistance, and implies a code of honor whereby every vessel within the radius of the danger must obey at all cost.

"I immediately responded by the single letter ‘G,’ which means, ‘Send at once; am ready.’ Back came the answer from Siasconset, flashing across the void and thickening fog:

"‘M. L. L. (La Lorraine), Lat. 40:17, Long. 70 W. M. K. C. (Republic) wrecked. Wants assistance.’

"I immediately notified Captain Tournier, who was on the bridge at the time, and at 7:10 a. m. sent the following message to the Siasconset station on Nantucket:

"‘Your C. Q. D. message received O. K. Notified captain. M. L. L.’

Relayed to the Lucania.

"In the meantime I had got in communication with the Cunard liner Lucania at 7:06, and had relayed to her the message we had received from the land station.

"Captain Tournier, after receiving the message, consulted his charts, made his computations and gave orders for the ship to head for the scene of the shipwreck. This all took time, but at 7:50, on orders from Captain Tournier, I sent Siasconset the following message:

"‘Please tell Republic we are one hundred and twenty miles off. Shall reach her at 2 p.m. M. L. L.’

"Things began to be exciting after that. Carefully I watched for every stray message that might be flashing across the expanses of fog-laden atmosphere. We were ploughing ahead at high speed with Nantucket lightship as our objective point. Then, we pointed straight for the area within which the Republic was either lost or sinking.

"At precisely 9:40 a.m., after a wait less vivid, I got the ‘G’ sign from Binns on the Republic. This was the message I flashed:

“Please tell us if you are in fog and your exact position.”

There was a torturing five-minute wait and back came the message:

“M. L. L.—Position Lat. 40:17, Long. 70 W. We are in fog. M. K. C.”

Talk Opened with Binns.

“Captain Tournier then dictated the following message to the Republic: ”‘Please tell us depth of water and kind of soundings. Our captain desires to direct his steerings accordingly.’

“Then I began to get in official touch with Binns. ‘Hello there, old man, how are you?’ I flashed. ”‘I’m on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to end,’ Binns flashed back to me. “‘Keep cool, old man,’ I flashed in return. ‘Keep courage. We’ll get you out of that fix in a moment.’ ”‘O. K., old man,’ he flashed back. ‘Come along; we’re waiting for you.’

"Then he flashed another, telling me that he couldn’t waste words; that his ship had been struck amidships, injuring the boilers, destroying the use of the dynamos, and he had to use his emergency accumulators. He told all that in about three or four letters of the emergency code.

"At 11 o’clock we sent an official message to the Republic, reading ‘Now about thirty miles off,’ and another at 11:25, stating, ‘Now about twenty miles off.’

“All the time I kept flashing unofficial messages to my friend to keep cool and keep his courage. After the official message saying we were twenty miles away I flashed this one to Binns: ”‘Old man, we are nearly blowing our boilers off. Are doing twenty-two knots.’

“Then as we neared the Republic I sent this one: ‘Say, old man; now we are on the job, but we can’t spot you.’ He answered quickly enough, ‘O. K., old man, come along.’”

Messages for the Baltic.

"During this time I had also caught several messages being flashed from the Republic to the Baltic. The first was at 10:25, and told the Republic’s sister ship of her plight and position. It was all very dramatic sitting there and hearing of this tragedy of the sea through the singing wires that stretched from masthead to masthead of our ship.

“Then another phase of the Republic’s own story came to us through our submarine bell. On orders from Captain Tournier I flashed this message to the Republic at 12:45 p.m.: ”‘Tell your captain we can hear his submarine bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steering, because the fog is thick.’

"While making toward the Republic, Captain Tournier had also sent the following message via Siasconset to General Agent Paul Faguet, of the French Line, in New York: ‘Going help Republic, sinking, forty-five miles southwest Nantucket Lightship, heavy fog. Our own position on chart uncertain; going on soundings. Will do all possible save crew and passengers.’

“During the afternoon we kept in wireless communication with the Republic, learned that she had been hit by the Florida and that passengers had been transferred without mishap, but were unable to get into direct communication with her. In the meantime we got in wireless touch with the Baltic and stood by awaiting orders from her as to assistance. Finally, at 6:40 p.m., I got the following message: ”‘Republic says to steer for the Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and must have someone to stand by. She is blowing four blasts.’

"Captain Tournier, after receiving this wireless, decided at 6:36 to proceed and sent the following wireless to Faguet, French Line, Pier 42, North River, New York, via Siasconset: ‘Republic’s passengers have left by Florida. Baltic remains. We have been asked by Republic to follow Florida. Will arrive Sandy Hook daylight.’

“Then came our final official message as we put about to proceed upon our course. It was from Captain Ransom, of the Baltic, and read: ”‘Baltic now alongside both ships. Clear here. Can see lights.’

“But as our twin screws began revolving and we started home for this port, I got a final flash from good old Binns: ”‘I’m still on the job,’ he flashed, ‘But I’m getting all fired sleepy. Remember me to Broadway. The Republic isn’t done for yet. So long.’ Binns.

“And I guess Monrouzeau and I are sleepy too. You know we had a lot of commercial messages to

send. There are often such an opportunity for the pretty ladies to give their husbands and sweethearts a thrill when they are aboard a ship rushing to the assistance of one supposed to be sinking, with many souls aboard.”

Captain Tournier Tells of Search.

Captain Tournier’s story of the futile search for the stricken Republic follows: "I was on the bridge from 3 a.m. Saturday. When I got the first wireless message it was necessary to examine my charts in order to properly direct my course. I had taken my last observation on the day before. Making my calculations, I determined upon Nantucket Lightship as my first objective point, and would then make for the Republic from there.

“Despite every effort, we were unable to locate the Republic save by wireless and her submarine sounding bell. We were impeded by an almost impenetrable fog, which made our search most difficult. It was with great relief that I finally received a wireless from the captain of the Baltic that the passengers of the Republic had been successfully transferred to the Florida. I was then asked to act as convoy to the Florida. But I never got in touch with her save once when I heard her blowing four blasts.”

La Lorraine when it neared the scene of the wrecking of the Republic was thoroughly prepared to effect any rescues that might be needed. Her lifeboats to the number of eighteen were on the davits, manned by crews, ready and waiting for the signal to be lowered.

Her log book tells the following story: “At about 7:30 a.m. on January 23 we got a wireless message saying that the Republic was asking for immediate assistance and was sinking. We take bearings to go to rescue. All the crews are on deck. Ladders put over side. Lifeboats are ready to put to sea; men named to manage boats and get orders to stay until otherwise directed. We stay on scene until wireless says all passengers are saved and are aboard Florida. After that we follow steadily, trying to find Florida, but the fog is very thick.”

La Lorraine carried 763 passengers besides her crew of 400. She did not experience rough weather. During the search for the Republic she poked her nose through bank after bank of thick fog. Captain Tournier, Second Captain Guimont and Lieutenants Menestral, Blavier and Buresse and Midshipman Bourgne did not sleep.

BALTIC TELLS OF THE COLLISION

First Full Story from the Liner Says Florida Passengers, Not Crew, Are Killed.

DEATHS ON THE REPUBLIC

Mrs. Lynch Killed Instantly; Mr. Mooney Died Soon After the Crash.

THE INJURED DOING WELL

Story of the Abandonment of the Big Liner—Bodies Sank with Republic.

By Marconi Wireless Telegraph to The New York Times. STEAMSHIP BALTIC, via SEA GATE, L. I., Jan 25., 3 A. M.—The Steamship Florida, inward bound, and Republic, outward bound, were in collision 175 miles east of the Ambrose light vessel at 5:45 o’clock on Saturday morning.

The Republic was struck amidships on the port side, penetrating to the engine room. The ship was immediately plunged in darkness. A Marconi dispatch was sent out from the Republic asking for assistance. The Baltic was the first vessel to make for the scene of the accident.

After searching for twelve hours in a dense fog, the Lucania, the Lorraine, and a revenue cutter located the colliding vessels close together.

At 7 P. M. on Sunday the Republic was abandoned except for the Captain, Chief Officer, and a lifeboat crew, who remained alongside all night.

The Baltic proceeded to the Florida and removed all her passengers and crew except the deck department.

The Baltic took on board 1,650 people. Two first cabin passengers, Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney, were killed on the Republic, the former instantly, and the latter dying soon after the collision. Four passengers on the Florida were killed.

Their names are unknown, but they are stated to be steerage passengers of Italian nationality.

Several on Republic were injured, but are all doing well. The Baltic, Lucania, Lorraine, Furnessia, and a cargo boat, name unknown, stood by all night. The Furnessia at daybreak proceeded to convoy the Florida, which has her bows buckled almost to the bridge.

The New York and Baltic searched for the Republic, which had been lost again in the fog, during the night and found her about 10 A. M. with Capt. Sealby and his boat's crew aboard.

A skeleton crew was then put aboard her and the mail boat made for New York later. The Lucania, New York, and other vessels are now anchored off Sandy Hook.

The Republic sank at 8:30 P. M. Sunday. All hands were saved and are now on board the Gresham.

The Gresham made for Gay Head. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were on board the Republic in coffins, and have probably gone down with her.

Inquiries from survivors of the Republic show there was no excitement. Capt. Sealby controlled everything. He made a speech to the passengers from the bridge, and kept all on board informed of the movements of approaching vessels, reported by wireless, being ably assisted by his officers and crew.

The Marconi cabin was smashed in, but fortunately the operator and apparatus escaped injury.

In the stokehold the firemen remained at their posts and calmly proceeded to draw the fires, thus avoiding explosions, seeing the engine room was almost immediately filled with water.

The news of the disaster was received on the Baltic at 7 A. M. from Siasconsett, and by 8 A. M. preparations had been made to receive all the survivors, while all the boats were prepared for launching.

I can send no more. I have been constantly at the key without sleep for fifty-two hours. TATTERSALL.

White Star Line to Throw Open Its Pier to Anxious

For the first time in steamship history in America, red tape is to be abolished by the White Star Line Company, so that friends and relatives of the Republic's rescued and dead may greet their living or take over their dead immediately upon the arrival of the Baltic this morning. The Baltic will reach her pier, No. 48, North River, some time in the morning, and to the thousands who have made inquiries, the company gave word, through the American, that any relative or friend of any of the Republic's passengers will be admitted to the pier without a pass.

Moreover, at 5 o'clock this morning the White Star officials will send out the steamer General Putnam to meet the incoming Baltic. The Putnam will be laden with food, stimulants and medical supplies, and will carry also a corps of physicians and nurses to attend to those suffering from injuries or shock. The Putnam will take off any passengers which may overflow the Baltic

and will bring them to the same pier, convoying at the same time.

Yesterday, also for the first time in the company's history, the White Star's general offices in the Bowling Green Building remained open on Sunday. Since the first news was received of the crash off the New England coast, the entire complement of officers and employees remained at the offices without a moment's rest or even the grabbing off of a quick lunch meal.

The wireless flashed to them constant messages, while the hundreds of friends and relatives of the Republic's passengers bombarded their offices in personal or by telephone from early Saturday until late last night, demanding news of the imperiled ones.

It took the entire office staff to keep up with these inquiries. When no news could be given the telephone numbers or addresses of the questioners were taken, and if information came later they were notified by messenger or by phone. Others to whom no more than the general information could be given that all but two passengers had survived crowded the offices all day yesterday.

Late yesterday afternoon the families of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney asked what disposition had been made of the bodies. When told that they probably would be brought in by the Baltic they asked permission to meet her at the dock and take charge of the bodies at once. Theirs was the only grief to be noticed at the White Star offices, for having been informed that no other passengers were killed or seriously injured, the others who crowded about the Bowling Green Building gave themselves up to heartfelt thanksgiving and joy at the rescue, which will only be increased if the Baltic's coming proves all reports of rescues true.

Among those who got good tidings at the offices yesterday were J. H. Whiting, of Chicago, who learned that his wife and daughter he had brought here to see off on the Oriental cruise, were safe and J. W. Teets, who wept for joy when told that the Baltic would return safely to him his brother, Alonzo, of this city.

The text in the image is about a man named W. J. Mooney who was killed in a collision between two ships, the Republic and the Florida. Mooney was a prominent citizen of North Dakota and the owner of the Mooney State Bank in Langdon. He was also half-owner with M. J. Murphy of the New Bank at International Falls, North Dakota.

The text also mentions that H. Bendeke, a friend of Mooney's, is the Norwegian Consul in North Dakota and was staying at the Hotel Knickerbocker in New York City at the time of the collision. Bendeke had made arrangements for Mooney and Murphy to travel to the Mediterranean together on the Republic.

Here is the text converted to markdown:

Mooney a Banker in North Dakota

W. J. Mooney, who was killed in the collision of the Republic and the Florida, was from Langdon, North Dakota, and was one of the most prominent citizens of that State. He was owner of the Mooney State Bank in Langdon, and half-owner with M. J. Murphy, whose wife was seriously injured on the Republic, in the New Bank at International Falls, N. D.

H. Bendeke, a friend of Mooney's, is Norwegian Consul in North Dakota, and is at present stopping at the Hotel Knickerbocker in this city.

"The Mooneys and Murphys were making the voyage to the Mediterranean together. I am agent for the White Star Line in North Dakota, and I made their arrangements for them," he said. "Just before going aboard the Re-public Mrs. Murphy, who is a rather timid woman, remarked that she felt afraid of crossing the ocean. I introduced her to Captain Sealby, whom I knew as a good seaman, and what I told her of him restored her confidence somewhat."

The Murphys have four children in Grand Forks. Mr. Bendeke has been in communication with them almost hourly since the collision.

‘I Am Well,’ Says General Ives, by Wireless, to Sister

Mrs. John Howard Latham, of No. 16 East Fifty-eighth street, a sister of General Brayton Ives, who was on the Republic with his valet, Charles Price, received this wireless message from General Ives yesterday: Mrs. John H. Latham, New York: On the Baltic. Am well. Expect to be home to-morrow. BRAYTON IVES.

Villefranche, Jan. 24.—As a result of the accident to the White Star steamer Republic, Fleet Paymaster McGowan left here hurriedly to-day for Marseiles. On board the Republic were 650 tons of provisions for the American fleet, and Paymaster McGowan will endeavor to duplicate the consignment or purchase sufficient quantity to serve during the homeward trip.

Boston, Jan. 24.—The sinking of an unidentified three-masted schooner at the entrance to Vineyard Sound, between Gayhead and Cuttyhunk, is indicated in the report brought here to-night by officers of the steamer Howard from Norfolk, that they had passed three protruding masts and a flying jiboom. Although the Howard passed near the sunken craft, the officers could not learn her identity. The Gayhead Life Saving Station had not heard of a collision, and Vineyard Haven is also without information. If the schooner was sunk in collision it is thought that the crew may have been rescued by the more fortunate craft.

Cardinal Gibbons Refers to the Disaster in a Sermon.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Jan. 24.—In a sermon to-day on “Brotherly Love” Cardinal Gibbons referred to the sinking of the steamer Republic and to the fact that the saving of her passengers was due in part to modern science in shipbuilding and in part to wireless telegraphy. He added: “We can admit the part played by these forces of science and invention, but what good, may either or both have done had it not been for the ready compassion and the quick reply to the call from a fellow creature for aid.”

Navy to Replace Lost Supplies. VILLEFRANCHE, Jan. 24.—As a result of the accident to the White Star steamer Republic, Fleet Paymaster McGowan left here hurriedly to-day for Marseiles. On board the Republic were 650 tons of provisions for the American fleet, and Paymaster McGowan will endeavor to duplicate the consignment or purchase a sufficient quantity to serve during the homeward trip.
~ 031 ~

“SAFE AND WELL ABOARD BALTIC,”

Anxious Friends Besiege Offices of White Star Line.

Crowd Gathers when News Quickly Spreads that a Number of Passengers Had Met Death in Collision Off Nantucket.

Here is the OCR text with markdown formatting and line feeds removed within paragraphs:

After a night of anxiety Vice-President Franklin, of the International Mercantile Marine Company, which controls the White Star Line, and Republic, that was rammed Saturday morning by the Italian liner Florida, gave a sigh of relief early yesterday when it was announced that the passengers of the two vessels had been safely transferred to the Baltic and were on their way to New York. Mr. Franklin told his assistants to take a little rest and himself went to bed for a few hours. His rest was short, for his sleep was disturbed by a wireless message saying that several passengers had lost their lives in the collision.

When he retired Mr. Franklin was confident that not a single life had been sacrificed in one of the most startling of modern marine disasters. The report of deaths soon spread through the

city, however, and by the time the White Star officials again reached their offices many friends and relatives of passengers on both the Republic and Florida had gathered to make inquiry. Capt. Ranson, of the Baltic, which had gone to the assistance of the disabled vessels, was so busy looking after the welfare of the 1,650 persons suddenly thrust upon him that he had not taken time to do anything more than send his superiors a brief bulletin saying that four aboard the Florida had been killed, two of the Republic's passengers lost their lives and five others had been injured. Immediately there was a clamor to learn the identity of the dead and injured. Mr. Franklin got busy with the wireless. He communicated with Capt. Ranson and instructed the commander to let him know at once the identity of the victims.

"This is no time for delay," said Mr. Franklin. "We have nothing to conceal from the public, and the instant we get from Capt. Ranson the names of the unfortunate ones will be given out."

For two hours a score of anxious ones paced up and down the White Star offices at No. 9 Broadway. They appealed to some official every time a messenger boy appeared with a telegram. It was not till 11 o'clock last night that the long looked for message giving the names of the dead and injured was received from Capt. Ranson. It read:

"I regret to report that of the Republic's passengers Mrs. Lynch, of Boston, and Mr. Mooney, of Langdon. N. Dak., are dead. Mr. Lynch, of Boston, and Mrs. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. Dak., are badly hurt. Four of the Florida's passengers are dead. Unable to get names."

Of those who had been awaiting news, whether it was to be good or bad, this information must affect a Republic. Norwegian Vice-Consul at Minneapolis, and M. H. Gurtye, of No. 136 Broadstreet. Boston. Mr. Benecke identified the North Dakota victims as W. J. Mooney, president of a De Smet De County National Bank of Langdon, and an old pioneer in the Northwest, and Mrs. W. J. Murphy, as the wife of W. J. Murphy, of Grand Forks, whom he had accompanied to New York with a party of friends who were sailing for a two months' cruise to the Mediterranean.

Sure, I can OCR the text and use markdown for bold and italic text. I can also remove linefeeds inside of paragraphs. Here is the text:

Mr. Curley Had Accompanied His Friends

Mr. Curley had accompanied his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, to New York to bid them farewell on an extended trip through Europe.

"Mr. Lynch is one of the best known residents of Boston," said Mr. Curley. "He is a wholesale liquor dealer, seventy years old."

Mr. Curley will meet the Baltic down the bay this morning with a delegation of Boston friends. Mrs. Lynch's body will be sent direct to Boston, and Mr. Lynch will be taken to a hospital there if his condition permits.

When the Identity of the Victims of the Collision Had Been Established

When the identity of the victims of the collision had been established, the officials of the White Star Line were able to figure out for the first time just where the Republic was struck. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch occupied corner stateroom No. 24, on the port side of the saloon deck, just aft of amidships. Mr. and Mrs. Mooney occupied the adjoining stateroom, No. 33, and Mr. and Mrs. Murphy staterooms No. 28. Stateroom No. 30 was occupied by Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, wife of the president of the Bank of New York. This plainly showed that the Republic had been struck by the Florida aft of amidships, and it was there that loss of life was sustained.

A Remarkable Feature of the Accident

A remarkable feature of the accident is that Mrs. Griggs should have escaped being killed, her stateroom, No. 30, being between Nos. 25 and 28. How Mr. Mooney, in No. 22, could be killed and

Mrs. Murphy, in No. 5, be badly injured, while Mrs. Griggs, who occupied the stateroom between them, escaped without injury, could not be understood until it was suggested that as the Mooneys and Murphys are friends, perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Murphy had exchanged rooms with Mrs. Griggs in order to be nearer their own friends undoubtedly saved the life of Mrs. Griggs. The saloon deck on the Republic is the top or highest deck. The passengers occupying the rooms directly under them on the upper and main decks are reported uninjured. These rooms are Nos. 96, 98 and 100 on the upper deck, occupied respectively by Mrs. O. A. Washburn, of the Hotel Belmont, and the Countess Pasolini, of Italy. No. 100 was vacant. On the main deck rooms Nos. 126 and 128 were occupied by Mrs. J. S. Mulligan and Miss L. J. Hewitt. The Countess Pasolini was formerly Miss Mildred Montague, daughter of D. P. Montague, a banker of Chattanooga, Tenn. She was married a little less than a year ago and had been in America to spend the holidays with her parents. She was hurrying back to Italy on account of the earthquake, in which many of her husband’s friends were killed.

New Yorkers Book for Friends

Another who visited the White Star offices during the afternoon to inquire about friends was J. L. Peacock, of No. 206 West Eighty-fifth street. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mooney had been guests of Mr. Peacock’s family for four days before they sailed on the Republic. James Glover, of No. 36 East Seventy-sixth street, also called at the White Star Line offices. His daughter, Miss Susanna Glover, nineteen years old, sailed on the Republic with a friend, Miss A. C. Shackleford, to spend two or three months in Italy. Mr. Glover was not at all uneasy about his daughter’s safety. He received a wireless message from her aboard the Baltic at 10 A. M. yesterday saying that she was safe and returning to New York.

“She’s a game little girl,” said Mr. Glover, “and well able to take care of herself, even in emergencies. I do not know whether she will want to go on another boat or not. I would say that would depend entirely upon whether her baggage was saved or not.”

The Merritt & Chapman Wrecking Company’s tug Relief left port at 10 A.M. yesterday to go outside Sandy Hook and meet the Baltic, which was expected to anchor at the entrance to the new Ambrose channel near midnight.

The Florida is said to be proceeding toward New York under her own steam at a six-knot gait. She is convoyed by the American liner New York, inbound from Southampton and Cherbourg, and the Revenue cutter Gresham. She cannot, it is believed, reach her pier before this evening or possibly not until tomorrow morning.

**Steamer Ready to Meet Baltic

The steamer General Putnam was held in readiness all day yesterday to go down to Sandy Hook as soon as it was definitely established when the Baltic was due. According to plans she was to leave Pier No. 48, North River at 4 o’clock this morning. The General Putnam will carry officials of the White Star Line and hundreds of messages to the rescued passengers of the Republic from all parts of the country. If any of the passengers aboard the Baltic are suffering from overcrowding she will take them aboard and return to New York.

Here is the OCR text with markdown formatting and linefeeds removed within paragraphs:

Vice-President Franklin said last night: “The company deeply regrets that any lives were lost in the accident to the Republic. It has been our policy to give to the public every bit of news that we have received from the disabled vessels. That details are lacking will be readily understood when it is known that 1,300 lives were at stake and the conservation of human life was the first thought of the commander. There is nothing to conceal and we have not bothered about baggage or cargo, confining ourselves with trying as best we could to see that every one is safely landed.”

A few details of the transfer of the passengers from the Florida to the Baltic were contained

in a wireless sent to the White Star Line office early in the evening.

“There were 550 passengers aboard the Florida,” it ran, “when the Baltic drew up alongside. The work of transferring the men, women and children took from 11.40 Saturday night to 10 o’clock this morning. There were 650 mail boats in service and during the dark hours of the night searchlights were brought into play. At daybreak up New York, which was lying along-side, offered assistance, but it was not needed.”

The White Star officials announced that the Republic was insured for $1,500,000.

Gibbons Talks of Passengers’ Escape

Baltimore, Jan. 24—Cardinal Gibbons preached and held confirmation at St. Mary’s Church, at Annapolis, to-day. His subject was “Brotherly Love.” He referred to the foundering of the Republic and the fact that her passengers had been saved in a measure by the wonderful accomplishments of modern science in the building of ships with air compartments to keep them afloat in such a crisis and to the part played by wireless in summoning aid from every side.

BRAVE CAPTAIN AND REPUBLIC’S CREW IN PORT

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Jan. 25.—Captain Sealby, of the lost Republic, and all of his plucky crew except the four coal passers killed by the Florida’s bow, are safe and sound in the harbor here aboard the United States revenue cutter Gresham.

They were taken off the wrecked steamship not an instant too soon. In fact, Captain Sealby, who obstinately refused to leave until the last one, had to jump overboard and cling to a grating with his first mate until one of the Gresham’s small boats picked them up, exhausted from the cold and the terrific struggle they had made to keep from being sucked under in the maelstrom created when the liner disappeared.

The Seneca will take the Republic’s men from the Gresham and bring them to New York to-day. Captain Sealby and his crew are being royally treated in the Gresham’s wardroom and are loud in their praises of the men who faced death to save them. They all seem to be in good condition in spite of their thrumming forty-eight hours’ experience, although Captain Sealby was too tired to answer a message asking full particulars of the sinking.

The efforts to save the Republic, even after her passengers had been safely taken off, was one of the most desperate and thrilling fights in the history of the sea, in which great personal courage and skill, aided by the latest achievements of the science of shipbuilders, were matched against the ever-menacing element with which the lot of the liner was cast.

After the ship had been rammed early Saturday morning, and her unknown assailant had disappeared in the fog, quick measures were taken to preserve the lives of those aboard. The watertight compartments were clanged to and the men from the stokehole and the engine room, after performing their emergency duties, rushed to the decks to save their lives from the incoming sea.

The crew went to their posts at the lifeboats and stood by while the officers looked after the passengers, awakened from their sleep by the shock of a collision and frightened into a panic. There was a period of frightful suspense while the liner gradually settled, and no living soul could foretell at that time the fate of passengers and ship.

THE GRESHAM IN PORT

Arrives at Vineyard Haven at 3 A.M. — To Land the Republic’s Crew.

Special to The New York Times.

GAY HEAD, Martha’s Vineyard, Mass., Jan. 25.—A vessel believed from her general appearance to be the United States revenue cutter Gresham, on board of which are Capt. Sealby and the crew of the White Star Liner Republic, which sank off No Man’s Land this afternoon while an attempt was being made to tow her to New York, was sighted by the crew of the Gay Head Life Saving Station at 11:50 o’clock to-night.

The Gresham, if it were she, passed fairly close to the point and the members of the life-saving station had little doubt that she was the revenue cutter.

She is inbound to land the Republic’s crew in a Massachusetts harbor.

Vineyard Haven, Mass. 3 A.M.—The Gresham with the Republic’s crew is now putting into the harbor. She reported when two miles off the port.

3:30 A.M.—The Gresham has come to anchor in Vineyard Haven.

** THE FIRST OFFICIAL REPORT OF WRECK AS SENT BY BALTIC**

Sinking Steamer Located by Two Liners and a Revenue Cutter After a Hunt Through the Dense Fog for Over Twelve Hours.

The following is the first official report of the collision received from the Baltic by wireless as she came to anchor inside Sandy Hook. It was sent by Operator Tattersall, under authority of Capt. Ranson:

STEAMSHIP BALTIC, via SEA GATE, L. I., Jan. 25, 3 A.M. — The steamship Florida, inward bound, and Republic, outward bound, were in collision 175 miles east of the Ambrose light vessel at 5:45 o’clock on Saturday morning.

The Republic was struck amidships on the port side, penetrating to the engine room. The ship was immediately plunged in darkness. A Marconi dispatch was sent out from the Republic asking for assistance. The Baltic was the first vessel to make for the scene of the accident.

After searching for twelve hours in a dense fog, the Lucania, the Lorraine, and a revenue cutter located the colliding vessels close together.

At 7 P.M. on Sunday the Republic was abandoned except for the captain, chief officer and a lifeboat crew, who remained alongside all night.

Took on 1,650 Passengers.

The Baltic proceeded to the Florida and removed all her passengers and crew, except the deck department.

The Baltic took on board 1,650 people. Two first cabin passengers, Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney, were killed on the Republic, the former instantly and the latter dying soon after the collision. Four passengers on the Florida were killed.

Their names are unknown, but they are stated to be steerage passengers of Italian nationality.

Several on Republic were injured, but are all doing well. The Baltic, Lucania, Lorraine, Furnessia, and a cargo boat, name unknown, stood by all night. The Furnessia at daybreak proceeded to convoy the Florida, which has her bows buckled almost to the bridge.

The New York and Baltic searched for the Republic, which had been lost again in the fog, during the night and found her about 10 A.M. with Capt. Sealby and his boat’s crew aboard.

A skeleton crew was then put aboard her and the mail boat made for New York later. The Lucania,

New York, and other vessels are now anchored off Sandy Hook.

The Republic sank at 8:30 P.M. Sunday. All hands were saved and are now on board the Gresham.

Bodies Lost in Wreck.

The Gresham made for Gay Head. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were on board the Republic in coffins, and have probably gone down with her.

Inquiries from survivors of the Republic show there was no excitement. Capt. Sealby controlled everything. He made a speech to the passengers from the bridge, and kept all on board informed of the movements of approaching vessels, reported by wireless, being ably assisted by his officers and crew.

The Marconi cabin was smashed in, but fortunately the operator and apparatus escaped injury.

In the stokehold the firemen remained at their posts and calmly proceeded to draw the fires, thus avoiding explosion, seeing the engine room was almost immediately filled with water.

The news of the disaster was received on the Baltic at 7 A.M. from Siasconsett, and by 8 A.M. preparations had been made to receive all the survivors, while all the boats were prepared for launching.

I can send no more. I have been constantly at the key without sleep for fifty-two hours. TATTERSALL.

CAPT. SEALBY, OF THE REPUBLIC, SAID TO HAVE KILLED HIMSELF

A report was circulated in this city this afternoon that Capt. Sealby, of the sunken steamer Republic, had committed suicide.

At the offices of the White Star Line here the report was denied.

Schiessino Renaldo, quartermaster of the Florida, denied to a reporter for the Evening Journal this afternoon that he was asleep at the wheel of the Florida when she ran into the Republic.

Frederick Spencer, of the Republic, declares he learned that Renaldo was asleep and that after the collision Captain Volton struck him over the head with a marlin spike.
~ 032 ~

1524 SURVIVORS

CAPTAIN REPORTED SUICIDE

SAFE HERE

GUNS STOPPED MUTINY ON SHIP IN WRECK

The story of a mutiny among the steerage passengers on the liner Florida, after she had rammed the White Star steamship Republic off Nantucket, was brought here to-day when 1,542 survivors arrived on the Baltic.

Believing that their boat was in a sinking condition, the Florida’s passengers insisted that Captain Volton refuse to take the refugees from the Republic on board. When he ignored their protests the steerage passengers drew knives and tried to attack those who were brought on board from the sinking White Star boat.

Before they succeeded in telling the mutiny, the officers of the Florida were compelled to draw

revolvers and stand guard over the Republic's passengers.

Charges were also made that Schiessimo Ronaldo, a mate on the Florida, had been responsible for the collision. Ronaldo came in on the Baltic with a fractured skull, the result of being hit over the head with a marlinspike by Captain Votolin.

At the time of the crash Ronaldo was at the wheel. Captain Votolin charged that the mate had failed to respond to signals given him, and instead of taking a sharp turn to starboard, had turned to port and rammed the nose of the Florida into the Baltic.

Wild scenes marked the arrival of the Baltic at Pier 19 at Morton street and the North River this afternoon. A crowd of 5,000 persons gathered in West street, near the pier, and made a frantic demonstration of joy as they saw the big boat creeping up the river. Police reserves who were on hand were absolutely unable to control the crowd for a time.

The Baltic came into port after having been held up by fog all night off Sandy Hook.

One of the striking scenes occurred when a charge was made by Stewards J. S. Carlisle and Frederick Spencer, of the Republic, that J. B. Connolly, the writer of sea stories and friend of President Roosevelt, had been guilty of cowardice after the collision.

Connolly, they said, had tried to get in one of the first lifeboats that were manned and which were intended to receive only the women. They declared that Connolly, in endeavoring to step into the boat, had murmured something about having a wife and family at home. When he was told of the charges, Connolly declared they were false and were inspired by spite.

The official list of the casualties that resulted from the collision, as learned today, was six killed and five injured.

THE DEAD.

LYNCH, MRS. EUGENE, of Boston: crushed in stateroom; body sealed in casket and left on the Republic.

MOONEY, T. J., banker, who lived at Langdon, N. D.; crushed in stateroom; body sealed in casket and left on Republic.

Four sailors on the Florida.

The Injured.

LYNCH, EUGENE, husband of Mrs. Lynch, both legs broken; placed on board the Florida.

MURPHY, Mrs. M. J., of Grand Forks, N. D.; right leg broken; arrived on Baltic today.

Seaman on the Florida; name not known; leg broken.

WOODWARD, J., steward on the Republic; skull fractured; brought in on the Baltic.

GRIGGS, MRS. HERBERT L., buried in wreckage in her stateroom and bruised.

Of the survivors who arrived there were 23 first class passengers from the Republic, ten second class passengers, and 244 members of the crew. The passengers from the Florida who were brought in were 13 cabin, 33 third class, and 150 members of the crew.

A crowd of ten thousand men and women, larger than any gathered at a ship dock since the maiden trip of the Lusitania, greeted the arrival of the White Star liner ship Baltic when she nosed up the Hudson and was swung around into her berth at Pier No. 48 North River, this afternoon,

bringing safely the 1,524 survivors of the Republic-Florida disaster.

As soon as the great liner was within earshot, a great cheer went up from those waiting thousands. The decks of the Baltic was black with people—passengers and those rescued from the Republic and the Florida—and as they heard the cheer there was an answering shout and a prodigious waving of handkerchiefs.

It seemed many long minutes to those aboard and on shore, before the Baltic was warped around and into her berth. As a matter of fact, the big vessel was docked in record time. The impatience of relatives and friends on shore—hundreds had been waiting since 6 o'clock this morning—seemed too much to brook the necessary delay before the big gangplanks were thrown up, forward for the steerage and amidships for the cabin.

The police had to take a hand in things then. Captain Wailing and some two hundred bluecoats, reserves from nearby precincts, prevented the huge crowd from making a general assault upon the gangplanks in their haste to get aboard. Then it was cleared for those aboard to get off the boat and greet those who were waiting.

The rescued from the Florida streamed out on the dock from the forward gangplank while the rescued from the Republic hurried ashore from the gangplank amidships. The passengers of the Baltic followed in orderly sequence with the crew.

At any other time the appearance of those who came ashore would have provoked laughter, for such a motly crowd was probably never before seen coming ashore from an incoming liner. Women wore improvised skirts made of the ship's blankets wrapped about them; others wore miscellaneous garments donated by the Baltic's passengers. Some of the men were even more grotesquely habited—but all this provoked not even a smile. …
~ 033 ~

Women Cried and Laughed.

There were smiles aplenty and not a little of hysterical laughter among the women on the dock; but it was not because of the ill-assorted garments or lack of clothing on those who came ashore. It was mainly smiles through tears as heads were flung back after the first embrace and eyes gazed long into the eyes of loved ones.

It were idle to individualize. The same thing was happening all over the pier. Men and women hugged men and women to their hearts, at the "death-danger" escaped, oblivious of all about them.

Here a woman with a glad little cry would rush forward and fling her arms about some one's neck. There a man would take some one in his arms. So it went. The police did their best to prevent confusion, but they went about their duty with moist eyes. It is not often given them to see such scenes of sheer gladness.

WOMEN WEEP WITH JOY OVER THEIR FRIENDS

As those among the crowd recovered the men and women about whom their hearts had been wrung since the news of the sea disaster was flashed forth on Saturday, they were wedged along through the crowd to the entrance of the pier. There it looked like a gathering on a gala night of the opera outside. Broadway and the side streets. Some 350 automobiles, hansoms, coupes and taxicabs were waiting.

No one waited for anything. As soon as those ashore and those from the vessel were united, they moved on to the waiting vehicles. The women, with strange-looking coats and perhaps a blanket for a skirt, those with only blankets and those with the strange array made up from the spare clothing of the Baltic's generous passengers, were hustled into cabs and hurried off. Those who couldn't get cabs walked. Conventions were thrust aside, and no one was ashamed of his or her

improvised attire.

Note of Tragedy in the Scene.

But among all the gladness over the recovery of those who had so narrowly escaped fearful death, there was one note of grief. This could be discerned in a group of a few people who waited anxiously until they could get aboard the Baltic. They were the relatives of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and T. J. Mooney, the banker, of Langdon, N. D., two of the six victims of the disaster.

Mrs. Lynch's two sisters—Mrs. P. J. Finnegan, of Cambridge, Mass., and Mrs. H. C. Bryane, of Boston—and their husbands, formed one part of the little group. The women were weeping bitterly. John H. McCarter and Mrs. McCarter, of Troy, cousins, were near them.

A little distance away were former State Senator George B. Winship, of Grand Forks, N. D., J. Wallace Smith, of Grand Forks, and Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Titus, all friends of Mrs. Mooney. They went aboard as soon as the crowd of the survivors thinned out.

VICTIMS TELL OF CRASH, SEA RESCUE AND DRAWN KNIVES ON THE FLORIDA

Mrs. James Coolidge, the wife of a Boston publisher, said that she and the other passengers from the Republic spent a day of horror on the Florida, to which they were transferred.

"I was not sleeping near the part of the Republic which was rammed," she said. "The collision awakened me, and I ran out on the deck. All of us assembled on the upper deck, where Captain Sealby spoke to us and quieted our fears.

"He told us the blunt truth; gave us to understand that we had to do as much as he and his crew, and made us feel that we were helping him as he was helping us. That gave us a wonderful amount of confidence.

"At 10 o'clock in the morning it was decided to transfer us to the Florida. We got down into lifeboats, and it took about two hours to make the transfer. The women were taken over first.

"When we got on board the Florida the steerage and cabin passengers were all huddled together. The Florida was leaking considerably, and the steerage passengers were afraid she would sink.

Drew Knives on Florida.

"I can't blame them much for their fears, because most of them had just come over from the earthquake in Italy and were in a condition bordering on insanity.

"Many of the men in the steerage drew knives as they saw us boarding the Florida.

"They feared that if all of us were loaded onto their boat it would sink, and they wanted the captain of the Florida to refuse to receive us.

"I saw several of the Florida's passengers try to stab the refugees from the Republic, and they would have succeeded but for the bravery of the Florida's officers and crew, who stood in the steerage with drawn revolvers and kept the frantic men with their knives at bay until they had been disarmed."

General Brayton Ives, the noted financier, told a vivid story of the scenes on the Republic during the collision.

"My stateroom was pretty well forward," he said. "It was on the port side. I was awakened about five o'clock in the morning by a terrific crash. It threw me out of my berth. I got up and tried to turn on the electric light, but the power was off.

Toy Candle Lights Way.

“Fortunately, I had with me a toy candle given to me at Christmas by a young friend. This candle I lit and by means of it found my way out on deck. Most of the other passengers were there, and all were remarkably calm, considering the danger that confronted us.

“I think their calmness was chiefly due to the excellent discipline of the crew.

“We were all ranged together and sent up to the top deck. It was frightfully cold there, and many of us were in night attire.

“As daylight came on we saw that the stern of the Republic was far down in the water. Then we became uneasy, for we feared the Republic might sink at any moment. Captain Sealby noticed our anxiety and made a short speech to us. This is what he said:

“‘I do not think our ship will sink. She will probably keep afloat for a number of hours. She will go lower in the water, but I think we will have plenty of time to get away in safety.’”

Brayton Ives Pulls Oar.

“At 10 o’clock Captain Sealby decided to transfer us to the Florida. The women went first. When I finally got into one of the life boats I asked permission to pull one of the oars, as I was numb with the cold. I was allowed to do so, and it was the first time I had pulled a stroke since my days at Harvard.

“We had considerable trouble in being transferred to the Baltic that evening, as quite a sea was running.

“As to responsibility for the collision, I believe there was a misunderstanding on both sides.”

That the bravery of the stokers on the Republic kept the liner from sinking at once after being rammed by the Florida, was indicated in the story told by George Chadwick, who was one of the coal passers.

“There were sixteen of us stokers at work at 5 o’clock Saturday morning,” said Chadwick. “When that crash came it seemed like the whole boat had exploded. Then in came the nose of the Florida, right on top of us. It swept the side away and tons of water poured in.

“Now, any one who is not a seafaring person doesn’t know that the stokers on the Republic are drilled to close the compartment doors if a signal is given from the captain. The Republic did not have electrical appliances for closing the compartments as some of the other liners have.

“When that crash came, the stokers ran right for those compartments and closed them in eleven seconds.

“After it was all over and when we got up on deck the captain made a speech to us and thanked us for being prompt. He said that otherwise the boat might have filled with water at once.”

FLORIDA ARRIVES.

Liner Comes Up the Bay with Flag at Half-Mast.

The Italian steamship Florida, which rammed the Republic crawled up to Quarantine at 3:30, proceeding slowly under her own steam. Her flag was at half-mast and her stern seemed to be smashed in for about twenty feet. The injury was covered with tarpaulins.

Several tugs were alongside. The vessel was not listed badly.

Pittsburghers Safe Without Clothing

Pittsburg, Jan. 24. — The family of Reuben Miller, the Pittsburg millionaire, who is one of the Republic passengers on board the Baltic, today received a wireless message from him in effect that the whole Pittsburg party were safe after their fearful experiences at sea. Mr. Miller's message also said that the party had practically nothing left in the shape of wearing apparel. Some of Mr. Miller's relatives started for New York at noon to assist the unfortunates.

NEW YORK'S OFFICERS TOLD FLORIDA WAS SINKING; RUSH TO AID

A thrilling account of the rescue of the passengers of the White Star liner Republic and the Florida, following their collision on Saturday, was told this afternoon by the officers of the American liner New York, upon her arrival at her pier at the foot of Fulton street.

The first news the New York had of the accident was contained in a wireless message received at 9 o'clock Saturday night. The message was sent by General Manager Franklin, of the International Mercantile Marine from the Siasconset station, and read as follows: "Republic and Florida are in collision. Baltic is standing by. Can you come to assistance?"

Captain Roberts ascertained by wireless that the accident had occurred about one hundred and seventy-five miles east of Ambrose lightship, and he proceeded at full speed in that direction. A heavy fog prevailed at the time, and even the powerful searchlights were unable to penetrate the murky darkness.

Told "Florida Is Sinking."

The Baltic had been notified by wireless that the New York was coming to the rescue, and for several hours efforts were made to establish a communication between the two liners. Practically all hope had been given up when the following message was intercepted by the wireless operator on the American liner: "Passengers have been removed from the Republic to the Florida. The Florida is now sinking and we are removing them to the Baltic. Have taken off captain and boat's crew from the Republic. Stand by to help that vessel."

"My one hope was to reach the Florida in time to render assistance," said Captain Roberts. "The engines were worked to the last ounce of steam, and, regardless of the danger, we pushed steadily forward. We had managed to locate the Baltic and were steaming at full speed in her direction when this message was received.

"'Come with all speed. Florida sinking. All the passengers have been removed, but stand by to help Florida'."

Bells Guide Them.

It was almost midnight at the time the Baltic was located, according to the captain, and, guided by the submarine bells, the two vessels were finally steaming close together. Everything possible had been done for the passengers at that time. The Florida, which appeared to be in bad shape, accepted the New York's offer of assistance, but after being towed about twenty miles in the direction of this port, it was found that she would be able to proceed under her own steam. The New York pushed on ahead, docking about noon.

FURNESSIA TELLS OF THE SINKING OF LINER REPUBLIC

Steamship Furnessia, via Siasconsett, Mass. By Marconi Wireless, Jan. 25. — After a search during a night of dense fog, the Furnessia arrived alongside the Florida at 7:50 o'clock, on Sunday morning, eleven miles south of the Nantucket lightship.

The Baltic was already there and had the Republic's passengers, who had been transferred from

the Florida to the Baltic. The Baltic then continued her search for the Republic.

After ascertaining that the Florida needed no assistance, the Furnessia proceeded at 8:45 o’clock to search for the Republic, and at 10:15 o’clock in the morning sighted the Republic with the Baltic lying close to.

The Furnessia came alongside the Republic at 10:30 o’clock. The Baltic then started for New York and the Furnessia stood by. The Republic had the Marconi wireless system on board still working faintly, which helped the operation greatly.

The Republic had been run into on her broadside, but looked in good condition for towing. At noon the Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Republic, but officers from the cutter were then aboard her.

At 12:30 the Government revenue cutter Gresham arrived and made fast ahead of the Republic. The Furnessia made fast astern. A move was then made, proceeding very slowly. At 2 p.m. the Government cutter Seneca arrived.

At 6:22 p.m. towing was again begun, but the stern hawsers were carried away at 6:35 p.m. so it was necessary to stand by.

Only the Captain and Chief Officer of the Republic were then on board. All the crew had been transferred to the Gresham during the afternoon.

The night was very dark, only a small light on the Republic’s bridge being visible from the Furnessia. There was not a sound of any kind from the Republic heard on board this ship when, at 5:40 o’clock, the Republic disappeared in thirty-five fathoms of water.

It was only when the Gresham reported the Republic sunk and searchlights flashed around that one could believe she had disappeared. The captain and chief officer were on board when she sank, and fears were felt that they had gone down, but a boat from the Gresham picked both up safely.

After cruising around to see that all possible had been done, the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York.

WIRELESS PROVES SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPHY POSSIBLE, SAYS PRIEST

From the pulpit of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Father William Walsh, a Jesuit, expressed his belief in clairvoyancy and admitted that his skepticism of the occult had been removed some years ago by the remarkable feat of a woman medium. In his sermon, upon the topic “Prayer and Reason,” Father Walsh further contended that if wireless were possible in the present day it is not incompatible with the laws of nature for communication to be held with the Deity through the means of prayer; but it was inconsistent with nature that one man’s will should be subservient to that of another, so he felt that hypnotism was only a suspension of those laws.

Medium Converted Him.

“Clairvoyance and clairaudience are scoffed at as impossibilities,” he said, “yet I believe and have had proof that they are not impossible. I had my skepticism removed some time ago by a very striking illustration of the powers of clairvoyancy. A friend of mine visited a clairvoyant in this city. My friend was a stranger in New York and his home is 250 miles away. The moment he entered the room in which the clairvoyant—a woman—was, she said she could tell him all about his home, which she did, as well as related incidents that had occurred after his departure.

“I can see,” said the clairvoyant, “that a crucifix has been broken and that people in the

house are trying to glue it together. I can see all these things just as plainly as if I were in your house."

Crucifix Was Broken.

"My friend could not believe that as the clairvoyant told him was true. As the crucifix was not broken when my friend left home, he decided to test the woman. He wrote to his family asking about the crucifix, and soon after received a letter verifying everything that had been said. This medium had been unaware of even what part of the country he came from.

"All this goes to prove that the day of miracles is not over. If ordinary mortals have this power to project their sight through hundreds of miles of space and tell what is going on, how much greater must be the power of God!"

Wireless Proves Prayer.

"They say that for a man to kneel and fix his thoughts upon his Maker and thus establish spiritual communication with Him is opposed by every law of the universe, and that to have such a feat made possible would mean the breaking of these laws. But Marconi's invention broke no natural laws, though it was first considered a modern miracle. Why should there not be a spiritual telegraphy to make possible intercourse between God and His humblest subject? Must we see the wires that invisibly connect the Kingdom of Heaven with the world of mankind to believe in them?"

Suspend Nature's Laws.

Father Walsh spoke of the wonderful attainments of hypnotism in subjecting one man to the will of another. He said one cannot reconcile the idea of a man being in complete subjection to the brain of a hypnotic specialist with the laws of the universe. Therefore, he added, hypnotism is not to be regarded as the breaking, but merely as a suspension of such laws.

Rev. Father Walsh is one of the thirty priests, members of the Congregation of St. Paul, whose duty it is to travel about the country as missionaries of the Catholic faith. For the last two weeks he has been stationed in the Paulist Fathers' headquarters, No. 415 West Fifty-ninth street.

BRAVE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF REPUBLIC ARE SAFE IN PORT

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Jan. 25. — Captain Sealby, of the lost Republic, and all of his plucky crew except the four coal passers killed by the Florida's bow, are safe and sound in the harbor here aboard the United States revenue cutter Gresham.

They were taken off the wrecked steamship not an instant too soon. In fact, Captain Sealby, who obstinately refused to leave until the last one, had to jump overboard and cling to a grating with his first mate until one of the Gresham's small boats picked them up, exhausted from the cold and the terrific struggle they had made to keep from being sucked under in the maelstrom created when the liner disappeared.

The Seneca will take the Republic's men from the Gresham and bring them to New York today. Captain Sealby and his crew are being royally treated in the Gresham's wardroom and are loud in their praises of the men who faced death to save them. They all seem to be in good condition in spite of their harrowing forty-eight hours' experience, although Captain Sealby was too tired to answer a message from the office asking for particulars of the sinking.

The efforts to save the Republic, even after her passengers had been safely taken off, was one of the most desperate and thrilling fights in the history of the sea, in which great personal courage and skill, aided by the latest achievements of the science of shipbuilders, were matched against the ever-menacing element with which the lot of the liner was cast.

After the ship had been rammed early Saturday morning, and her unknown assailant had disappeared in the fog, quick measures were taken to preserve the lives of those aboard. The watertight compartments were closed to and the men from the stokehole and the engine room, after performing their emergency duties, rushed to the decks to save their lives from the incoming sea.

The crew went to their posts at the lifeboats and stood by, while the officers looked after the passengers, awakened from their sleep by the shock of the collision and frightened into a panic. There was a period of frightful suspense as the liner gradually settled, and no living man could foretell at that time the fate of passengers and ship.

THE INJURED.

Mr. Woodward and Mrs. Murphy in a Serious Condition.

At the New York Hospital, where Henry K. Woodward, who was injured on the Republic, was removed by an ambulance, it was said that Mr. Woodward was suffering from a fractured skull.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were taken to St. Vincent’s Hospital, where it was found that Mrs. Murphy was in a very serious condition, having suffered a bad fracture of the leg and one of the right arm, besides lacerations of the entire body. Mr. Murphy was more fortunate, and escaped with some severe lacerations of the face and body.
~ 034 ~

Friends Resume Vigil at White Star Line Offices

By daylight friends and relatives of those who sailed on the Republic were back again on duty at the post which they had held so patiently through all of yesterday and well into last night—the offices of the International Mercantile Marine Company, which controlled the lost White Star liner. They knew that this morning would undoubtedly find the Baltic off the Hook, with the rescued men and women on board, but uncertainty as to the exact time of the arrival sent them again to the offices where most of them had been camped for the best part of two days.

Up until yesterday afternoon Vice-President Franklin, of the International Mercantile Company, believed as did everyone else that no lives had been lost in the disaster.

It was not until after 3 o’clock that the message giving the names of the dead and injured was received from Capt. Ranson. It read: “I regret to report that of the Republic’s passengers Mrs. Lynch, of Boston, and Mr. Mooney, of Langdon, N. Dak., are dead. Mr. Lynch, of Boston, and Mrs. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. Dak., are badly hurt. Four of the Florida’s passengers are dead. Unable to get names.”

Of those who had been awaiting news, whether it was to be good or bad, this information most affected H. Bendeke, Norwegian Vice-Consul at Minneapolis, and M. H. Curley, of No. 115 Broad street, Boston. Mr. Bendeke identified the North Dakota victims as W. J. Mooney, president of the Cavalier County National Bank, of Langdon, and a pioneer in the Northwest, and Mrs. W. J. Murphy, as the wife of W. J. Murphy, of Grand Forks, whom he had accompanied to New York with a party of friends who were sailing for a two months’ cruise in the Mediterranean.

Saw Lynches Sail Away.

Mr. Curley had accompanied his friends Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, to New York to bid them farewell on an extended trip through Europe.

“Mr. Lynch is one of the best known residents of Boston,” said Mr. Curley. “He is a wholesale liquor dealer, seventy years old.”

Mr. Curley will meet the Baltic down the bay this morning with a delegation of Boston friends. Mrs. Lynch's body will be sent direct to Boston, and Mr. Lynch will be taken to a hospital there if his condition permits.

When the identity of the victims of the collision had been established the officials of the White Star line were able to figure for the first time just where the Republic was struck. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch occupied corner stateroom No. 34, on the port side of the saloon deck, just aft of amidships; Mr. and Mrs. Mooney the adjoining stateroom, No. 32; and Mr. and Mrs. Murphy stateroom No. 28. Stateroom No. 30 was occupied by Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, wife of the president of the Bank of New York. This plainly showed that the Republic had been struck by the Florida aft of amidships, and it was there that loss of life was sustained.

A Remarkable Escape.

A remarkable feature of the accident is that Mrs. Griggs should have escaped being killed, her stateroom, No. 30, being between Nos. 28 and 32. How Mr. Mooney, in No. 32, could be killed and Mrs. Murphy, in No. 28, be badly injured, while Mrs. Griggs, who occupied the stateroom between them, escaped without injury could not be understood until it was suggested that as the Mooneys and Murphys are friends perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Murphy had exchanged rooms with Mrs. Griggs in order to be nearer their own friends, which undoubtedly saved the life of Mrs. Griggs.

The saloon deck on the Republic is the top or highest deck. The passengers occupying the rooms directly under them on the upper and main decks are reported uninjured. These rooms are Nos. 96, 98 and 100 on the upper deck, occupied respectively by Mrs. O. A. Washburn, of the Hotel Belmont, and the Countess Pasolini, of Italy. No. 100 was vacant. On the main deck rooms Nos. 126 and 128 were occupied by Mrs. J. S. Mulligan and Miss L. J. Hewitt. The Countess Pasolini was formerly Miss Mildred Montague, daughter of D. P. Montague, a banker of Chattanooga, Tenn. She was married a little less than a year ago and had been in America to spend the holidays with her parents. She was hurrying back to Italy on account of the earthquake, in which many of her husband's friends were killed.

New Yorkers Look for Friends.

Another who visited the White Star offices during the afternoon to inquire about friends was J. L. Peacock, of No. 206 West Eighty-fifth street. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mooney had been guests of Mr. Peacock's family for four days before they sailed on the Republic. James Glover, of No. 98 East Seventy-sixth street, also called at the White Star line offices. His daughter, Miss Susanna Glover, nineteen years old, sailed on the Republic with a friend, Miss A. C. Shackelford, to spend two or three months in Italy. Mr. Glover was not at all uneasy about his daughter's safety. He received a wireless from her aboard the Baltic at 10 A.M. yesterday saying that she was safe and returning to New York.

"She's a game little girl," said Mr. Glover, "and well able to take care of herself, even in emergencies. I do not know whether she will want to go on another boat or not. I would say that would depend entirely upon whether her baggage was saved or not."

CONNOLLY IN A FUSS.

Writer Has Trouble with Some of Ship's Men.

James B. Connolly, for whom President Roosevelt got an appointment in the navy so that he could write of life on our warships, had some disagreements with several of the stewards of the Republic. He said things about them, and they said things about him.

It was said that the trouble arose because of Mr. Connolly's eagerness to reach a point from which he might forward an account of the disaster.

On reaching the harbor this morning he was overheard giving to the newspaper men who met the

vessel an account of his difficulty with crew and stewards, which the White Star hands did not like. Several of them standing around raised an outcry and rushed for him. Connolly took refuge in the nearest stateroom. In less than a minute there was a throng of white-coated and blue-coated men at the door crying: “Hit him!”

Connolly did not appear at once when the vessel tied up to the wharf.

Capt. Ranson of the Baltic was asked regarding Mr. Connolly’s experiences. He earnestly asked that he be excused.

WOMEN ON THE BALTIC CARE FOR THE SURVIVORS

The story of the sacrifices made voluntarily by passengers on the White Star liner Baltic in order to make comfortable the men, women, and children rescued from the wrecked Republic was told today in dispatches received from the Baltic as she lay to off the Ambrose Channel Light in the fog.

When the work of transferring the passengers from the Republic began, scores of the Baltic’s first cabin passengers pressed about the captain and officers of the vessel, offering their own quarters and everything they possessed for the benefit of the rescued.

Women Were Samaritans.

When the first boatload of the Republic’s passengers was brought aboard the Baltic, women pressed forward to the main deck and took the rescued women to their own cabins. The terrible experience of the Republic’s passengers had left them unnerved, and everything was immediately done that was possible to restore them to calmness.

Many of the Republic’s rescued passengers, in the excitement of leaving the vessel, had fled from their staterooms with little clothing and none of their other belongings. Luggage was the exception. This condition of affairs was immediately remedied by the passengers on the Baltic. Clothing was brought forward and the rescued were given whatever they needed.

The passengers on the Baltic could not be restrained by the crew. They insisted on remaining on deck, crowded about the rail as one boatload after another came out of the fog from the Republic. As each boat arrived there was a great cheer and the crew were willingly assisted in getting the rescued aboard.

Men Form Emergency Crew.

When the last boatload had been taken aboard and the Baltic gave her attention to the wrecked Florida, to take her passengers aboard also, the Baltic’s passengers formed themselves into an emergency crew of helpers. The women became volunteer nurses and the men an auxiliary crew.

SUBMARINE BELL LED RESCUERS TO REPUBLIC

A submarine signalling apparatus of very recent invention was responsible for the big liners being able to locate through the dense fog the exact position of the sinking steamer Republic, and thus be the means of taking off the passengers and save many lives.

This apparatus, which was first given a severe and practical test on the Sandy Hook lightship, has been placed on most of the big boats that now ply the seas, and it was used effectively in picking out the sinking Republic and getting to her side through a fog that was as dense as night.

The signal is sent out by a bell placed in a water-tight case below the water line of the ship, and it is operated by compressed air. At regular intervals the mechanism strikes the bell, and the sounds are sent out through the water.

The receiving apparatus on the ships is similar to an ordinary telephone. On either side of the vessel the receiving apparatus is fixed well below the water line, which is connected in turn by wires to the receiving station on the bridge. The receiving apparatus consists of a tank measuring 16 by 82 inches containing a microphone immersed in water. This apparatus picks up the vibrations made by the ringing of the bell perhaps miles away, and the sound is transmitted to the bridge by the telephone.

The apparatus on the bridge consists of a pair of telephone receivers connected with the instruments on either side of the bridge. An officer, when the vessel is penetrating a dense fog, stands with one of these receivers at each ear. In this way he hears the bell distinctly and … it comes, and is able to turn his ship to the right or to the left to reach the scene of the trouble or to avoid a collision.

Story of Wreck At a Glance

Florida rammed Republic 5:45 a.m. Saturday, 175 miles east of New York. Wireless call for help brought seven ships to the rescue. Baltic, first to arrive at scene, took off passengers of both ships, all of the crew of the Republic except Captain Sealby with about a dozen men, and the crew of the Florida's sailors killed. Two passengers on Republic killed and two badly hurt; four of Florida's steerage passengers killed. Republic sank at 8 p.m. Sunday, about eight miles off Nantucket lightship. Florida, badly crippled, on way to New York, convoyed by Romanic. Baltic with 1,524 survivors from both ships, arrived here today. Passengers on Republic: First cabin, 211; steerage, 250; on Florida: first cabin, 26; steerage, 900; total, 1,387. Crew of Republic, 300; of Florida, 250.
~ 035 ~

GEN. IVES SAYS THERE WAS MUCH CONFUSION

Much Excitement and Some Roughness When Families Were Separated by the Officers.

Brayton Ives, the banker, said of his experience through the wreck that he did not observe any bad conduct on the part of any of the passengers of the Republic. He said:

"There may be some stories reported of cowardly behavior on the part of passengers, but I would not be too hasty to give credence to them if I were you. You see, there was a great deal of confusion and families were separated. The officers paid no regard to family ties in sending off the boats. As soon as a boat was filled it was sent off, and husbands and wives were thrust apart—for all they know, forever.

Dreamed It Was Subway Crash.

"Naturally, a man torn from his wife that way would lash out, and be rough with every man who was between them. I think you will find that the criticism of Mr. Connolly had this at the bottom of it.

"We all put on life preservers and waited for the end. We did not pay much attention to the noise of the wireless instrument working—none of us realized that it was bringing help. When the transfer to the Florida was made, I was impressed as an oarsman in one of the boats, and had to row over to the Florida and back again, making two trips. It was raining, and everybody was drenched.

No Shelter on the Florida.

"When I finally got on board of the Italian ship I found it in a frightful disorder, dirty and without any discipline or comfort for anybody. The passengers of both ships were running loose all over the decks without any officers to control them. The men had to stand up on deck in the rain and cold until the transfer to the Baltic was made.

“The transfer from the Italian ship to the Baltic was even more disagreeable. We were all wet and cold, and the Italian sailors and many of the immigrants had obtained access to the stores of the Florida. Some of them were noticeably intoxicated. I saw one of them put his hand on a woman, I know her name, but I won’t say who it was—she was a delicately nurtured lady. She hit him a frightful blow in the face, knocking him off his seat, and then drew a hat pin. The sailor did not bother her again.”

CAPTAIN RANSON TELLS GRAPHIC STORY OF HUNT FOR REPUBLIC IN FOG

Captain J. E. Ranson, of the Baltic, after his vessel had docked this afternoon, told in vivid fashion how he had found the sinking Republic, with her engines stilled, her lights out, but her wireless still in commission and working desperately to lead the Baltic to her through the fog.

“The first message I received telling me of the collision,” said Captain Ranson, "was at 6 a.m. Saturday. It was brief, but it was terrible.

I immediately put about and started in search of the Republic out there somewhere in the fog. The search took me until 8 o’clock Saturday night and I did it by the Marconi wireless alone.

"We kept exchanging wireless messages. We would send out a feeler and then we would get a reply. Here are some of the messages we received, typical of what was going on all day:

“‘You are now on our port bow. Can you see us?’ ”Republic."

"‘You are now very close. Can you see our rockets?’

“‘You are now too close to us for safety.’”

"The Republic kept her bells ringing and the Baltic kept her siren going. This formed the basis for further wireless messages.

"‘You are getting louder. Bear east-south-east. Listen to our bells.’

“One message which made me very anxious,” said Captain Ranson, "was that we received about this time from the wireless operator at Siasconset. It ran:

"‘We have from Republic message which says the Baltic to hurry. Sinking fast.’

“That was at 6 p.m. Saturday,” said Captain Ranson. “When we got alongside, I found that the passengers had been transferred from the Republic to the Florida. I asked Captain Sealby of the Republic to come aboard my vessel, but this he refused to do. He stayed on the Republic to the last.”

again in fog during the night, and found her about 10 o’clock, with Captain Sealby and his boat crews aboard.

A skeleton crew was then put aboard her and the mail boat made for New York later.

The Lucania, New York and other vessels are anchored off Sandy Hook. The Republic sank at 8 p. m. Sunday.

All hands are now safe aboard the Gresham, making for Gay Head. Inquiries from survivors of Republic show there was no excitement.

Speech From Bridge.

Captain Sealby controlled everything, and made a speech from the bridge and kept all hands informed of movements of approaching vessels as reported by wireless, being ably assisted by his officers and crew.

The Marconi cabin was smashed in, but fortunately the operator and apparatus escaped injury.

The engine room was almost immediately filled with water. The news was received on the Baltic at 7 A. M. from Siasconsett Station, and by 8 A. M. preparations had been made to receive all survivors, while all the boats were prepared for launching.

Sends Message to Journal.

Earlier in the day, as the Baltic was approaching Sandy Hook, Captain Ransom sent the following message to the Evening Journal:

“Florida inward and Republic outward bound in collision 175 miles east of Ambrose lightship at 5:45 a. m. Saturday. Republic struck amidships on port side, penetrating to engine room. Ship was immediately plunged in darkness. Marconis were sent from Republic asking assistance. Baltic first vessel to make for scene of action, and after searching for twelve hours in dense fog located both colliding vessels close together and apparently badly damaged.

7 P. M. Republic was abandoned except Captain, chief officers and lifeboat crew, who remained alongside all night. Baltic proceeded to steamship Florida and removed all her passengers and crew except the deck department.

The Baltic took on board 1,610 people. Two first cabin passengers, Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney, were killed on the Republic. Mr. Lynch died instantly and Mrs. Lynch died soon after being picked up. Four men badly hurt.”

4 Dead on Florida.

Four sailors on Florida were killed. Several passengers were injured, but are all doing well.

The Furnessia, at daylight, proceeded to convoy the Florida, which has her bows ducked almost up to the bridge. The New York and the Baltic searched for the Republic, which had been lost.
~ 036 ~

The following account of the collision between the White Star liner Republic and the Italian emigrant ship, the Florida, of Naples, in which six lives were lost, several passengers injured, the Republic sank and the Florida badly damaged, was written by James B. Connolly, the well-known novelist and writer of sea stories, whom President Roosevelt commissioned to join the battleship fleet now returning from its world-girdling trip. Mr. Connolly was a passenger on the Republic.

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP BALTIC, VIA SANDY HOOK, N. J., Jan. 25. — It was at about twenty minutes to six o’clock Saturday, in a black fog, about one hundred and ninety miles out from New York and fifteen miles south of Nantucket, that the Italian emigrant ship, the Florida, off Naples, inbound, and that the Republic, outbound, came together.

The bow of the Florida struck the side of the Republic aft of the midship section and kept on grinding toward the stern, when she at last cleared five staterooms on the saloon deck of the Republic and two on the deck below were ripped out.

The rooms on the lower deck which were against the ship’s side were torn out by the flukes of the Florida’s anchor, which finally was wrenched off the bow and found later in one of the wrecked staterooms.

The rooms of the saloon deck were well inboard, protected by a ten foot width of deck, and yet the bow of the Florida cut clear through that deck and splintered everything – bunks, wash basins, trunks, mirrors – left everything in them a mess and the staterooms gaping to the outer world.

Mrs. Lynch, in stateroom No. 34, and Mr. Mooney, in No. 28, were killed almost instantly, cut into pieces by the jagged bow. Mr. Lynch, husband of the dead woman, had his leg broken.

While in another of the rooms Mrs. Murphy, wife of a South Dakota banker, was badly smashed up, but will live. Neither Mrs. Mooney, in a bunk beneath her husband, nor Mr. Murphy, in a bunk above his wife, was injured.

The plates of the Republic were started below the waterline and so the engine room filled almost immediately. In six minutes, or so, the electric lights went out, which made matters bad for awhile, threatening to bring on a panic with men and women, lightly clad, flying around dark passageways. The ship brought no emergency lanterns into service and only for frequent match sputterings by passengers and a few candle ends produced by the stewards nobody could see anything until daylight came.

Florida’s Bows Smashed.

The Florida, which had her bows smashed in flat to the forward bulkhead, looked worse than the Republic. Three Italian sailors sleeping in the forecastle were plastered like so much clay against the steel walls, and two more were injured.

After two hours boats were cleared away and the passengers taken to the Florida, which stood by. There was some trouble in disembarking but all were brought over safely. The sea was smooth and the air not cold.

Passengers remained on board the Florida until 11 o’clock at night and then were transferred to the Baltic, which had come on the scene at 7 o’clock. As the Baltic did not take the passengers off sooner is not made plain.

It took all night in the fog and rain to get off the Republic’s passengers, and the crew and the Florida’s immigrants, of which there were 850–1,500 all told–transported to the Baltic.

Many women, possibly fifty in all, collapsed or fainted on reaching the Baltic’s deck. Several boats were allowed to knock around in the sea for half or three-quarters of an hour before the Baltic was made ready to receive them.

Woman’s Narrow Escape.

One woman went between the boat and the ship’s side, losing her bag of jewels, but was herself hauled in safely. Quite a small sea was on during part of the time of the transfer with rain and fog. Earlier in the evening, while the Baltic was lying by, the sea was smooth and the sky clear. There seemed to be some difficulty in getting competent men to man the boats and there was so much delay and some risk to passengers in the transfer, which was not completed until daylight in the morning.

The passengers generally behaved well, and of the Florida’s 850 immigrants, all behaved splendidly.

The passengers generally are in good condition now. A few are worn out with anxiety, but nobody really is to be feared for.

Captain Ranson and Purser Palmer flatly refused to allow any press messages whatever to be sent regarding the collision.

The Republic was settling in the water when last seen—10 o'clock this morning—but then did not seem to be necessarily doomed. The Florida will proceed to New York under her own steam, with the Romanic standing by for emergencies.

Mr. Lynch, with a broken leg, remains on the Florida, the pain of removal being too great.

Baggage Left on Ship.

Passengers' baggage was left on the Republic, leaving several without means for fresh clothes and in low spirits as the ship nears New York. The passengers generally behaved well.

Both ships were in luck, to have the accident in a smooth sea and on a remarkably mild day for this time of the year.

Also it was good to have that wireless at hand; otherwise it would have been a terrible calamity.

Connolly.

It is to be feared that Capt. Sealby of the Republic did not rise to the full height of his opportunity on last Saturday morning. Disagreeable as it is to call attention to the one blot upon the record of this heroic sailor, it is a painful duty, and it must be done. When the Florida crashed into the Republic he took the bridge, reassured the passengers and did all that a man could do who had spent a lifetime upon the sea, but he failed—failed to appreciate the proximity of Connolly! Connolly was on the deck. Connolly was willing to take the bridge. Connolly was willing to take charge of the wireless. Connolly was willing to send to whomsoever would buy stories of the collision, of "the fog so thick you could, &c., of the seething waters lashing against the black hull of the sinking ship," of all the other logotypes of marine stories. Unhappily Capt. Sealby could not rise to this height. He allowed his strong-armed crew to threaten Mr. Connolly with violence. He insisted upon the subservient Binns's continuing to send out his C.Q.D.—why was this man Binns allowed to waste time calling for help?

Connolly was there!
~ 037 ~

STAYED ON REPUBLIC TO THE END

Captain's Narrow Escape as Liner Sank.

ONE OFFICER WITH HIM

Both Picked Out of the Water by Boats.

BODIES SINK WITH WRECK

Those of Mrs. Lynch and Mooney Were Left on Liner.

Woods Hole, Mass., Jan. 25.—Incased in hermetically sealed emergency coffins the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston and W. J. Mooney of Langdon, N. D., the two passengers of the steamship Republic who were killed in their staterooms when the Italian freighter rammed her south of Nantucket on Saturday morning, went to the bottom with the Republic when she sank last night.

The bodies had been hastily prepared for burial during the hours of anxiety which followed the collision, with the hope that the Republic might be towed to some port or shoal before the ocean claimed her, but there was only time to save the living when the final spasm of the great ocean liner came.

The bodies now lie with the doomed steamship covered by thirty-eight fathoms of water about forty-eight miles south of the island of Nantucket in long. 40.28, lat. 69.52.

The water is so deep at this point that the sunken steamship is not considered a menace to navigation, as her mastheads are fully sixteen fathoms below sea level at mean low water. This information was brought to this port today by Capt. K. W. Perry of the revenue cutter Gresham of Boston. Capt. Perry says that Capt. Sealby of the Republic and his second officer, although urged by the fleeing members of their own crew and those of the revenue cutter to leave the steamship before she foundered, shouted back that they would not do so until the last of her had vanished. After having commanded all the other members of his crew, numbering forty-seven men, to take to the lifeboats, Capt. Sealby heeded the pleas of his faithful second officer and allowed him to remain at his side.

WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAID.

Then, with his hands as a trumpet, he shouted from the bridge to his rescuers:

“I shall not leave my ship long as a spar is above water. Never mind how hard the wind blows or how heavy the sea is running. Look out for the other boys, but my place is here and here I shall stay until the last minute.”

The words came out of the fog with an emphasis which lacked the slightest tremor of fear, nor had it the ring of bravado.

“Rather it was the final decision of a brave ship’s master who realized his duty in the face of great peril and had the pluck to face it,” explained Capt. Perry in speaking of the incident.

“As I look back at it I don’t see how our boys ever saved Capt. Sealby and [his second officer,” added the commander of the Gresham as he peeled off a reefer soaked through after two days and two nights unremitting service in the work of rescue. "It was one of the most thrilling spectacles I ever witnessed. Capt. Sealby is a young fellow. He can’t be more than 37 or 40, and his conduct out there when things happened fast showed that he had sand. He didn’t risk the lives of his other men and he even wanted his second officer to join them in the boat which picked them up, but the latter stuck fast, showing a loyalty to his commander stronger than life itself—and he nearly went to the bottom, too, let me tell you.

THEIR NARROW ESCAPE.

"Both of them did, for that matter. It happened this way: The Republic’s watertight compartments had done such valiant service and she had remained drifting so many hours that Capt. Sealby actually believed she would hold her head above water until we towed her to a place of safety. He decided to stand by the bridge and took his blankets up there, intending to snatch a little sleep after awhile if things went right, but he never got so much as a wink. We had been hauling for hours on the Republic, which is—or, I should say, was—a ripping big critter. By ‘we’ I mean the revenue cutter Seneca, which did valiant work, and the British steamship Furnessia.

"We had a hawser direct to the Republic, the Seneca had a line to us and the Furnessia had two lines astern acting as a steering device. Finally the Republic’s condition was so bad that the Furnessia dropped her lines and abandoned her labors astern.

"The weather grew thicker steadily and a drenching shower set in. Everything was blotted out to natural vision, but with the aid of powerful searchlights we kept the floundering craft and the two lone figures in the rigging in view.

"The Seneca focussed her flash, we did ours and a naval tug whose identity we could not make out put on a third strip of brilliancy which pierced the fog. We could see the captain on the bridge and the second officer was on deck. The Republic was filled with water, was completely

waterlogged, in fact, and was bobbing like a porpoise, first nose down, then her stern. With every lurch the tons of water in her seemed to roll backward and forward with a tremendous force which must have played havoc with her.

CAPTAIN STILL REFUSES TO LEAVE.

"I kept watching the swirl about her, and finally, when things looked bad, another appeal was made to the captain and his second officer to come away before it was too late. He refused, as before. Then the rolling swell became choppy on top and the water lapped high about the steamship, whose starboard side, just aft the main rigging, was plugged with collision pads, showing where the Florida had rammed her.

"We saw by the aid of the flashlights that the final moment was near. The second officer was rolled the length of the deck at the next lurch, and the captain was forced to climb further up on his bridge. Every time she dived her rail was lower. Finally there was a heavy lurch aft, and her bow hung high out of the water, so we could almost see her forefoot.

"A huge wave, formed partly by her own swirl struck her broadside. She quivered and slipped backward. Meanwhile Capt. Sealby was climbing with all haste into the fore rigging. We could not see the second officer then, but presumed that he had been swept from the deck.

REPUBLIC DISAPPEARS.

"With this final plunge aft, the Republic disappeared. We had a lifeboat ready waiting for this moment to arrive. One of our lifeboats which had been equipped and launched was swept away, showing how strong a sea was running. Another was in readiness before the critical time arrived, however.

"The second mate of the Republic had early requested that in case the steamship sank he should be allowed to command a boat with a crew of his men to save their captain. It was finally decided that the crew would be made up of four of the Republic’s picked men and four from our crew. Almost before the order was given from our bridge to man the lifeboat there was a streak across the deck and the form of a man in blue disappeared over our side. The next instant we discovered that it was our gunner, Carl Johannsen, who insisted upon commanding the crew, and it was four of our men instead of a mixed crew that went to the rescue of the two men who, we feared, must have drowned in the swirl left by the sinking steamship.

OFF TO THE RESCUE.

"Gunner Johannsen with his sheath knife cut away the painter, jumped into the stern and the crew was away over a nasty sea in as thick a fog as one would care to poke a nose into. The minutes that followed were full of anxiety. The men of the Republic’s crew stood on deck eagerly following the play of the flashlights, which now swept the waters in a search of the bobbing heads of the two officers. The lifeboat first came across the second officer of the Republic, who was clinging to small bits of wreckage, and he was badly used up. The lifesavers realized this when they dragged him aboard and were on the point of pulling back to the ship so that he might get instant medical aid when the man’s bravery and loyalty to his captain was again manifested.

SAVING THE CAPTAIN.

“Don’t mind me, boys,” gasped the almost unconscious man, “keep after the captain. He must be about there, somewhere. I’m all right.”

"The nose of the lifeboat was headed out to where the wreckage was thickest. The fog hung thick. It was blinding, but once again the value of the searchlights was demonstrated when the rays of one of them brought into relief the crouched figure of a man astride a hatchway. It was Capt. Sealby.

"When the lifeboat came back the crew of our own ship, numbering sixty-three, and the crew of the Republic, numbering forty-seven, were lined up, and a cheer went up that must have carried for miles. There was a cheer and tiger for the plucky Capt. Sealby, another for his devoted second officer, a third for Gunner Johannsen and the four other rescuers, Hanson, who acted as coxswain; Becker, Mattson and Smeltzer, all of our crew.

“Gunner Johannsen and his four companions displayed great courage and alertness in their work, as the timely rescue proved. Capt. Sealby and the second officer went down a great distance with the ship and the wonder is that they ever came up. They were both in pretty bad shape, but the second officer was the worse off. They were placed in warm baths, rubbed down and otherwise treated, and when put on the Seneca with the other members of the Republic’s crew bound for New York they were sound as nuts.

“The last thing I noticed when the Republic went down was that her flag was flying the royal British emblem from her aft peak.”

SCENE AT THE PIER.

Great Throng Greets the Arrival of the Baltic.

Scenes of joy followed the arrival of the Baltic at Pier 49, North River, this afternoon. As they caught sight of relatives or friends thronging the rails of the big liner, men and women stood on tiptoe waving canes, umbrellas, hats and handkerchiefs, and calling out a greeting to those whose faces they recognized.

There was a scramble to be first aboard when the gangplanks were put in place, and the custom house officers and police had to hold the enthusiastic ones in check, for they surged forward toward the openings in the side of the pier pushing and jamming in their efforts to embrace those who had been saved from the perils of the deep.

There were several hundred waiting at the White Star line pier when the bow of the Baltic first shot into view far down the river. Some of them had been waiting there since 8 o’clock in the morning. Others had gone there from distant points in the country. Outside in West street scores of hacks automobiles and carriages stood, ready to convey the refugees to their homes, to the hotels or to the houses of friends. A great crowd had gathered there and mounted police were required to keep order.

It was a long time before the Baltic arrived. From morning until afternoon the crowd stood upon its feet on the pier with eyes trained down the river watching for the first glimpse of the Baltic’s huge bulk. Several times before she came in sight some other vessel was mistaken for her. Then the doors at the west end of the pier would be thrown open and the crowd rush out to its extremity to watch the ship creeping up.

When the Lucania of the Cunard line, which also played something of a part in the ocean drama appeared, the shout was raised that she was the Baltic, but she passed by the pier. But when the good old Baltic finally exhibited her black and white sides to the watchers she got a warm welcome.

There was one group on the pier who didn’t do any cheering. Amid all the joy it was the one grief-stricken circle. They kept in the background and waited silently for the expected body of Mrs. Lynch, the only woman killed. Among the group were her sisters. They didn’t know until two priests broke the news to them that the body of Mrs. Lynch had gone down with the ill-fated Republic.

Those who had gone to the pier on that sad mission were Dr. P. J. Finnegan and his wife, a sister of Mrs. Lynch, of Cambridge, Mass., John H. Brine of Boston, and his wife, another sister; Joseph A. McCarthy and his sister Helen of Troy, N. Y., cousins of the dead woman; T.

J. A. Johnson, an intimate friend; Mr. James Magenis and his wife, who is a niece of Mr. Lynch, and John H. Casey, former United States Attorney, the personal counsel of Mr. Lynch. Mr. Lynch had been injured in the collision.

Mr. Brine explained that he and Dr. Finnegan came on here from Boston yesterday afternoon. Mr. Brine got his first word of the accident on Saturday and then telephoned right and left, trying to get confirmation.

When he was assured, last night, that the Baltic would land the Republic's passengers at this port he took the train to this city and broke the news to the sisters of Mrs. Lynch, who were at the Hotel Breslin.

Last week Mrs. Lynch's sisters had seen her depart on the Republic alive and well, and it was hard for them to realize that they would not see her again.

Mrs. Lynch was known among her friends as "the best-loved woman in Boston." She was very prominent there in charitable work and a generous giver herself. She was a member of the congregation of the Church of the Immaculate Conception and was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent at Kenwood, near Troy, of which city she was a native. Mr. Lynch, a Boston capitalist, is a member of several prominent clubs there.

Another sad little group on the pier contained several of the North Dakota friends of Banker Mooney, who was killed, and of Mrs. Murphy, another native of North Dakota, who was badly injured. Those in the party were George B. Winship and wife, State Senator of North Dakota and proprietor of the Grand Forks Herald; S. S. Titus, cashier of the First National Bank of Grand Forks and his wife, and Mrs. J. Walter Smith, wife of the bank's president.

It took a long time to warp the Baltic alongside the pier—ages it must have seemed to the waiting ones—but the refugees made themselves as prominent as possible on the deck while this operation was in process, and called greetings to those in the crowd ashore whom they knew. It was a constant volley of "Hello, George!" "All safe, Joe!" and so on. Many of those on the pier climbed to the highest eminence they could reach, and from pyramids of piled goods waved canes to which two or three handkerchiefs were knotted, or colored streamers. One man on the Baltic dressed in a fur coat and possessed of a stentorian voice bellowed across "All safe!" and that was as cheery a message to some as any they had ever heard in their lives.

"Now, don't push," the Custom House officers pleaded. "We must keep this gangway clear for the passengers."

But a little force had to be used at times to see that the orders were obeyed.

The manner in which those who were on the Baltic felt at this homecoming may best be exemplified by one picture which stood out above all the others. A gray-haired, bonnetless, motherly old soul who stood close to the rail gave one long, hungry glance at her own country and her own people. Then her head went down on the rail and the tears streamed unchecked down her wrinkled cheeks. A younger woman beside her threw her arms about the elderly one in an ecstasy of bliss and kissed her again and again. They were home again and they were too full of emotion to speak.

The expression on those faces strung along the decks told an entire story in itself. Some were grinning widely. Some laughed outright, while several wept. Some waved bundles containing such belongings as they had saved from the sea. There were those who were hatless and women whose only head covering was a veil. The toilets of many seemed to consist of odds and ends picked up in the hurry of the moment.

When the stream of humanity began to descend the gangplanks each person was immediately engulfed at the foot of the wooden pathways and hugged or kissed until he or she was well-nigh smothered. Then, in single file, they filtered through a double rank of handshaking friends and

well-wishers to the hacks or carriages which were waiting for them.

Pier 49 was the happiest spot in New York until late in the afternoon, when all those who had been taken from the Republic were safe ashore. That is, all except the few injured the Baltic carried. A touch of grimness was lent to the scene by the arrival of an ambulance from St. Vincent’s Hospital and a surgeon stepped aboard to minister to those who were hurt.

After the hurry and bustle attending the disembarkation were at an end Capt. Ranson threw himself wearily down on the couch in his stateroom to take a much-needed rest. It was the first opportunity he had found in many hours, all of which he had spent upon the bridge of his vessel, and he made the most of it.
~ 038 ~

BALTIC’S STORY OF RESCUE

LANDED AFTER WRECK

Arrival of Baltic with the Survivors.

JOYOUS MEETINGS

Friends Board Liner at Quarantine.

SIX DIED IN CRASH

Several Were Injured, but None Seriously.

FLORIDA COMES TO PORT

Steamship That Rammed Republic Is Also Badly Damaged.

The White Star liner Baltic, having on board the 1,524 survivors from the steamships Republic and Florida, which were in collision on Saturday morning off Nantucket, arrived at her pier in the North River at noon to-day. With her came the full story of the collision. The casualties resulting from the collision follow:

THE DEAD.

Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston.

W. J. Mooney, banker, of Langdon, N. D.

Four Italian sailors of the Florida.

The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney sank with the Republic, on which they had been left in hermetically sealed coffins.

THE INJURED.

Eugene Lynch of Boston.

Mrs. M. M. Murphy of Grand Fork, N. D., leg broken

M. M. Murphy.

Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs of New York.

Henry K. Woodward, a steward of the Republic; back injured.

Dr. Mills, the surgeon of the Republic.

The steward of the Florida.

The survivors fix the time of the collision as 5:30 o’clock on Saturday morning. The Florida struck the Republic a raking blow amidships, cutting clear through three decks and into her engine room, which filled with water in a few minutes, driving out the engine room force.

At the first shock the electric lights were put out and the passengers of the Republic, rushing from their staterooms in scanty attire, found the vessel in total darkness. There was no light until daybreak.

Throughout all this time the discipline on board the White Star liner was excellent, according to the passengers.

Soon the Florida returned, after backing off, and the transfer of the Republic’s passengers to her was begun.

The Baltic came alongside the Florida at about 5 o’clock, but it was not until 11 o’clock that Capt. Ranson, her commander, decided to take the passengers aboard his own vessel.

It took until morning to transfer the last of the passengers.

The Republic, while in tow of the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca foundered at 10:20 o’clock last night in thirty-eight fathoms of water about forty-eight miles south of the Island of Nantucket. Capt. Sealby, her commander, and his second officer remained on her until the last. They were picked out of the sea by a boat crew from the Gresham.

It was the real cause of the collision. Passengers on the Republic thought that the Florida was out of her course, because she had rammed the Republic on the port side. There was another story to the effect that the helmsman of the Florida was asleep or nodding.

To supplement this there was a rumor to the effect that one of the officers of the Florida, after the collision, struck the man at the wheel on the head with an iron spike. When this man arrived on the Baltic to-day his head looked as if it had been badly battered. The story of the sleeping helmsman met with prompt denial.

The Florida, with her bow badly smashed, reached Quarantine at 3:30 o’clock to-day. Accompanying her was the Anchor liner Furnessia, which reached the scene of the collision about noon yesterday.

About two-thirds of the saloon passengers saved from the Republic were women and children.

The purser of the Baltic gave out the following figures as the number of persons carried into this port by that vessel. From the Republic there were 228 first class passengers, 211 third class and 744 of the crew.

From the Florida she carried 13 cabin passengers, 826 third class and two from the crew.

Her own passenger list included 88 first class, 172 second class and 229 third class passengers. She had a crew numbering 349 men.

The Baltic also carried 3,200 sacks of mail from the Republic.

Liner Met Off the Hook at 1:15 A. M.

TALK WITH SURVIVOR

Darkness Followed the Crash, but There Was No Panic.

CAPT. RANSON’S ACCOUNT

One of Florida’s Anchors Left in Republic’s Stateroom.

At 1:15 o’clock this morning, in a dense drizzle, the big hulk of the Baltic nosed out of the murk off Sandy Hook and her anchor splashed in the waters a short distance from the Ambrose Channel lightship. With her came the 1,650 souls saved from the wrecked Republic and Florida. Most of the ports on the great liner were dark, and her decks glowed faintly through the blackness; it was a dismal ending to an eventful voyage.

SIGHTING THE BALTIC.

There were two tugs to greet the Baltic—one the New Jersey, the steam pilot craft, with her red signal lights swaying about at her masthead, and the other a newspaper tug. Both had chug-chugged away out east of the lightship, and it was a few minutes after midnight when the huge, hoarse blast of the Baltic’s whistle first roared to them. Even when the roar sounded close at hand not a light of the big ship was visible through the mist and rain. Then through a rift the big mountain of a ship loomed out of the night, making the tugs look like toys alongside.

The Baltic took on her pilot and then churned ahead slowly until abeam of the lightship. The sea-going tug of the newspapers, the Dalzelline, hove to alongside her bridge, and no sooner had the Baltic’s anchor splashed over her bows than a megaphoned inquiry was shouted up to Capt. Ranson.

THE CAPTAIN’S STORY.

“On the bridge of the Baltic—What news?”

“Injured doing well,” called back Capt. Ranson.

It was an interview under difficulties. The deck of the tug was bobbing up and down some fifty feet below the bridge of the liner, the ship’s bell rang rapidly every few seconds as a fog signal, and off to the north the lightship’s foghorn mooed lugubriously every few minutes. It was slow work, but it was the first story of the rescue from the lips of an eyewitness.

“How about the transfer of the passengers?” was shouted up.

“Both times it was made in small boats,” called back Capt. Ranson. “The Republic’s passengers were taken off in the boats of the Republic and the Florida. It took two hours. There was a thick fog, but the sea was quiet.”

“And the second transfer?”

“We took all 1,650 from the Florida in our own boats. It was an all-night job, from 5 o’clock Saturday evening till 8 o’clock Sunday morning. Our searchlights played on the water between the Florida and the Baltic as the boats rocked to and fro. There was a bad sea running and a thick fog. Two passengers slipped as they were entering the small boats and fell overboard. Both were rescued."

“Have you all the passengers of the Republic?”

“All except Mr. Lynch. His leg was broken in three places and he was kept on board the Florida in charge of the ship’s surgeon. Capt. Sealby stood by his vessel and the Florida is coming in under her own steam, convoyed by the New York.”

“CUT ME OUT,” SAYS RANSON.

Capt. Ranson explained that the Republic’s wireless was crippled as the water flooded her dynamos and that she then resorted to storage batteries. These gradually weakened as message after message calling for help was sent out, and the Republic finally became a silent ship wallowing in the trough of the Nantucket seas.

“How long have you been on the bridge?” called out a questioner.

“Oh, cut me out of it,” replied the captain.

It was then forty-four hours since the Republic’s first cry for help had reached her sister ship, and throughout that time the Baltic had been doing perilous rescue work continuously. First she had searched out the injured vessels, playing a game of blind man’s buff in the fog banks off Nantucket for hours, and then she had taken off 1650 persons in her small boats, with a high sea running and a dense fog over all. It was a magnificent record for Capt. Ranson and his men.

The tug then dropped astern a little, where the big, burly figure of a passenger had appeared on the promenade deck.

“Ahoy, there; tell us about the collision!” went up through the megaphone.

A PASSENGER’S EXPERIENCE.

“We were all in bed at the time,” came down the answer. “The fog whistle was going, and the first we knew there was a grinding crash. The boat heeled over and then righted. Everybody knew what had happened, but there was no panic. Women ran up the companionways to the decks in their nightgowns. Many were barefooted. The lights went out and it was hard to get around, for it was still dark.”

It was a bad time and there was plenty of excitement but no panic, reiterated the passenger.

“Some women screamed, but they were in the steerage. I don’t think any of our American women screamed.”

“How did the crew behave?”

“Magnificently. The discipline was perfect. Capt. Sealby reassured us and announced that we were in wireless communication with Nantucket almost immediately. That made everybody feel a lot better. A big sail cloth was tied over the hole in our side, but the water poured in, flooding three compartments. We were down by the stern but were on an even keel.”

“What happened to the Florida?”

“She struck us on the port side just forward of the after hatchway. It was a glancing blow and she did not stay in the gap she cut in our side. She fell away from us, leaving one of her bow anchors jammed fast in a stateroom. Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were crushed to death in their staterooms.”

TWO PASSENGERS FELL OVERBOARD.

“We did not know what the vessel was, for she disappeared in the fog in a few seconds. She was gone for half an hour—then she found us again by our distress whistles and we learned she was the Florida. Both transfers were made without mishap except that two passengers got a ducking. The transfer from the Florida to the Baltic was a wonderful sight—the searchlights poking around and the boats rowing back and forth in the fog. There was a big sea running and the small boats tossed about like cockleshells. It took twelve hours.”

“Any baggage saved?”

“No—all lost. We’ve nothing but the clothes on our backs.”

“Who are you, sir?” came up from the tug to the obliging passenger.

“H. A. Hover of Spokane. Will you wire the folks there that we’re all right?”

“We will!” came back in a shout.

Then somebody recalled that Mr. Hover was bound on a 105,000-mile auto trip with his wife, and the query went up as they tug drew away:

“Will you continue on your trip?”

“Just as soon as I can get another passage,” came back the cheerful reply.

There was a hearty “Good night” and “Good luck” for the undaunted Mr. Hover. Mrs. Hover and several passengers had appeared toward the end and joined in the story of the disaster. All were loud in their praise of Capt. Sealby and the crew, and all declared that nothing like a panic had occurred.

About 3 o’clock the tug turned for home, leaving the big Baltic anchored off the lightship for an indefinite wait, pending the clearing up of the fog. The drizzle had ceased, but a more dense fog had rolled down in its place. The lights of the liner faded out swiftly, and even the big flashing white light on the Ambrose Channel lightship was soon a flickering candle flame in the distance.

The business of navigating out to the Baltic had been bad enough, but the homeward bound trip was much worse. The fog shut in white and wet. Now and then a red or a white buoy light would slide into view to be doused a few seconds later in the blank wall astern. A wailing siren pierced through the moist substance of the fog occasionally, sounding like the wail of a lost cat. Then a sudden chattering bell would reveal the presence of an anchored ship—with a sleepy watch awakened only by the tug’s impudent, insistent whistle.

Time and again the tug was forced to stop her way altogether while her pilot listened for a fog signal or waited to make sure of the direction of some anchored vessel. Luckily not another craft cared to be out in such weather, and the Dalzelline had the lower bay, the Narrows and the upper bay all to herself as she groped foot by foot, her blind course to the Battery sea wall.

How Seven Liners Figured in Collision

Republic, White Star Line—Rammed by the Florida off Nantucket and her passengers transferred to latter vessel; sunk while being towed in by revenue cutter Gresham.

Florida, Italian Lloyd Line—Stood by to pick up Republic’s passengers after the collision; is bound for New York.

Baltic, White Star Line—Caught distress signals from Republic’s submarine bell, searched for and found the disabled ships, and yesterday morning took the Republic’s and Florida’s passengers from the latter vessel to bring them to New York.

Furnessia, Anchor Line—Picked up by wireless by disabled Republic and was aiding to tow her to port.

La Lorraine, French Line—Picked up wireless messages, sought and found the Republic, but,

finding she was not needed, came into port.

Lucania, Cunard Line—Picked up distress signals from submarine bell and searched for disabled vessels.

New York, American Line—Warned by wireless messages of disaster and searched for Republic and Florida, and acted as convoy to the Florida.
~ 039 ~

CHEERED BY WIRELESS FLASHES

Republic's Passengers Knew Aid Was Coming.

WORK OF OPERATORS

Stuck to Their Posts to the Very End.

HOW SHIPS WERE CALLED

Hurrying Through the Fog to the Scene of the Collision.

There are four men who stick out prominently in the story of how those on the White Star liner Republic were saved by wireless as it is told by the men of La Lorraine, which made a notable run through the fog from a point 120 miles off the scene of the collision to help her stricken sister. Two were the French liner's wireless operators, Messrs. Ernest Monrouzeau and J. B. Bour, who held to their posts high up on the boat deck of La Lorraine, the third, Tattersall of the Baltic, the other, J. R. Binns, a young man 26 years old, who kept his place on the crippled Republic, the wireless phone strapped to his ears for a stretch of more than thirty hours. Out there on the deep, where everything was without form and void, where one could not see the sky and there was no horizon, these four game men kept messages of hope and courage flashing back and forth through the upper gloom.

On board the Republic, limping ahead as best she could, with the Florida close alongside, those constant taps at the key were like the taps from the picks of rescuers which tell imprisoned miners that help is not far off. Each message from the Baltic or La Lorraine was like a tonic. It buoyed the spirits of the Republic's passengers and crew until they pinned all their faith on those four men who never once lost track of each other and were tireless in their devotion to duty and the safety of others. How hard they labored is best told in the last message of Tattersall: "I can send no more," said he. "I have been constantly at the key without sleep for fifty-two hours."

The Marconi cabin in which Binns sat was smashed in the collision but he escaped injury and his apparatus was not damaged. The lives of the 761 souls on the Republic depended upon that one young man. Everything hung upon the steadiness of his finger on the key. When the jarring, rending crash was over the Republic was plunged in total darkness. It was a situation calculated to strike terror to the stoniest heart. All about were the impenetrable fog banks. Not a sound, not a welcome light, travelled through the appalling blackness. Capt. Sealby controlled the passengers, making a speech to them from the bridge and then—"Rat-tat-tat—rat-tat-tat," the finger of Binns of the Republic sent forth this brave word. "I'm on the job. Ship sinking; but will stick to end."

Now and then Bour got a chance to flash an unofficial message to Binns. "Old man, how are you?" he called, and the cheery word came back: "I am on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to end."

"Keep cool, old man," advised Bour, and the steady young fellow of 26 instantly responded: "O K. Come along; we're waiting for you."

At 12:45 P. M., as Operator Bour tells the story, this message shot to the Republic: “Tell your captain we can hear his submarine bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steering, because the fog is thick.”

At 6:40 P. M. there was this, Baltic to Lorraine: “Republic says to steer for Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers. She must have some one to stand by. She is blowing full blast.”

Then La Lorraine to French line pier: “Have been asked by Republic to follow Florida. Will arrive at Sandy Hook daylight.” The last official message was from the Baltic to the Lorraine and ran as follows: “Baltic alongside both ships. Clear here. Can see lights.”

But as La Lorraine started homeward bound, Bour and Binns sent one last word to each other. “Remember me to Broadway,” said Binns. “The Republic isn’t done for yet.”

It was all over. The four men who had carried on over the void of the sea the strangest conversation in maritime annals sat weak and limp in their places, so exhausted that they were ready to drop. They had signalled back and forth, day and night, without a wink of sleep; but they had saved a ship.

Groping along toward this port on her way from Havre was the big steamship La Lorraine. It was Saturday morning and 7 o’clock. A wireless operator stepped up to Capt. Tournier and told him that a message had been received from Siasconset. It was the distress call—the “C Q D,” meaning both “hurry” and “danger.” Capt. Tournier was all action at once. He had the operator flash back “G,” which, translated, means “I am coming.”

The bell in the engine room of the liner tinkled and the engineer received orders which headed the Lorraine in the direction of Nantucket lightship. With his ear trained to catch the slightest signal from over the deep, one of the liner’s two operators sat waiting. Presently there was another message from Siasconset. It told La Lorraine what ship it was which had met with the misfortune and that she needed help quickly. The Frenchman went ahead at her best gait —a sort of Sheridan of the sea with 120 miles to go—and Bour of La Lorraine talked with Binns of the Republic. “We are doing twenty-two knots,” he said, “stick to it,” or words to that effect.

La Lorraine fairly quivered with the speed she made. It was foggy, yes, but every minute was precious to the White Star boat and there was no pause except to be sure of the direction. Siasconset had given the Republic’s location as lat. 40 deg. 17 min., long. 70 deg. With the aid of a chart of the Nantucket waters and further flashing from Siasconset Capt. Tournier made a rough estimate as to the relative positions of the Republic and Lorraine.

All morning La Lorraine sped through the fog. In the afternoon, Capt. Tournier heard, through the telephone connecting with the submarine receiver, the faint boom of the submarine bell on the Nantucket Lightship. The lightship couldn’t be seen—doubtless she was a long distance off, but La Lorraine was in the near vicinity of her wounded sister ship now and the eyes of the watchers on the bridge peered through the mist for a first glimpse of her.

Meanwhile flash answered flash. When the Frenchman started on her run against time the Cunarder Lucania was thirty miles astern. La Lorraine spoke her, telling her what was amiss. She was out of the zone of the wireless waves from Siasconset. Then the most peculiar four-cornered conversation ever held at sea under the strangest of circumstances, went on through the hours between the Baltic, the Republic, La Lorraine and Siasconset.

After Siasconset had given La Lorraine the Republic’s position, the Frenchman replied to the land station: “Your C. Q. D. message received O K. Notified Capt. M. L. L. (Wireless signal of La Lorraine). Then the liner picked up the Cunard boat and gave her this ”Republic wrecked. Wants assistance. Lat. 40 deg. 17 min. north; long. 70 deg. west."

At 7:50 o’clock in the morning the Lorraine, after Capt. Tournier had consulted his charts and made his computations, sent this word to Siasconset: “Please tell Republic we are within 120 miles of her. Shall reach her at 2 P. M.”

Every passenger had caught the spirit of the thing by that time and each moment was filled with excitement. On the Republic Capt. Sealby kept the anxious ones informed of every word that passed between the wireless operators.

The Republic could communicate only eighty miles, so Monrouzeau and Bour could not reach her at first, which was the reason why Siasconset was asked to tell the Republic where La Lorraine was, but at 9:45 A. M. the operator on the French liner got in touch with the White Star boat and asked:

“Please tell us if you are in fog and exact position.”

The details of the wreck were not known. Capt. Tournier had not heard then whether another ship had rammed the Republic or whether she had run aground. If she was aground he wished to know how deep the water was in which she lay, for then it might be necessary for him to exercise great care in approaching her. Preparations were made on La Lorraine to take soundings.

Just five minutes later the French operator took down this message and handed it to the captain: “Republic to Lorraine: Position, 40 deg. 17 minutes north, longitude 70 west. We are in fog.”

The Republic had then drifted a little.

WHAT WIRELESS TOLD BEFORE BALTIC CAME

The Story of the Transfer of the Passengers to the White Star Liner.

Through the night the coming of the Baltic with the survivors was awaited. A tugboat swept an arc off the Hook to meet her as she approached. The steamboat General Putnam had been commissioned by the White Star line and was held in readiness. On board her were a number of friends and relatives of the Republic’s passengers. When the word came that the Baltic had reached the bar the White Star line agents decided to make no start until 3 o’clock this morning. Then the General Putnam put down the bay to wait for a while at Quarantine. The fog still

hung thick outside and the moving of the Baltic was a matter of uncertainty.

Finally, at 9:45 o’clock, came the word from the observer at Sandy Hook that the Baltic had started in. The craft that had been awaiting her made a dash down the Bay. The big White Star boat was the central figure of the big incoming fleet. Wireless had told nearly all the other steamships or they had heard from their pilots the story of the collision. The whistles of the other steamships blared out a hearty welcome as the Baltic picked her way through the channel and swept on to Quarantine.

THE BALTIC AT THE BAR.

It was 1:15 o’clock this morning when a wireless message was received saying that the Baltic was off the Ambrose Channel Lightship with the 1,850 passengers from the Republic and the Florida. The weather was then very thick, and the big White Star liner anchored for the night, prepared to make a move into port as soon as the mist permitted this morning.

Already wireless messages had told that six fatalities had attended the collision of the Republic and the Florida. They had also told how the Republic, while being in tow of the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca, had sunk at 8:30 o’clock last night in about forty-five fathoms of water off the coast of No Man’s Land, a small islet south of

Martha’s Vineyard.

The sinking of the Republic had been most sudden, according to the report. It had been about forty hours from the time early on Saturday morning when she was rammed by the Florida and the time, her strong bulkheads being unable longer to stand the strain, she was swallowed up by the ocean. As she sunk her indomitable Capt. Sealby and his second officer were still on board. Apparently they threw themselves into the sea on a grating and were rescued by the men from the Gresham. The skeleton crew which had remained on the Republic had already been taken aboard the revenue cutter.

SURVIVORS REST.

All night long the arrival of the Baltic had been awaited. Tugs patrolled the sea section off the Hook and made for each incoming craft that appeared out of the mist and the darkness with the hope that she might be the White Star liner. Finally the Baltic came and dropped her anchors preparatory to remaining outside for the night. With the exception of the officers and men of the watch and a few passengers all appeared asleep aboard the liner, but some of those awake spoke over the side and what they told supplemented the wireless reports that had preceded the arrival of the survivors.

WHERE THE REPUBLIC WAS STRUCK

The information received from the men on the Baltic showed that the Republic had been struck by the Florida on the port side abaft midship and just forward of the center hatch. Staterooms 34 and 26 were stove in by the sharp prow of the Lloyd-Italiano liner, and it was in these staterooms that the passengers of the Republic met death or injury.

The collision found all the passengers in their berths. There was a general rush from the cabins to the deck and few waited long enough to put on any clothing. It is the testimony of the officers of the Baltic and the passengers that there was no great panic, however.

For a few minutes after the shock there was tumult, but ship discipline soon asserted itself. Every squad was sent to its station and the boats were swung out and made ready for reception of passengers. By this time all of the 241 saloon passengers and the 211 from the third cabin were at the rails. Most of them were in their night clothes and few had shoes on.

THE FLORIDA BACKS OFF.

After the impact the Florida withdrew swiftly and for a time there was no chance for those on the Republic to make out the identity of the vessel that had rammed her. The stricken White Star boat sent out her signals of distress by whistle, and a half hour later the Florida, her prow smashed so that her fore compartment was filled, crept up alongside the vessel she had riven.

By the time the Florida came up the boats of the Republic had been lowered and each already had its quota, all of the first to be sent down over the side being women and children. The sea was placid, but the murk hung low over the water and the scantily clad passengers suffered with the cold.

Once alongside, the transfer of the passengers was begun, for the Republic, which had settled immediately after the crash, was sinking lower now and the section in her that was struck was so vital that it was not known how long she could remain afloat, notwithstanding her water-tight compartments.

Back and forward through the darkness and the fog the boats of the Republic plied, and to this life-saving fleet were added the boats from the Florida. The transfer took two hours. When it was through all the passengers were on board the smaller vessel and all of the crew, save the complement that had elected to stay on board with Capt. Sealby and his officers.

The Florida still remained near the Republic, which was sinking lower in the water all the time.

THE “C Q D” MESSAGE.

Meanwhile the stricken White Star liner had been sending out her wireless “C Q D” signal which spread her story of distress over the sea and to the land. Apparently it was thought best by the captain of the Florida to remain in the vicinity of the Republic, for he had no wireless apparatus of his own, and with the fore compartment of his vessel filled he did not know what might happen. Already the Florida’s bow was deep in the water.

THE BALTIC AT THE SCENE.

It was just before 5 o’clock in the afternoon, nearly eleven hours after the collision, that the Baltic came close to the vessels that had collided. In the meantime the survivors had been made as comfortable as possible on board the Florida, which, with 900 passengers of her own, had comparatively little accommodation to offer. With the arrival of the Baltic Capt. Ranson of that vessel tacitly became the admiral in command of the situation. Capt. Sealby’s work now looked to the doing of whatever he could to get his own ship ashore. Wireless communications to Capt. Ranson from the White Star offices had told him to do whatever he cared to do in the emergency, and while this message was sent the officers of the line here felt that the instructions were simply perfunctory. They knew that Capt. Ranson would act on his own initiative, anyway.

TRANSFER DECIDED ON.

It appeared to Capt. Ranson, as the evening came on, that it would be safer to transfer all the passengers to his own vessel. There seemed to be no immediate danger of the Florida going down, but there was no telling what might happen, and besides, the crippled Italian could at best make eight knots into port. This would mean added discomfort to the passengers, to say nothing of their anxiety at the thought of being on board craft that had herself been badly damaged.

THE SECOND TRANSFER.

So at 11 o’clock on Saturday night the second transfer—a record in sea annals—was begun. There were 1,650 men, women and children, all of them under intense strain because of the dangers and the trials through which they had already passed, to be taken from vessel to vessel over a rough sea. For the wind had come up a lot and the waves ran high. In the first transfer the surface of the water was almost as smooth as that of a small inland lake, but it was different now.

The lifeboats from the Republic had been retained and those of the Baltic and the Florida were also brought into commission, but the work of this fairly large life-saving fleet was long and difficult. As before, the women and children were the first to be sent overboard. Twenty to a boat was the rule, and the work of a whole night was begun. …
~ 040 ~

…

FLASHLIGHT SHOWS THE WAY.

No brain that has been devoted to thinking out startling and weird things in melodrama ever conceived, perhaps, a scene such as followed, and no deft hand ever fashioned a make-believe background for such a spectacle. The Baltic got her great searchlight into play, and while the passengers were being lowered from the sides of the Florida to the boats the light played on the Italian liner and brought into the full view of the passengers crowding the rails of the White Star boat the stirring incidents that were happening nearly a half mile across the water.

With hardly a hitch the boats were filled and rowed away. The great searchlight cut out a white way for them through the murk and the fog. Otherwise the trip from liner to liner might have been a groping in the darkness. The boats carried their freight to the Baltic, sent their passengers up the ladders and gang-planks swung from the sides and then rowed back again, ten hardy men in each putting all their muscle into their oars.

TWO SLIP INTO THE WATER.

The one hitch in the transfer happened not long after it had been begun. Two passengers slipped into the water while being lowered from the Florida. They were under the glare of the searchlight, however, and were soon dragged to safety. After that the work proceeded without a mishap and at 8 o’clock in the morning the last of the passengers had been sent aboard the Baltic.

The rescued ones found many willing hands to minister to them. All the passengers on the White Star boat formed themselves into an emergency relief corps. There was hot coffee and other nourishment for the survivors as soon as they were taken aboard, and the scanty clothing was supplemented from the wardrobes of the inbound men and women. Such clothes as the Republic’s folk could get aboard the Florida was the best that could be had but it was very meagre. Berths and cots had already been prepared for the worn out survivors and soon after their arrival on the Baltic many of the weary ones were fast asleep.

THE TRANSFER THROUGH.

It was 9 o’clock on Sunday morning when the work of the transfer was through. But for a while the Baltic remained around. Her great searchlight, sweeping over the water through the thick mist of the morning, still made out the Republic afloat, although her decks were almost awash. On board the Republic Capt. Sealby, his officers and a number of picked men remained. They were to make every effort to get their stricken craft to the beach.

FURNESSIA REACHES REPUBLIC.

At 10 o’clock the steamship Furnessia of the Anchor line, bound in, came alongside the Republic. Her captain had already been informed by wireless that the passengers had been transferred and he had been asked to do what he could for the crippled boat. A half hour later the revenue cutter Gresham, which had been summoned from land, also hove to alongside the Republic. By this time the Furnessia had a line to the wounded White Star liner, and it was not long after before the revenue cutter sent a hawser aboard.

NEW YORK CONVOYS THE FLORIDA.

Wireless messages to

the Baltic had long before told of the approach of the American liner New York. The Florida, in her badly crippled condition, was in need of a convoy, and the skipper of the New York was asked to stand by her. This he agreed to do and at 10:30 o’clock the Baltic got under way for New York. The situation that Capt. Ranson left was: the Florida in the convoy of the New York, and the Republic in tow of the Gresham and the Furnessia. At that time it appeared to Capt. Ranson that the Republic could be towed ashore for one of the first things he said over the side of the Baltic when she reached the Ambrose lightship this morning was that the Republic was still afloat.

The weather was still very thick when the Baltic parted company with the other vessels. It was thought that the Florida could make about 8 knots an hour to port. So far as the passengers who had been in the collision were concerned, their dangers were at an end.

THE SINKING OF THE REPUBLIC.

The wireless tells of the Republic’s last hours afloat. With the Furnessia and the Gresham both having lines to her the struggle for the shore was begun shortly after 12 o’clock yesterday. The liner, with a great hole in her side, her center compartments filled, the water up over her engines, wallowed in the waves that by this time were running quite high. Slowly the towers made for the direction of Martha’s Vineyard. The aim of all was to take the steamship to some place where she could be beached and afterward salvaged. With the great dead-weight behind them the Furnessia and the Gresham proceeded by inches.

THE SENECA TAKES A HAND.

This kept up for about two hours and then the derelict destroyer Seneca, also summoned by wireless, hove in sight. A stop was made so that the Seneca might make a line fast. At this time, too, there appears to have been a consultation held by the commanders of the towing boats and Capt. Sealby. It seemed as though it now looked most hazardous to remain on board the battered White Star boat. Finally it was decided that the crew should leave her and the men were transferred to the Gresham. Then there remained on board only Capt. Sealby and his first officer, prepared to see the ship through to her end.

The towing was begun again about 6 o’clock, and with the two hawsers straining, way was made for the shore. The Furnessia had left the saving of the Republic to the two Government vessels, as they seemed able to handle her if she could only remain afloat.

The Furnessia remained within call, however, and it was seen at 6:35 o’clock that the towing lines had parted. This caused another long wait until the hawsers could be made fast again. By this time it was very dark. The Furnessia, seeing that she had done all she could, prepared to start for home. At that time the officers on the bridge could see the lights of the towing boats ahead. From the bridge of the Republic there came a slight glimmer. It was here that Capt. Sealby and his second officer stood and the light was the last, in all probability, that the Republic was ever to show.

The Furnessia kept in wireless touch with the Government boats. For a time the signals said that all was well and then came ominous signs from the vicinity of the tow. The flashlight of the Gresham was seen to dart here and there over the water. Apparently she had lost her tow. This was made certain a few minutes later when the wireless said that the Republic had been engulfed.

Great anxiety was then felt on board the Furnessia for the fate of Capt. Sealby and his faithful officer. It was thought that they must have gone down with their craft, so swiftly had she been swallowed up by the waves. A reassuring message soon came over the waters, however. It said that the two had been saved with great difficulty. Later it was reported that the captain and his officer had flung themselves into the sea as their boat went down and managed to keep afloat on a railing until a boat’s crew from the Gresham picked them up.

The place where the Republic went down was just off No Man’s Land. Subsequent wireless communications from the Gresham said that she had transferred the captain and crew of the Republic to the Seneca and that the derelict destroyer would take them to New York.

THRILLING STORIES OF SURVIVORS

BALTIC’S ARRIVAL.

Survivors and Rescuers Worn Out as She Comes In.

The big Baltic, bearing the survivors of two ships, in all 1,524 persons, reached Quarantine about 11 o’clock with the Narrows blue and placid as a lake. After the small steamboat had put several line officers on board the vessel was passed by the health officer and proceeded to her pier. Many friends of those saved from the shipwreck met the vessel at the pier and the

Republic’s passengers were allowed to leave immediately. There was no baggage inspection, for the very good reason that they had no baggage to inspect.

On the decks of the Baltic coming up the bay an unusual scene was witnessed. Saloon passengers, many of them dressed in ill-fitting clothes, many of the women without hats commingled with stewards and seamen and petty officers of the Republic who were just as much survivors as anybody else.

Everybody looked white and tired. Capt. Ranson still walking the bridge, had no sleep since Friday noon. Palmer, the purser, had been up even longer than that and looked gray and was unshaven. He had given his room up to one of the survivors, as had the assistant purser.

About two-thirds of those saved from the Republic were women and children. The assistant purser said that when they were coming aboard the women and children seemed innumerable. There were a good many elderly persons among the passengers. Some of them during the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic were clad only in nightgowns and shawls. Cold rain was falling, and they were in the boats from a half to three-quarters of an hour.

WOMAN FALLS OVERBOARD.

Among the women, Miss Alice Morse Earle fell overboard and was pulled out benumbed with cold.

According to the passengers the officers and crew of the Republic acted with perfect discipline, and the crew, the stewards and firemen of the Republic seen today said that the passengers were remarkably cool.

“The passengers for the most part acted with great coolness,” said an officer of the Republic. “They were the pluckiest set of women I ever saw.”

CAPTAIN REASSURES PASSENGERS.

After the smash Capt. Sealby of the Republic called all passengers to the boat deck and made a speech to them, telling them that there was no danger and that the vessel was already in communication with land.

Life belts were issued to all hands, and men, women and children waited on the starboard side while the boats were being swung out on the davits. From time to time Capt. Sealby called down reassuring messages through his megaphone. He seemed the coolest of those cool, steady seamen. A woman passenger said this morning that the Captain’s reassurance probably saved a greater loss of life.

“The boats will be clear directly!” he called down once. “There is no immediate danger, and to the men I want to say that the women and children must go into the boats first!”

STRUCK AT 5:30 A.M.

The Republic was struck at about 5:30 in the morning of Saturday, and in five minutes there was twenty feet of water in the engine room, and after having closed the watertight bulkheads, stokers and engineers climbed to the deck to escape being drowned.

Just as dawn was breaking they commenced to transfer the passengers to the Florida, which was blowing in the fog probably half a mile away.

The first transfer in the fog consumed about three hours altogether, much of the time being taken up in searching for the Florida. The women and children were handed into the small boats from the boat deck, while the men clambered down a ladder and entered the boats after they were in the water. The sea was smooth and the Republic, listed to starboard, rode heavily in the ground swell.

REPUBLIC’S GRAVE.

Not Likely That the Sunken Liner Will Be Raised.

BOSTON, Jan. 25.—Capt. Alfred Sorenson, one of the best-known wreckers on the coast, was asked today what were the chances of raising the Republic. He said:

"They will never raise the Republic. She is reported to lie in 38 fathoms and is surely 300 fathoms. Now a diver cannot work in water over 100 feet, or very few divers can. He cannot perform laborious tasks in water much over sixty feet.

“If the Republic lay in 10 fathoms it might be possible to pump her out, provided there was a period of good weather lasting for several weeks. Where the ship lies is open ocean and exposed to the gales from every point of the compass. You mark my words, she is a total loss. They won’t even be able to get any cargo out of her.”

Routed from Sleep by the Crash.

AWOKE IN DARKNESS

Husbands and Wives Necessarily Separated in the Transfer.

PRAISE FOR DISCIPLINE

Many Examples of Cool Courage and Individual Heroism

When the Baltic, bearing her burden of rescuers and rescued, slowly steamed into the Narrows and the more fortunate of the anxious relatives and friends who had obtained permission to board the ship before her docking went aboard, scenes such as are seldom enacted followed. Men and women locked in each other’s arms wept freely, and the eyes of those who stood by were not dry. After the first greetings were over and inquiries regarding the accident were made, praises were heard on every side of the courage, discipline and consideration of the officers of the sunken Republic and the damaged Florida and the returning Baltic.

Nor were these praises confined to the men belonging to the ships alone. But one voice was heard which uttered disparagement of any man, woman or child who passed through those thirty-six hours of darkness and peril.

“Nothing is too good to say of the crews of all three ships and the passengers of the same vessels,” was the consensus of opinion which was heard on every side.

“There is no use to single out the bravery of one when all were heroes,” said William John Eales of Madras, India, director of the Anglo-Indian Trading Company. …
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HER CALLS FOR HELP ARE HEARD

“I was proud to be an Anglo-Saxon when I saw the way the passengers were transferred from the Florida to the Baltic,” said R. H. Ingersoll, a manufacturer, “and if I was ever proud of American and English womanhood it was when I saw those women come up those shaking stairs at the side of the Baltic each with a smile on her face.”

THE LAST WOMAN TO LEAVE THE REPUBLIC.

“Is there anything I can do for you?” asked a friend of Mrs. Espy, the wife of Major John Espy

of St. Paul, Minn.

“Yes,” replied the little woman, “you may say if you are questioned that the crews of the three steamships deserve the thanks of every person who had a friend or relative on board.” Mrs. Espy did not mention that she was the last woman to leave the sinking Republic, and insisted, though weak and ill, that others should reach safety before her.

The women who were in the cabin of the Florida after the transfer of passengers from the Republic saw a Frenchman rush into the cabin gesticulating wildly. Shouting something in his native tongue he threw himself into a chair in despair.

“What did he say?” they asked of a girl still in her teens who understood French?

“He said,” the girl replied, “that the Baltic will be here in half an hour.” She smiled as she said the words, and a man seated near did not contradict her, though he knew that the terrorized Frenchman had cried “We are lost! The ship will sink inside of three hours!”

WHEN THE CRASH CAME.

W. C. Fish of the General Electric Company, Boston, was loud in his praise of all who figured in the wreck. He said that he felt the shock of the collision at 5:30 A.M. He instantly realized the meaning of the shock. Dressing hurriedly he went on deck and found the passengers pouring out in all stages of negligée. He had dressed in the dark, for less than a minute after the collision the lights had all been extinguished, and the engines had stopped running. Hardly a sound was heard save the orders of the officers and the noise of the passengers’ footfalls. Every one was grieving deeply and on every face he saw a look of perplexity which gradually turned to one of determination as those aroused from their beds realized their situation. It was known by all on board within a few minutes after the collision that the damage was probably fatal to the ship.

“Boats’ crews were told off,” Mr. Fish said, “and without any sign of hysteria the women and children were transferred to the Florida, which after crashing bow foremost into the port side of the Republic had backed off and now appeared on the starboard quarter. The attitude of Capt. Sealby was deserving of highest commendation. He and his men were cool and collected and to no men should more praise be given than to the stewards and clerks of the ship.”

“In regard to the injury I should say that the plates on the port side aft were bent inward for a length of 15 feet. They had been torn loose and were impressed about two feet. How much below the water line the injury extended could not be ascertained, for the engine rooms began to fill immediately.”

DISCIPLINE AND COURAGE.

“I have made seventeen voyages across the Atlantic or to India and I have never seen better discipline, courage and pluck than was shown by the officers and crews of the ships which had been concerned in this catastrophe,” was another comment of Mr. Eales, who was supported in this assertion by Charles Ward of Charlton, W. Va., and R. H. Ingersoll.

“To show what we all thought of the work which the men did, the passengers of the Republic and the Baltic have subscribed over $1,800 for the crews and stewards of the three ships. The men asked that medals be given them, and it is probable that each man will receive a medal instead of a cash present. This subscription was made yesterday and today,” said Mr. Eales.

GEN. IVES’S VIEW OF IT.

Gen. Brayton Ives was fast asleep when the collision occurred. He said that the passengers behaved with particular coolness. The women were splendid. After the vessels struck and had broken apart passengers poured out of their staterooms into absolute darkness, which was the

worst feature. There was a weird and quiet anxiety on the face of each which was not expressed by a sound, and as far as he knew by but one cowardly act.

"I, myself, played in better luck than the rest for a relative of mine had given me a small candlestick as a present and it stood on a table alongside my berth. I guess that candle was the only light on the whole ship and I thank my stars for the day that relative was born.

“We did not think at first that the danger was as serious as it later proved. When they began transferring the passengers the women were taken off first. They went to the Florida, which, though it was claimed it was a third class ship, was anything but clean. I am a college graduate and Saturday morning was the first time I had taken hold of an oar in forty years.”

Gen. Ives and William J. Prendergast of Boston said that the only complaint they had to make was that the boats were manned without an officer in command. Neither was exactly satisfied with the way the second transfer was made. They thought that too free a use of stimulants had been allowed, although both admitted that the men suffered great privation and proved themselves heroes.

SOME OF THE CHILDREN SAVED.

Mrs. H. H. Armstead, of 136 West Forty-fourth street, her daughter, Mrs. John T. Davis, whose husband is a son of Henry Gassaway Davis, Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1904 and the two Davis children, Miss Hallie Elkins, aged 10, and Henry Gassaway, aged 7, were met at Quarantine by H. H. Armstead. Mrs. Armstead was awake at the time the boats came together.

The entire party went on deck partly dressed. Like all other passengers, they are destitute of baggage, as none was saved from the Republic. They were able to get the money and letters of credit before leaving their staterooms. All the members of the party commented on the coolness shown immediately after the collision. They, too, said that there was no screaming or hysteria. When the children were taken off and put on the Florida, they remained for seventeen hours and a half without food and without leaving the seats assigned to them.

“What did you think when the collision awakened you?” was asked of Miss Hallie Elkins Davis.

“I thought.” the little girl replied, “that the big smokestack up on the deck had tumbled down. I thought it had probably broken the paddle wheel, but I couldn’t tell what put the lights out.”

Passengers in the same boat with Miss Hallie when the transfer from the Republic to the Florida was made remarked later that she was as self-possessed as Capt. Sealby himself, for she devoted herself to her younger brother in a manner which even in the midst of the fog and darkness brought smiles to the faces of the anxious ones.

THE TRANSFER FROM THE FLORIDA.

All those who took part in the transfer stated that the more difficult one was that made from the Florida to the Baltic. It was late at night and early in the morning and a heavy black fog hung over an unquiet sea, and though the passengers were changed from ship to ship without serious accident, there were many close

escapes. When Mrs. Earl fell overboard at the time of the transfer and a sailor went over the side and aided in her rescue it was feared that the man might perish, but as Third Officer Brockbanke of the Baltic helped him aboard, the sailor grinned, waved his hand, and shouted to the cheering passengers, “You can’t drown a sailor!” Then he went to work with his wet clothes still on.

The same committee which raised the $1,000 for the seamen praised the work of the officers and of Capt. Sealby especially, and commended the endeavors of the steamship line to assist them in

every possible way. It was rumored that last night a few of the more dyspeptic among the passengers who had been transferred from the Republic criticised the captains for the loss of the baggage. Short work was made of these faultfinders, for the rank and file were overpowering their condemnation of any such criticism.

HEARD WHISTLES BEFORE CRASH.

Dr. J. J. Marsh of the Republic said that three whistles awakened him. The third whistle was a terrific blast; then there came a crash and he toppled out of his bunk. Running on deck he found that the vessel had been injured on the port side. The engines had stopped almost immediately and in a few seconds the electric lights went out. “I don’t think that I heard a scream,” he said. “The passengers were thoroughly Anglo-American. Their pluck was great.”

David S. Towls said that the Italian ship had hit the Republic on the port side, and the rasping along its side had smashed the six rear staterooms and torn loose plates. He occupied Cabin 22, while Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch, who were killed, occupied 28 and 30 respectively. They were crushed by the impact which drove the steel timbers of their staterooms back upon them. The bow of the Florida was partly carried off and staved in. He commented upon the great service given by the wireless telegraphy. He said that in less than an hour and a half after the accident the Republic and the Baltic were in communication.

Many of the passengers said that they distinctly heard two foghorns for an indefinite period before the crash. It was the consensus of opinion of the majority of the passengers that the Florida was off her course when she struck the Republic or else she would never have rammed the vessel on her port side.

The responsibility for the accident has not been settled, though many are of the opinion that one of the under officers of the Italian ship was at fault. The passengers on the Baltic took their thirteen days at sea philosophically.

ALBERT W. MEAD

Albert W. Mead of Boston, who was saved with his wife from the Republic gave a full account of all the trying hours from the first alarm to the transfer on the Baltic. “We were in our berths,” said Mr. Mead, "when the collision took place, but not asleep.

"A little before 4 o’clock, finding the room rather stuffy, I got up and partly opened the door for ventilation. I was fully awake at the time of the accident. We heard whistling from our vessel and from some other vessel nearby for some moments before it occurred. As I heard those other whistles growing nearer and nearer I realized that the ship was in danger, but I did not say anything. Suddenly the whistle sounded again right outside our porthole, as it seemed. Then there was a crash just astern of us. We were in stateroom 78, only four rooms forward of the rooms where the Florida’s bow struck us.

"There was a grinding as if the entire ship were crumbling. She listed and heeled far over under the shock. We crawled out of our berths and I turned on the electric light. I cried to my wife to hurry and make ready to go on deck. We said very little, but we both had the thought that the vessel might go down before we could reach the open air. My wife put on her waist and my bathrobe, which was handy. I put on my shoes and stockings and climbed into my coat and trousers.

"Even as we were doing so the electric light suddenly flickered and then went out, telling us that the engines were out of commission. We threw open the door then and looked out into the corridor. It was dark everywhere, but there was a sound of people rushing toward the companionways. There was little other noise and no outcry. The people behaved themselves quietly.

"I told my wife to take hold of my hand and hang on for dear life, then I started to find the

way above decks. We were on an upper deck and better situated than many of the passengers for escape. A steward it must have been, posted in the hall, directed us ‘This way out’ and pushed me by the shoulder as it was too dark to see. Soon we were on deck huddled together with hundreds of our fellow passengers, shivering and ill-dressed but orderly in their behavior and showing perfect self-command.

"It seemed as if we must stand there helpless an endless time. We did not know at what moment the ship might go down. The hours that followed were perhaps the most trying of the whole experience. Cold and wet added to our distress. The officers and crew were all at their posts doing excellent work. The captain prepared the boats and had it announced that the ship was not yet immediately sinking and that the boats would be filled when necessary, from the gangway on the port side and from the davits on the starboard.

"I asked an officer whether there would be time for me to get down to my stateroom and pick up a few of our things. We were too thinly clad to stand the weather, and we had brought up absolutely nothing that belonged to us. He told me that I must go down at my own risk and he could guarantee nothing. Nevertheless, I determined to go. It was possible to see vaguely about the deck. I placed my wife next to one of the boat davits and made her promise not to move whatever happened until I came back. Then I ran down. The companionways were clear now; all were on deck.

"But in the corridor I found one of the stewardesses perfectly calm. She asked the number of my room and brought me there; then she helped me to bundle what I could into a big steamer shawl. Suddenly she was called away. The physician wanted her to attend a woman who had been injured in a room just aft. I, making a sack of my steamer shawl, carried up in it my wife’s skirt and petticoat, her shoes, her jewels, her cloak and our traveller’s money orders for $2,500.

"I found her again and held up the steamer shawl to shelter her from the wind and to hide her while she put on the garments. Soon afterward we were told that stewards would serve hot coffee to all hands. Sure enough, they had been preparing it down on the galley. It came up piping hot, and there was enough for everybody. The officers and men alike, the whole ship’s company behaved heroically and devoted themselves to the passengers with never a thought of themselves and their own risk.

"Soon afterward, as it seemed—I do not know just when the Florida appeared—little by little we were taken off. I saw no disorder whatever among the first-class passengers and no fight to get to the boats, whatever the steerage passengers might have done. Women and children first was the rule, and I had to see Mrs. Mead go off in a deeply laden rowboat and then wait for six hours before I knew what had become of her. All the men had to suffer the same experience. It was worse for her, who left me behind and did not know until six hours later whether I would be able to leave the sinking ship in time.

"On the Florida they hurried us in, immigrants and first class all alike. The food was coarse, though there was plenty of it. It was uncomfortable, and we were scarcely less anxious than we had been aboard the vessel we had abandoned. The Florida’s bow was all stove in, and she was down by the head. We feared that she would sink before the night.

"There was a good deal of disorder among the steerage passengers, and there were over 1,600 of us on board. That evening the Baltic came up and we were transferred again, this time less comfortably than before. There was a rough scramble and the immigrants fought hard to get off. Again my wife left some hours before me and we were separated. I was knocked down in a fight with an immigrant while I was in the stern trying to steer our boat, which had no tiller.

"Since reaching the Baltic we had been comparatively comfortable. We are pretty well dressed, as you see. I had our money orders and could buy some things. Others were lent us. A New York man lent me my underclothes. This shirt is the present of a German from Berlin and this collar was donated by a Milwaukee man.

A STEWARD HERO.

The hero of the occasion in the passengers' eyes is Frederick Spencer, second steward, who stood off the steerage passengers and got the women off first into …
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AND ALL ABOURD ARE SAVED

… the boat from the injured Republic. Women came up and shook his hand with tears in their eyes before landing as he stood near the gangway, when the ship was in port. "Goodby." "Thank you. I will never forget you!" said an elderly woman who was very weak and pale. She was Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, who was rescued from drowning when she fell overboard from the lifeboat.

"We had ten boats," said Spencer, "and it took us nine hours to carry all the passengers off. We had to hurry, as the wind was rising."

Spencer himself is exhausted and suffering from a heavy cold. He was wrapped in a heavy shawl about his neck, and looked pretty much at the end of his strength even to-day. He is a slender, dark, undersized man, with a London accent, and a drooping black mustache. "I had to knock down a good many of those Italians," he admitted, "but I didn't use anything harder than my fists. I didn't have to use a belaying pin. I had an interpreter who could make some of them behave. When all were off our last job was to put the dead in caskets and seal them up with lead. I suppose they stayed there and went down with the ship when she sank later on.

Mooney's head was gone and Mrs. Lynch's body was in fragments. It had been carried with the wreckage through the stateroom partitions.

Mrs. George F. Merritt of Boston said: "Our worst experience was the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic. They had to call volunteers to man the lifeboats, and the stewards from the Republic were the best men in those volunteer crews. There was a rumor that one of the boats was smashed in the passage to the Baltic.

The second steward was the hero of the occasion aboard the Republic. I saw him stand for hours and keep back those excited Italians, crying to them, 'For God's sake, be men!'

Mrs. Frances C. Morse, a sister of Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, told how her sister fell overboard and was saved. "It was in the last transfer," she said. "Miss Morse slipped as she was trying to get aboard the Baltic. The sea was pretty rough and the lifeboat swung out just as sister was stepping across. Two men had her under the arms, but she fell out of their hands into the water between the boat and the ship's side.

"An Italian seaman took a boathook and caught her by the dress before she sank. Then two men took her by the hair and kept her head out of the water until she could be lifted in. I was by when she recovered her speech. Her first words were, 'I am not dead, you see,' as she looked up at me.

Mrs. Earl's narrow escape was the only case reported of falling overboard during the whole difficult transfer between the three ships.

George Fletcher, the barber aboard the Republic, who took a hand in the rescue of the passengers, is a burly, able-bodied seaman, who knows about boats as well as his trade. "The boats made as many as twelve trips," he said, "for, owing to the rough sea, it was dangerous to crowd them. The Republic was struck on the port side almost amidships. Staterooms 22 up to 27, on the upper deck, were carried away and 87 and several adjoining it on the deck below. In fact, the anchor of the Florida stuck fast in stateroom 91, where the Misses McCready escaped unhurt, and no doubt the anchor is sticking there yet."

Gen. Brayton Ives, who escaped from the Republic, rowed an oar in a lifeboat from the Florida

to the Baltic. He said that he felt none the worse now from his experiences. He came ashore this morning neatly dressed in clothes of his own. With great coolness he stayed below and dressed completely before coming on deck just after the Republic was struck. When the lights went out, says Gen. Ives, he lighted a wax lamp which his sister had given him just before starting. He did not leave his cabin until the stewards, seeing the light in his room, warned him to get on deck.

PROF. COULTER OF CHICAGO.

Prof. John M. Coulter of Chicago, who was aboard with his entire family, said: “I was waked up by the shock. We were on the opposite side of the collision and it did not sound there very severe. My son, who was sleeping in the berth above me, said. ‘It sounds as if a big hogshead has dropped on the deck.’ There was the same thump and rolling, grating sound, but the jar was too severe for that. We knew that there must have happened something disastrous. The lights were out and we had to grope our way up through a crowd of confused people. There was no brutality and little disorder. I saw but one or two women who lost their self-command. Other women took them in hand and calmed them. The officers and crew behaved with great devotion.”

Some of the passengers saved from the Republic were inclined to be angry because they had lost their baggage, although the general disposition was to be thankful at coming off so well. The angered ones said the ship’s company made no effort to save the baggage, although several hours might have been so employed. Others, however, gave it as their belief that Capt. Sealby and his men had had enough to do trying to keep the Republic afloat.

WOMEN ROBED IN BLANKETS.

Passengers rescued from the Republic were most of them still short of clothes when they reached port this morning. Many of them had on their dressing gowns and shawls. A number of the women had no skirts and wrapped themselves in blankets. A number who were still ill and faint from the experience stayed on deck nevertheless to see the ship reach her wharf; so glad were they to reach land after their experience. Many were in absolute destitution, without ready money on hand for any clothes obtainable. “I haven’t a dress in the world,” said one woman. “We were going to Egypt, and I had all my summer and winter clothes with me.”

Many of the passengers stayed aboard the Baltic after reaching land, until they could fit themselves out.

DR. J. ARTHUR LAMB.

“I was asleep in my stateroom, which was just below that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, when the Florida hit us,” said Dr. J. Arthur Lamb of Kallispell, Mont. "Before going to bed some one had said something about the possibility of the ship’s striking an iceberg, so that when the shock came my first thought was that we had struck a berg. About half a minute later the lights all went out and there was a hurried running back and forth in the corridors. Every one ran on deck. In the meanwhile the stewards showed the greatest coolness.

“They immediately examined all rooms and locked the doors of those that they found empty. This was done in order to keep anyone from entering someone else’s room and either accidentally or intentionally taking the valuables within. There was no panic to speak of, except for the clatter and dash as people collided in the dark. Those who had not lost entrance to their rooms were able to gather sufficient clothing for both themselves and those who needed clothing. In this connection I know the passengers of the Republic will all remember Mrs. Severance, who worked the whole time in caring for the more unfortunate ones. She not only gave of her stock of clothing but paid out her money to stewards to get their help in aiding the stricken ones.”

WILLIAM WHITE OF ST. PAUL.

“It was to have been my first trip abroad,” said William White of St. Paul, Minn., “and as I

never had much of a liking for the ocean I don’t think I will again attempt to cross. My wife and daughter have travelled to Europe for twelve years and never met with an accident. I had demurred against going, but at length consented and intended to meet them in Rome. In the two days I was aboard the Republic I have had more experience than my wife and daughter have had in all their travels. No, I was not injured at all, beyond the loss of my clothes and sleep. It was a terrifying experience of which nothing but a confused blur of events now remains. The passengers on the Baltic were most kind, and helped us in hundreds of ways.”

W. J. PRENDERGAST OF WORCESTER, MASS.

“I occupied room 79,” said Mr. William J. Prendergast of Worcester, Mass., who with his wife was aboard the Republic. “When the crash came we donned what first came to hand and together we managed to get on deck. There was a mass of people there and all kinds of wild rumors were afloat. The Republic’s crew showed most remarkable and praiseworthy coolness, and had it not been for their efforts in quieting the passengers I am sure many more lives would have been lost. We were but poorly clad when we reached the Florida, for no one had been able to get any clothes after once leaving their rooms. The passengers of the Florida did what they could. From them we received a number of blankets, which served as covering. It was a welcome sight when the Baltic finally came and took us aboard. Her passengers extended us every possible kind of aid. I am sure the Republic’s passengers will all remember the stewards, who were so helpful throughout the disaster.”

CAPT. RANSON’S STORY

Statement Given Out by the Commander of the Baltic.

Capt. J. B. Ranson of the Baltic, who is a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserves, made the following statement after all the passengers and survivors who came in on the Baltic had been put safely ashore.

"We got notice about 6 o’clock Saturday morning that the Republic had been in collision and assistance was needed. We turned around and went back and commenced to search. This search began at 11 o’clock.

"The Republic was found finally by the Marconi wireless. The first thing we did was to take off the Republic’s crew, as she seemed to be in a sinking condition. Then we went alongside the Florida and began to transfer passengers. First we transferred the Republic’s passengers and then the Florida’s, using the crews of all three ships. We used only the Republic’s boats. We have seven or eight of the Republic’s boats on the Baltic now. The transferring, beginning with the time we started to take off the Republic’s crew, was made from 8 P.M. to 8 A.M.

"The weather was threatening and very misty, but there were no accidents.

"We left the captain, the chief officer, the boatswain, chief steward and a boat’s crew on board the Republic. Only one person fell into the water, and she was an Italian woman. She fell like a bag of potatoes. Life buoys were dropped all around and upon her.

“After we had finished with the passengers, we returned to the Republic and found her all right at that time.”

"This is how the Republic guided us to her in the fog. As fast as our Marconi operator got a message he rushed with it to me. I have all the copies. For instance, some of them read: ‘You are now on our port bow. Can you see us? Republic.’

"Another message reads: ‘You are now very close. Can you see our rockets?’

"Another was: ‘You are too close to us for safety. Republic.’

“The first messages of all said that the Republic was in a dangerous condition at lat. 40, long. 70. We went there and she was not there. Then we had to grope, and we went to lat. 40.27, long. 69.50. We were interfered with by the wireless of other ships, which complicated the situation. On Saturday evening the fog lightened and became thick again.”

The captain gave some more samples of the messages sent by the Republic to him when he was trying to find her in the fog. One was:

“You are getting louder; steer east-southeast. Listen to our bells.”

Another message made Capt. Ranson very anxious. It came from Siasconset, and read: “Hear from Republic says Baltic to hurry; sinking fast.”

“I think I received this just before we found them,” said Capt. Ranson. “When I got alongside the Republic I asked Capt. Sealby to come aboard my ship, but he would not leave. I tried to get him to come, but he stayed by until the last.”

THE NEW YORK’S PART

American Liner Was Ready to Assist in Rescue.

The American line steamship New York, which went to the assistance of the Republic and Florida, docked at noon. The New York stood by until Capt. Roberts saw that he could be of no assistance and then proceeded to this port, convoying the Florida until about 100 knots out from Sandy Hook. At this point the New York received signals from the Florida to go ahead, and left her steaming for this port at about 7 knots an hour.

Capt. Roberts said that his first notice of the disaster was a wireless received at 9 P.M. Saturday via Siasconset from General Manager Franklin of the International Maritime Exchange, saying: “Republic and Florida in collision Baltic standing by.” At 10 P.M., a message was received direct from the Baltic, saying: “Florida sinking; am removing passengers from Florida. Have removed all except captain and boatscrew from Republic. Please stand by Republic.” At 11 P.M., this message was received: “Come with all speed. Florida sinking. We are removing passengers. Stand by to help Florida.”

The New York reached the flotilla of distressed ships and rescuers between 2 and 3 o’clock Sunday morning, but on account of the fog was unable to render active assistance. During the night whistling was heard and occasional gleams of the vessels signalling with lights by the Morse code. About 8 o’clock Sunday morning the fog cleared slightly and the New York steamed close enough to the Republic to communicate by megaphone. At that time the captain of the Republic was confident of his ability to keep afloat.

About 10 o’clock the New York proceeded for this port with the Florida in convoy, parting company with her at about 1 P.M.

Miss C. Marshall, one of the saloon passengers, said that there was little excitement on the New York.

“The first I knew of the accident,” she said, "was in the morning when we noticed that the engines had stopped. When we came up on deck we could see the ships around us, but indistinctly because of the fog.

“We ran very close to the Republic and could see an enormous hole in her side. It was about in the middle of the ship and close to the water line. We saw the Florida plainly, too, with her bow smashed in about forty feet, I should say. There was some canvas rigged about her bow. We went along slowly with the Florida until about lunch time yesterday. Then we began to go faster and soon left her behind.”

Other Marine Tests of Wireless' Value

Although this marine incident has shown more than any other one the immense value of wireless telegraphy as an aid to navigation, there have been several other occasions on which the wireless has played a great part.

The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse on October 27, 1907, lost her rudder and wireless reports off the Newfoundland Banks. Captain Polack at once sent a wireless to the agents in this city and asked permission to take the big Kaiser across without delay, steering with her propeller. It was granted. Then each day of the voyage wireless reports of the vessel's whereabouts and needs were sent to one side or another and the friends and relatives of the voyagers told no apprehension. Captain Polack got the Kaiser into port, less than twenty-four hours late and was decorated by Emperor William.

Last September another North German Lloyder, the Kaiser Wilhelm II., ran into a bad fog while making Plymouth, for which port she had passengers and cargo. Captain Gueppers could not make out any of the familiar landmarks nor could he hear any fog signals. He sent a wireless out, which was picked up by the station off the Lizard.

Then he blew the steamer's whistle and asked if it could be heard on the Lizard. "Yes, you're about three knots south of here," came the wireless reply. This was tried a few minutes later. "Your whistle shows you to be just abeam of us," the Lizard station said. "Have the tenders meet us outside, then," ordered Captain Gueppers. This was done; the cargo and passengers were transferred and the vessel went on her way without having seen her port of call.

On a later occasion the Kronprinz Wilhelm was rammed by the Crown of Castile off Robbins' Reef. Captain Heber was able to let his agents here know at once of the accident, and assure them that there was no injury and no great damage.

BOUTELL PRAISES BINNS IN THE HOUSE

Illinois Representative Gives Republic's Operator Much Credit.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—By unanimous consent the House suspended business at noon today to listen to Representative Boutell of Illinois, whose sentiments in reference to the Republic disaster and the part that Jack Binns, the wireless telegraph operator, played in it were warmly applauded. Mr. Boutell said:

"Mr. Speaker, during the last two days we have been reminded once more of the perils that beset those 'that go down to the sea in ships and do business on the great waters.' The accident that befell the steamships Republic and Florida last Saturday found heroes ready for the heroic work demanded of officers, men and passengers.

"I believe that every one who read the accounts of the collision, the jeopardy in which the occupants of the two ships were placed, and the way in which the news reached the rescuers, felt that there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized, the Marconi operator on the Republic, who had the cool head and steady hand to send forth on the willing wings of the air the message of disaster that saved hundreds of lives and the message of deliverance that relieved thousands of anxious hearts. His name is John R. Binns. He is known to several members of this House. A New York morning paper gives a brief account of Binns and his work."

Mr. Boutell then read THE SUN'S account of Binns's services, and added: "Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells unseen in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency, and that in human life no danger is so great that some Jack Binns is not ready to face it?"
~ 043 ~

WHEN DAVENPORT FIRST SAW MARCONI

By HOMAR DAVENPORT.

In April, 1901, I was sent to the Fifth Avenue hotel to see a young man by the name of Marconi to write of him and make a picture of him if he would let me. It was hard to remember his name, so I wrote it in several places on my sketching pad that I could find it quickly in case I flushed him unawares.

I was told that this young man from Italy had some strange ideas about telegraphy. I met the young man in a sunny room in the front part of the hotel.

At first he was uninteresting. He talked poor English and I talked worse Italian. The man with the name like the chief diet of his people was thin, over medium height and seemed to be all elbows and knees. He insisted on pulling one of his feet up into his lap. But his face grew on me and I was instantly impressed with what a sensitive machine it was. It looked like some fine solar compass capable of detecting the slightest change in conditions. He was pale without seeming to be in poor health. He was a nervous creature, though, and his long fingers were busy rambling over his clothes, his shoes and nearby furniture like some “daddy long legs” spider.

I asked Mr. Marconi what his scheme was and he said nervously that it was to telegraph without wires. I asked him how far, and he said:

“Any distance; from here to my home in Italy.”

I had commenced to ache to get out into the sunlight. I did not want to laugh, but I felt very much amused. I asked him how this was done, and he said it was done by vibrations. I asked him if they hurt when you let go of such vibrations, and he said no. I was edging toward the door. I had got a sketch which I thought then would never be of any use.

I thought before going I would deal the death blow to his new system, so I asked if some of the vibrations caused by the waves of the ocean wouldn’t buck against his vibrations and jar them. He didn’t stagger, but said he wasn’t sure whether his vibrations went through the air or through the earth.

This was enough for me, so I went downtown to a chicken show and later to the office, where I was promptly jumped on for not getting a story, no matter how foolish it sounded. So I went back and had another talk with this man, whose name we now remember and whose sensitive features are now so well known.
~ 044 ~

ENDS WIRELESS WATCH

REPUBLIC SINKS; SIX ARE DEAD

Baltic, With Survivors, Off the Bar in the Fog This Morning.

FLORIDA SAILORS KILLED

Four of Her Men and Two of the Republic’s Passengers the Victims.

Injured Ship Was in Tow Westward When She Sunk in 30 Fathoms of Water — Immediate Attempt to Be Made to Raise Her — Ten Hour Task of Taking the Passengers of the Two Injured Vessels From the Florida to the Baltic Successfully Accomplished — Report From That Ship Placed 50 Miles From Sea Gate — Passengers Not Likely to Dock Before 11 o’Clock.

The White Star liner Republic, rammed by the Italian liner Florida early on Saturday morning,

sank last night, as she was being towed westward. Her passengers and those of the Florida are on the Baltic, now undoubtedly anchored in the fog outside Sandy Hook. In the collision six persons, two first cabin passengers of the Republic and four sailors of the Florida, were killed. Two of the Republic's passengers were hurt.

The Republic sank about 8:30 o'clock last night while the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca were towing her toward the beaches of Martha's Vineyard.

Capt. William I. Sealby and her crew were rescued by the Gresham. They had remained aboard the White Star liner all day yesterday believing that there were enough of her watertight compartments uninjured to buoy her up.

The first details of the Republic's sinking came over the wires to this city late last night from the wireless operator at Siasconset. The first message told how the crew of the stricken ship was rescued. The revenue cutter Gresham sent the news to the wireless station shortly after the crews had been taken on board.

According to the Gresham's wireless the Republic was then in tow of the Gresham, with the Seneca in line, when at 8 o'clock it was seen that the Republic was settling fast and was about to sink. The Gresham and Seneca stopped at once and cut loose. After that boats were hurriedly put overboard and lowered away for the Republic, whose crew was still on board of her.

The wireless despatch says that when the boats reached the sinking steamer the captain and mate were in the water and clinging to a grating. It is supposed from this that the steamer sank quickly and before the cutters even had time to get their boats away. At all events both men were saved, as were the rest of the crew.

WENT STERN FIRST

The Republic sank eight miles off Nantucket. The big steamer went down stern first according to the despatches. The despatches also said that at daybreak the Seneca would take the crew of the Gresham and proceed at once to this city, where she is due to arrive late in the morning.

A later despatch stated that both the captain and mate were in an exhausted condition, but were being cared for in the wardroom of the Gresham and were doing well.

The Gresham picked up Newport on the wireless later this morning and sent the following despatch: "Making Gay Head. Will arrive in the morning. Republic sank at 8 last night. Gresham boat picked up captain and mate of Republic in water. No lives lost. Seneca is going with us and will take passengers to New York in A. M."

The latter part of this message is taken to mean that the Gresham will proceed on to New Bedford and that the Seneca with the Republic's crew will come on to this city.

SUNK IN THIRTY FATHOMS

The Republic went down in thirty fathoms; the line is not certain just where. One wireless message says near No Man's Land, which is an islet south of the western end of Martha's Vineyard, and another says eight miles east of Nantucket. The Gresham took off Sealby and his men at the last moment, it was gathered from the brief word that came out of the fog. Then the Gresham sent aerograms in every direction reaching for a wireless receiver in tune with her.

The City of Memphis, a coastwise packet on her way up to Boston from Savannah, picked up the news and flashed it to a station of the United Wireless Company which gave it to New York and points along the coast. The United company's office in this city heard of it at 10:05.

At exactly 10:31 o'clock the news was riveted by Capt. Sealby himself. He got this message through to the White Star offices in Bowling Green:

“Republic sunk. All lives saved. Making Gay Head on Gresham.”

That was the first official information the White Star officials had of the sinking of their vessel. They had been getting their air bulletins in Marconigrams. The United States revenue vessels are equipped with the De Forest and it was some time after the facts got here that the White Star people received definite confirmation.

Until the word came from Capt. Sealby himself the steamship people believed that the Republic could be brought here in tow or beached. Bulletins which they received yesterday afternoon and last night said that the Republic’s engine rooms were flooded, that one hold was full of water and another filling, but that she could keep afloat. Sealby’s messages to his office indicated that he believed his ship could stay on top of the water.

SEEK TO MAKE GAY HEAD

About 11 o’clock last night the United wireless heard from the revenue cutter Seneca, that the Seneca and the Gresham had left the spot where the Republic went down and had proceeded to Gay Head, on Martha’s Vineyard, with Capt. Sealby and the rescued crew. The White Star offices sent out word later, though, that the cutters would land the crew at New Bedford in all likelihood, as there was no landing place for cutters at Gay Head, which is a lighthouse station at the west end of Martha’s Vineyard.

At the same time the White Star officials gave out a later bit of news as to the sinking of the Republic. They had heard that she dropped in thirty fathoms, pretty deep to attempt salvage, but an attempt would be made immediately to raise her. The fog which was the cause of the accident on Saturday morning was to blame for the loss of their ship, the White Star people were certain. Had it lifted so that the tugs hustled out to sea yesterday could have got to the side of the Republic they would have kept her above water.

THE DEAD ON THE REPUBLIC

The two passengers killed on the Republic were W. J. Mooney, a banker of Langdon, N. D., and Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston. The injured were Mrs. Murphy of Grand Forks, N. D. and Eugene Lynch. All occupied three staterooms on the port side of the ship, 30, 32 and 34. It was at this point presumably that the bow of the Florida cut into the Republic’s side. They were asleep, as were all the rest of the passengers when the Florida came out of the blank fog. As to the circumstances of the death of Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch and the seriousness of the injuries of Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy the wireless was dumb.

That Capt. Sealby’s messages to his office via the Baltic’s wireless said nothing of the dead and injured was attributed to the necessity, of sending what seemed for the time more important news. The White Star officials were positive last night that the loss would not be increased when all of the details are known to-day. The bodies of Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch are on the Baltic.

THE BALTIC DUE EARLY THIS MORNING

The Baltic, with all of the Florida’s passengers aboard of her, as well as those rescued by the Florida from the Republic — about 1,600 in all — sent word at 10:50 o’clock that she was then fifty miles east of Sea Gate and coming along nicely. The fog blanket which spread over the sea in the damp weather of yesterday brought additional worry to the steamship people and they were mighty well pleased to know that the Baltic was knocking at the door.

She will be able to come up to Quarantine early this morning if the weather wrings itself dry of fog, clears enough at any rate for her to make way through the channel.

Once relieved of the fog’s grip and done with the formalities of the health and customs service

the Baltic will dock at Pier 11 in the North River. It was believed this morning that the Republic's passengers would come up the river on the Baltic.

THE TRANSFER A SEA RECORD

The transfer of a shipload of passengers twice within twenty-four hours is something that steamship men say was never done before. In the first place between 400 and 500 were taken from the Republic to the Florida and to do this the boats of the Republic were used. At the time this was done it was daylight but there was a thick fog. The sea was smooth, but even under the most favorable condition such a task is a ticklish one and there is always a grave danger of an accident.

The Republic has a long gangway which is really three flights of stairs having small platforms between, but these stairs are none too steady in the best of weather and with a vessel rolling in the usual swell of the ocean it would be an easy matter to slip into the sea. Moreover, 70 per cent. of the passengers were women and they had to be helped down the gangway by sailors, who were stationed at intervals. On the Florida things were not so comfortable and rope ladders were used to board that vessel from the boats.

The Florida was disabled too and it must have seemed to many of the passengers that they had not bettered their condition. When

the Baltic found the Republic early in the evening the actions of Capt. Ranson and the presence of a big steamer uninjured greatly reassured the passengers.

At first it was planned that the Florida should proceed to New York convoyed by the Baltic. Although the Florida was badly hurt and had her forepeak and No. 1 hold full of water it was decided by the captains of the three vessels, the Baltic, the Republic and the Florida, that it was better to leave the passengers on that vessel for the night and proceed toward this port and then at daylight, if Capt. Ranson thought it advisable, transfer the passengers to the Baltic.

ROUGH SEA CAUSED CHANGE

Soon the fog lifted and it grew clear but a wind began to blow from the east, and an east wind always makes a sea. The sea got rougher, and according to Capt. Ranson there were indications of a storm. Capt. Ranson grew worried. If the wind increased it would be impossible for the passengers to be transferred from the Florida and if it blew a gale the consequences to that vessel in her crippled condition might be disastrous.

It was then that he sent a message to the White Star line explaining the situation and asking for further instructions. The reply told him first to do all possible to save life and to use his best judgment about transferring the passengers.

The wind was still blowing and Capt. Ranson at once decided to make the transfer. He signalled to the Florida to stop her and then notified the Florida's captain that he intended to take off all the passengers, including those of the Florida.

The Baltic, being the larger vessel, moved to the windward of the Florida and as near to that vessel as she could safely lie. Then came the order on the Baltic to man the boats, and each of the crew went promptly to his station. In quick time the Baltic's ten boats were lowered to the water, each manned by a crew of seamen and with an officer in charge. The falls were cast off and the flotilla pulled to the Florida. The Baltic's gangway was lowered, rigged with lifelines and manned by sailors ready to assist the passengers from the boats as they were brought over. The Baltic's big searchlight was turned on the scene.

There was a light drizzling rain falling by this time and the fog had shut down again, but not so thick as it had been earlier in the day. It was cold and raw; every one was cold,

uncomfortable and nervous.

WORK BEGAN AT 11:40 P. M.

It was 11:40 o’clock on Saturday night when the work of transferring the passengers began. The stewards of the Baltic prepared all the staterooms on that vessel and everything was done to make the newcomers as comfortable as possible under the conditions.

The first boat in charge of the first officer pulled alongside the Florida and while the sailors held her steadily in position under the ladder the passengers, women first, were helped down and assisted into the boat. Twenty filled the boat and then the boat was shoved off and pulled to the Baltic and another boat, in charge of the second officer, took its place.

One after another these ten boats took on each its twenty passengers and then bore them to the Baltic. When they reached that vessel hot food was ready for every one and staterooms and berths were prepared for those who wished to retire.

IN ALL 83 BOAT LOADS

The passengers on the Baltic lined the rails of that vessel and watched the operations. They too assisted to make the unfortunates comfortable. All through the night the procession of boats passed from one boat to another. Capt. Ranson, standing on the bridge of the Baltic, superintended the work and kept his eye on the weather. The sea still kept smooth.

Shortly after 3 o’clock the steamship New York drew near and her boats were lowered ready to assist if they were needed. All through the night the work was kept up and at dawn the sailors were still toiling bravely. It was just 10 o’clock when the last boatload was taken to the Baltic. It had taken 10 hours and 20 minutes and 83 boatloads to transfer 1,650 passengers.

Then the Baltic headed for New York and Capt. Ranson sent wireless messages to the line telling of the work. He said that every one was comfortable and that his ship was making good time.

WORD THAT SIX WERE KILLED

The officials of the White Star Line first learned yesterday afternoon that two of the passengers of the Republic and four sailors on the Florida had been killed and two of the Republic’s passengers injured in the collision of the two steamships in the fog off Nantucket lightship early on Saturday morning.

It is likely that the loss of life aboard the Republic was not known until some time after the Florida had torn a great hole in the port side of the White Star boat, where there were staterooms amidships on the saloon deck.

W. J. Mooney, president of the Mooney State Bank of Langdon, N. D., and Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston were killed on the Republic. Mrs. Lynch’s husband, Eugene Lynch, and Mrs. W. J. Murphy of Grand Forks, Minn., were injured. This was the only news in so many words that was received by the line officials up to a late hour last night. There was nothing to tell definitely how Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch were killed or how Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy were hurt.

It was not difficult for the White Star people to infer something concerning the circumstances, even in the absence of authentic details. The Dakota banker occupied stateroom 32, almost exactly amidships on the port side. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch had a stateroom adjoining. Mrs. Murphy very probably was in stateroom 30. It is practically certain that the four were in the staterooms which caught the worst of the blow dealt by the Florida’s steel bow and that they were asleep, as were all the rest of the passengers at that hour of the morning.

In the confusion that followed the collision and before the officers of the Republic succeeded in transferring their passengers to the Florida the dead might have been overlooked, and

afterward when J. R. Binns, the operator, was sending out calls for help over the sea, there was no time to waste in recording casualties.

FLORIDA'S DEAD ON DUTY FORWARD

It was inferred also that the men killed on the Florida were on duty forward and were caught and crushed in the wreckage when the ships struck. But all this of course was supposition – a theory constructed by the steamship officials out of the most unsatisfactory material. It is known that Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Murphy were members of a party of twelve Westerners who were booked at Grand Forks, Minn., for the Mediterranean trip by George H. Bendecke, the line's agent there. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch's stateroom, 34, happened to be the one exactly in the middle of the row of cabins on the port side.

It was hoped until late last night that the Baltic would send by wireless further details of the casualties or that word would come from one of the revenue cutters that has been in the neighborhood of the Republic, but nothing more was added to the first news. The officials were positive last night that the list of dead and injured would not be increased when all of the facts were made known.

All of the news that reached the land yesterday and last night telling of the condition of the rescued passengers, the fate of the Republic, the part played by the Baltic and the game of hide and seek that the big ships had to play in the fog was of the briefest sort.

BALTIC EXPECTED THIS MORNING

It was known by evening that the Baltic, with all of the Republic's and the Florida's passengers on board, was making her way to this port blanketed by the fog, and it was thought that she would get up to Quarantine this morning if the fog lifted sufficiently to let her make the channel. She was then said to be due to arrive off the Ambrose Channel at 11 o'clock last night in case thick weather or other troubles didn't cause her to still further reduce speed.

At long intervals the news came that the Republic was low in the water, listing to port, but standing up stanchly, and might be brought here safely; that at one time she was in tow of the Anchor liner Furnessia, with a revenue cutter as her rudder, and was on her way to New York harbor; that the Florida, less injured than was supposed, was coming along to this port at a speed of eight miles an hour under her own steam. From these messages, others less decisive and from the story told by Capt. Eduardo Tournier of La Lorraine, which arrived in port yesterday, a fairly definite idea was established of the drama in which the ships participated on Saturday and Sunday in the fog off Nantucket lightship.

The Republic was headed a little south of east when the Florida, steering to the southwest, struck her. It was supposed from what little information came out of the air that both ships were running at greatly reduced speed. At any rate, after the crash the transfer of passengers was made from the Republic to the Florida, which then backed out of the gash she had made in the Republic's side.

PASSENGERS ALL TRANSFERRED BY 10.

The Baltic was the first steamer to reach the two troubled vessels and the only one save the Anchor boat, the Furnessia, which established communication with them soon after the accident. All of Saturday afternoon and until far into Saturday night Capt. Ranson of the Baltic stood by, waiting for a chance to transfer the passengers of the two steamers from the Florida. At 3 o'clock his wireless operator told the White Star office here that the sea was smooth, the weather good and that the fog had lifted. At 5 o'clock, so Capt. Ranson sent word, he had completed the transfer of the passengers and the Baltic was drifting away toward the northeast.

Capt. William I. Sealby and the Baltic's crew were aboard of her then, but the Baltic in the business of taking care of the passengers let her get a considerable distance away. When she

ran near once more Capt. Ranson saw that Sealby and part of his crew had taken to the small boats and were watching the Republic's condition as she drifted. At 10 o'clock yesterday morning Capt. Sealby and his men boarded her once more and learned, according to the Baltic's messages, that the Republic would stay afloat.
~ 045 ~

WHITE STAR LINER, IS RAMMED AND WRECKED

THE INJURIES TO THE REPUBLIC

Capt. Ranson reported that the Republic's engine rooms were flooded, that Hold No. 1 was full of water, that hold No. 3 was taking in the sea rapidly but that holds 1, 2, 5 and 6 were watertight. The ship appeared to be settling at that time and had a decided list to port. The weather had remained favorable until that time and it seemed certain that the Republic was in no immediate danger of sinking. Before Capt. Ranson headed his ship toward this port Capt. Sealby asked that wrecking tugs be sent out to take care of his vessel, and Capt. Ranson, having communicated with his office here, informed Capt. Sealby that tugs were already on their way. The wrecking steamer had started to the assistance of the Republic from New York and the tugs Mary F. Scully and Gaspee from Providence. The Republic's wireless operator, Binns, had his apparatus working again for short distances, using storage batteries.

Before the Baltic turned about for this port the Anchor liner Furnessia had come up and was standing by the Republic, her captain under orders from his company to furnish any relief that Capt. Sealby asked for. The Furnessia at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon got a wireless message here saying that the Republic had asked for a tow and that she had already headed for New York with the Republic on her line. The revenue cutter Gresham was acting as a rudder for the Republic. The boats were headed west at the time the message was received keeping to shoal water and making about eight miles an hour. The Furnessia, not a mail steamer, could take time for the salvage job.

Officials of the White Star Line had hoped to tow the Republic into this port and take her direct to Erie Basin for temporary repairs. Afterward she was to have been taken to Newport News to be patched up.

THE FLORIDA IN NO DANGER

The fears of the Florida's owners were set at rest by a message from Capt. Roberts of the American liner New York, who had been near the Republic and the Florida for some time, yesterday morning, that Capt. Voltolin of the Florida had signaled him that the vessel was in no danger, required no assistance and would be able to proceed to this port at eight knots speed. The New York then went about her own business, heading for here at a fifteen-knot clip.

The Lorraine added an interesting bit to the incomplete story when she arrived yesterday. Searching for hours in the fog after she got the Republic's call for help when she was 125 miles away from the injured ship at 7 o'clock on Saturday morning, La Lorraine couldn't find either the Republic or the Florida. She did manage to get into wireless communication with the Baltic, and Capt. Ranson asked Capt. Tournier to follow the Florida and stand by her. Capt. Tournier got the idea that the Florida was heading for New York, but he couldn't find her when he tried. The incident gave rise to the message Saturday night that the Lorraine was bringing in the Florida.

The fog was very heavy off Fire Island at 8 o'clock and several ships were hooting warnings in the neighborhood of the Fire Island lightship.

THE TWO PASSENGERS KILLED

W. J. Mooney One of the Most Prominent Financiers of North Dakota

W. J. Mooney, one of the two passengers who were killed, was one of the most prominent financiers and business men in North Dakota. He was about 45 years old and resided in Langdon, where he was president of the Mooney State Bank and interested in various other enterprises. He was also the owner of valuable farming and grazing lands.

G. H. Bendeke, vice-consul from Norway at Grand Forks, Minn., who is stopping at the Knickerbocker, knew Mr. Mooney well and was also well acquainted with Mrs. Murphy of Grand Forks, who is one of the two reported seriously injured. Mrs. Murphy is the wife of M. S. Murphy, an intimate friend and close business associate of Mr. Mooney.

“Mr. Mooney and Mr. Murphy,” said Mr. Bendeke last night, "have been among the most prominent bankers in a large section of North Dakota and Minnesota and have worked together in many business enterprises and banks for many years. They controlled together a bank at International Falls, Minn., and Mr. Murphy is president of several other banks in which Mr. Mooney was also interested. Mr. Murphy lives at Grand Forks, Minn., and in addition to other business is financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati.

“Mr. Mooney was known by every one in his State as a man of great wealth and high business reputation and one who had been foremost in developing the resources of the State and in financing plans for development. He will be greatly missed in business circles there.”

The Mooneys and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Bendeke added, were in a party of ten people from Grand Forks and vicinity who were off for a two months’ trip to points around the Mediterranean. The Mooneys and Mrs. Murphy occupied adjoining staterooms, and Mrs. Mooney’s escape uninjured, while her husband was killed and Mrs. Murphy injured, seemed at least one fortunate circumstance in their distressing journey. The Mooneys have no children. Mrs. Murphy has four, but none of them was taken on the trip.

Mr. Bendeke had not heard of any of the rest of the Grand Forks party, but assumed that no other was injured.

Mrs. J. H. Brine and Mrs. P. J. Finnegan of Boston, sisters of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, who was killed, arrived here from Boston late yesterday afternoon. They had been notified early in the day of the death of their sister and came here at once to be on hand when the Baltic arrives with those who were aboard the Republic. They both went to the Hotel Breslin.

Mrs. Lynch lived in Roxbury. Her husband is a retired wholesale liquor dealer. Mrs. Lynch was Miss Mary Gettings of Troy. Jeremiah McCarthy, surveyor of the Port of Boston, gave a farewell dinner to the Lynches at the Algonquin Club in that city on Tuesday evening. Twenty persons attended. Col. Peter H. Corr of Taunton, on behalf of the host and hostess and all the others present, wished Mr. and Mrs. Lynch a safe passage and a pleasant journey. One of the features of the decorations was a large model of the Republic fully rigged, with the American and Italian colors flying, with miniature figures of Mr. and Mrs. Lynch standing by the rail and waving farewell.

REPUBLIC SUNK; 1,650 RESCUED HERE ON BALTIC

Sleeping Off Sandy Hook in the Fog and Will Reach Town This Morning.

SIX KILLED IN COLLISION

W. J. Mooney, Dakota Banker; Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, Dead Republic Passengers.

WOMAN AND MAN HURT

Four Passengers on the Florida, Names Unknown, Also on the Death Roll.

REPUBLIC SANK IN TOW

Barely Time for Crew to Scramble Off—Captain Picked Up in the Water.

CREW INBOUND AT GAY HEAD

The Palatial White Star Liner Lies in Deep Water Off No Man's Land—Captain Last to Leave.

The White Star liner Baltic, laden with the 1,650 passengers of the colliding steamers Republic of the White Star Line and the Lloyd-Italiano liner Florida, in addition to her own company, were lying outside Sandy Hook at midnight, waiting for the dawn, to come into harbor. The Baltic was invisible in the fog, but the Marconi wireless station at Sea Gate could catch her messages exchanged with a sister ship near by.

The Florida, in convoy of the American liner New York, was a few miles behind the Baltic. Both have slowly made their way here over the 220 miles between the harbor mouth and the scene of Saturday morning's collision, twenty-six miles southeast of the Nantucket Lightship, guardian beacon of the Nantucket Shoals.

Miles away from the Baltic, off the coast of No Man's Land, a small islet south of Martha's Vineyard, lies all that remains of the powerful Republic. She sank last night in forty-five fathoms of water, Capt. Sealby and the fifty men still left on her escaping just in time.

Republic Sank at 8:40 P. M.

The big steamer, which left this city on Friday, bound for Mediterranean ports, with 211 first-class passengers off on a pleasure tour of Southern Europe, and 250 steerage passengers, as well as supplies for the United States battleship fleet in the Mediterranean, gave up the fight at 8:40 o'clock, about forty hours after the Florida's sharp prow dealt her a deathblow. To the last Capt. William I. Sealby and his crew had stuck to the stricken steamer, assisting the revenue cutter Gresham and the Anchor liner Furnessia, which were trying to bring the wounded vessel back to this city.

Before the vessel sank Capt. Sealby and his crew escaped to the convoying revenue cutter, but a wireless dispatch seized out of the air by the instrument at the Sagaponack Station, near Bridgehampton, L. I., early last evening, brought the news that the body of Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, the only woman among six victims of the accident, was believed to be aboard the sunken Republic.

Those who lost their lives, as told in yesterday's Times, have proved to be W. J. Mooney, a banker, of Langdon, S. D., and Mrs. E. Lynch of Boston, passengers on the Republic, and four seamen of the Florida, whose names are unknown. In addition Eugene Lynch, husband of Mrs. Lynch, and Mrs. M. M. Murphy, wife of the financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Grand Forks, N. D., were injured, how badly is not known now.

Summary of the Result.

This was the situation at midnight last night, when a summary of the meagre dispatches received by wireless during the day and night from the Baltic and the American liner New York, from the derelict destroyer Seneca, and from the revenue cutter Gresham, revealed that the collision off Nantucket in the fog had cost six lives, occasioned injuries to two persons, brought about the loss of one steamer with its valuable cargo and personal baggage of its passengers, and seriously crippled another steamer, the latter the Florida.

The Florida was reported by wireless last night to be slowly steaming toward this city under her own power, but in a bad way. Her bow and cutwater, the dispatches said, were smashed, and her two forward holds were filled with water. Still the liner floated, and freed of her passengers, who had been taken aboard the Baltic, she was struggling to reach safety here.

In the fog which prevailed over the Atlantic, between Nantucket and this port, none of the steamers creeping on their way hither dared attempt high speed. The Baltic, bringing the rescued between her decks, made the best time. That she would try to enter the harbor before daybreak was not believed, however, and the White Star officials made preparations to send out the steamer General Putnam at 4 o’clock this morning to meet her when she came up the bay.

The Transfer by Searchlight

The fog which held throughout yesterday had overhung the waters off Nantucket all through the previous night, yet it was at this time that the transfer of passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was made. The work began at 11:40 o’clock on Saturday night, with ten boats, each capable of carrying ten passengers in addition to the crews that manned them, doing the work. The vessels lay about a mile apart, and over the intervening water played the rays of the searchlights on the Baltic.

There was a sea running at the time, and the little boats tossed and pitched as they wended their way backward and forward between the two vessels, now laden until their gunwales were almost under, now riding back after depositing their passengers with the lightness of feathers. All night long the work was kept up until 10 o’clock yesterday morning, when the last of the Republic’s passengers and those of the Florida as well, numbering in all 1,650 souls, had been safely carried aboard the stanch liner.

But in the excitement of the work the Republic had been lost to sight. With her engine fires out and her engine room swept by the tons of water which washed into it through the gaping hole in her side, the stricken steamer was at the mercy of the winds and waves, drifting hither and thither in a fog which rendered objects invisible when only yards away.

Republic Found Again

Capt. Ranson of the Baltic set his wireless to work, reported to the office here the safe transfer of the surviving passengers and crew, and announced that he was going in search of the Republic. He had started on what appeared a hopeless task when the fog suddenly lifted a bit. It was only a little, just enough to show the Republic lying some distance away, but still apparently safe and in no danger of sinking.

The lifting of the fog revealed, too, that a fleet of salvage tugs had arrived at the scene, and that the New York had taken a position near the Florida, while the Furnessia, which had come in the night, was also lying by ready to offer assistance.

With this help at hand, Capt. Ransom obeyed the next message which reached him from the White Star office here, ordering him to start for this city if he could safely leave the Republic, and the Baltic steamed off on her homeward journey, leaving the Furnessia to care for the Republic, and the New York to convoy the Florida, whose Captain declined further assistance, saying that he could make this port under his own steam.

Meanwhile another big ocean liner had been playing a strange game of hide and seek throughout the night. It was the French liner Lorraine. Picking up the Republic’s first call for help the liner had started for the stricken vessel, although she was then 200 miles away. She reached the vicinity of the Republic at nightfall, when darkness added to the impenetrability of the fog.

She heard the sound of the Republic’s submarine bell. On the other hand sounded that of the Baltic. Apparently the two steamers were close at hand, yet the Lorraine could not locate them. Here and there she cruised, calling continually with her wireless for word from the Republic, and urging Capt. Sealby to make what noise aboard he could in order that the Lorraine might follow it.

The game proved unending, however. Never did the boats come together, and at last the Lorraine

abandoned the search, when a wireless from the Baltic brought word that she would stand by the Republic, and begged the Lorraine to follow the Florida, then already starting on the trip to this city. The Lorraine tried to follow instructions.

“The Florida is blowing four whistles,” was the word from the Baltic.

The Lorraine could hear them, and she tried to follow, but presently the whistling ceased and after another fruitless search through the murk the Lorraine set out on the journey for this port, which she reached yesterday afternoon.

Trying To Save the Republic

Meantime, back in the waters south of Martha’s Vineyard, the island lying a few miles south of the Massachusetts coast off Wood’s Hole, the Republic and the Florida were struggling on their way hither. With the Florida steamed the New York, while the Republic was in the care of the Gresham and the Furnessia. The revenue cutter had made lines fast to the bow of the stricken vessel and the Furnessia had hawsers stretched from her own bow to the stern of the Republic.

Thus the Gresham hauled and the Furnessia steered the wreck ahead by bending her weight upon the hawsers. All day long the trio made slow progress in this way, making only a knot or two an hour, but moving nevertheless. Every effort was made to get the Republic near land and into shoal water. It was tacitly agreed by the officers of the Gresham and Furnessia and Capt. Sealby that the latter’s craft could not keep afloat much longer. The question was. Could she reach shoal water in which she might find a soft resting place before her decks and upper rigging sank beneath the waves? In such a place the vessel might be salvaged and something saved from the wreckage. In deep water the Republic would be lost, should she sink.

The derelict destroyer Seneca had come up and joined in the work of towing. With her help better time was made and there seemed some hope that the Republic might be saved after all. At 8:45 o’clock last night a wireless was received from the destroyer announcing that the wounded Republic was nine miles south by east of the Nantucket Lightship, approximately six miles north of the position she was in on Saturday night.

End of a Noble Liner

The effort to save the Republic was not to avail, however. At 8:30 o’clock the vessel, already deep in the water, was seen to be settling. Aboard the craft still remained Capt. Sealby and his crew. The settling of the Republic threw the Gresham into a fever of activity. Hurried orders rang out from the bridge, and almost before the last word had been spoken, boat-crews were tumbling over the side. With rapid strokes they pulled back through the choppy sea to the side of the Republic. The latter’s gunwales were almost under water. From the end of a rope the Republic’s crew tumbled into the …
~ 046 ~

WITH THE AID OF THE WIRELESS

… small boat, Capt. Sealby, standing by until the last of his men were safely in the stern sheets of the Gresham’s cutter, was almost too late. He had to jump into the water, and was picked up clinging to some wreckage.

The Gresham’s seamen pulled with full speed toward their own boat. Already the lines connecting her with the Republic had been cast off. Yards astern the Furnessia’s men were working at a similar task. The ropes had scarcely dropped into the water and the Gresham’s small boat was still near the stricken Republic when the big steamer’s stern plunged down, her bow rose quivering in the air, and then shot downward. Then the waves closed over the spot where, but a moment since, the Republic had floated.

Capt. Sealby and his crew were hauled aboard the Gresham and this dispatch was sent to this

city:

“Republic sunk. All hands saved. Making Gay Head on the Gresham. SEALBY.”

The Final Scene

A description of the last moments of the liner reached THE TIMES by wireless from the Gresham last night by way of the Marconi station at Siasconsett. Here it is:

"At 8 P.M., while the revenue cutters Seneca and Gresham were slowly towing the Republic, about ten miles south of Nantucket, the Republic was seen to be rapidly sinking. Boats were instantly lowered to rescue the crew. All were picked up. The Captain and mate were found clinging to a grating, the Captain almost exhausted.

"It was a brilliant piece of rescue work by the boat crew of the Gresham. The Republic sank rapidly, going down stern first.

“The Seneca and Gresham steamed slowly away. One plan is that the Seneca shall take off the surviving crew at daybreak from the Gresham and proceed to New York. The Captain and Mate are being cared for in the wardroom on board the Gresham and seem to be doing well.”

Messages to the Rescued

While the Republic had been making her fight for life, the Baltic, with her heavy cargo of passengers, had been steaming slowly up the Long Island coast, running through dense fog at reduced speed, yet hopeful of landing her passengers in this city this morning.

Her wireless apparatus was kept at work, and late yesterday afternoon the station at Sagaponack, near Bridgehampton, L.I., picked up a message. It was from one of the passengers to friends on shore, and simply told of the well-being of those aboard the Baltic. From then on a constant stream of messages flew through the air from the Baltic’s masthead to the receiving tower ashore.

In the little beach station the operator had more than 300 messages containing congratulations and urgent invitations to come immediately to the homes of friends here on the arrival of the Baltic in port. But he had no chance to send them. Some he did get off, but the majority were relayed to the wireless station at Sea Gate.

There a throng of interested persons crowded the little room on the second floor of the Sea Gate Association’s Lodge, less than a quarter of a mile from the end of Norton’s Point, where the wireless instrument is installed. The difficulties at Sagaponack were known there.

At 5:30 o’clock the delicate instrument had caught one of the messages on its way from the Baltic to the far-distant station on the Long Island beach.

For some time the instrument continued to catch these messages, but after a time communication ceased, and it was not until 11 o’clock when the next message came, the Baltic telling that she had passed Fire Island at 9:18 o’clock and was proceeding slowly through a dense fog.

The weather was so heavy that even at this hour the observation station at Fire Island reported that they were unable to sight the steamer.

Rescued Here This Morning, Sure

The distance from Fire Island to Sandy Hook is about thirty miles, a distance usually made by vessels of the Baltic class in two hours. But under the conditions existing last night it was not believed by the White Star officials that the vessel would try to enter the harbor. They said that they expected her to lie off the Hook till daybreak, and to reach her pier about 9

o’clock this morning. The Cunarder Lucania, a vessel probably three knots faster than the Baltic, passed Fire Island at 6 o’clock last night, and at midnight had not been reported at the Hook, indicating that she was anchored there in the fog to wait for daylight before making the passage through the lower bay. It is believed that the Baltic will adopt the same precautionary measures.

This decision on the part of the Baltic’s officers was sad news to the hundreds of relatives and friends of the Republic’s passengers who had besieged the White Star office all day with inquiries as to the safety or whereabouts of the Republic’s survivors. Many of these inquiries were made over the telephone, but hundreds of people visited the offices, which had been kept open all through the preceding night, seeking assurances of the safety of their friends, and clamoring for the hoped-for announcement that the Baltic would soon be in.

Baltic and New York Both Off the Hook

At midnight the wireless instrument at Sea Gate picked up a series of messages which, it was learned, were passing between the American liner New York and the Baltic. The messages were some which the Baltic had failed to receive from Sagaponack and which the New York, receiving later, was relaying to her. From the sound of the messages as they were received at Sea Gate, Harry Williams, the operator, estimated that the New York was not more than fifteen miles distant from the Baltic.

No mention was made in the messages of the crippled steamer Florida, but as the New York was convoying her into this port, there is no doubt that the Florida must be close up to the New York, and perhaps anchored near her.

An effort was made by the Sea Gate operator to break in on the conversation between the Baltic and the New York to ascertain the whereabouts of the Florida, but he was unable to establish communication. The Florida herself is not equipped with wireless.

FIRST NEWS OF REPUBLIC LOSS

Marconi Operator Ginman Sent It to The Times—Some Other Messages.

This wireless message was received in THE TIMES office late last night, via Woods Hole, Mass.:

Marconi Wireless Station, Siasconsett, Mass., Jan. 24, 8:50 P.M.—The White Star liner Republic has just gone down, but none of her crew were drowned. All are safe on board the revenue cutter Gresham. The Gresham, with the Republic’s crew, is proceeding to Gay Head. A.H. GINMAN, Marconi Wireless Operator.

Earlier in the evening came this message:

The Baltic is now nearing Long Island, bound for New York. The Republic is being towed by the revenue cutter Gresham and is being steered by the Furnessia, which is just aft of the steamship. The Florida has refused assistance and is proceeding under her own steam bound for New York. A.H. GINMAN.

In the afternoon this message was received:

The Baltic still is standing by Republic and the latter is apparently floating easier. The crew is again on board and the wireless operator is back at his post. Tugs have arrived on the scene. There is a chance to save her. All passengers are aboard the Baltic. The Florida is being convoyed to New York by the Furnessia and New York. The wireless line is very busy with important messages. It is hard to obtain fuller particulars, but as soon as possible will wire full details and latest developments. A.H. GINMAN, Operator.

FURNESSIA DESCRIBES REPUBLIC’S SINKING

BY MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH TO THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Steamship Furnessia, via Siasconsett, Mass., Jan. 25.—After a search during a night of dense fog, the Furnessia arrived alongside the Florida at 7:50 o’clock on Sunday morning, eleven miles south of the Nantucket light vessel.

The Baltic was already there and had the Republic’s passengers, who had been transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. The Baltic then continued her search for the Republic.

After ascertaining that the Florida needed no assistance, the Furnessia proceeded at 8:45 o’clock to search for the Republic, and at 10:15 o’clock in the morning sighted the Republic with the Baltic lying close to.

The Furnessia came alongside the Republic at 10:30 o’clock. The Baltic then started for New York and the Furnessia stood by. The Republic had the Marconi wireless system on board still working faintly, which helped the operation greatly.

The Republic had been run into on her broadside, but looked in good condition for towing. At noon the Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Republic, but officers from the cutter were then aboard her.

At 12:30 the Government revenue cutter Gresham arrived and made fast ahead of the Republic. The Furnessia made fast astern. A move was then made, proceeding very slowly. At 2 P.M. the Government cutter Seneca arrived.

At 6:22 P.M. towing was again begun, but the stern hawsers were carried away at 6:35 P.M., so it was necessary to stand by.

Only the Captain and Chief Officer of the Republic were then on board. All the crew had been transferred to the Gresham during the afternoon.

The night was very dark, only a small light on the Republic’s bridge being visible from the Furnessia. There was not a sound of any kind from the Republic heard on board this ship when, at 8:40 o’clock, the Republic disappeared

in thirty-five fathoms of water.

It was only when the Gresham reported her searchlights flashed around that one could believe she had disappeared. The Captain and Chief Officer were on board when she sank, and fears were felt that they had gone down, but a boat from the Gresham picked both up safely.

After cruising around to see that all possible had been done, the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York.
~ 047 ~

REPUBLIC’S DEAD IN OUTSIDE CABINS

The Two Passengers Killed and Two Injured Probably Asleep When Crash Came.

RELATIVES GET NEWS HERE

Wireless Dispatches to the White Star Line Gave No Details—Some Narrow Escapes.

It was only yesterday morning that confirmation was received at the White Star Line offices of THE TIMES’s wireless dispatch from the Baltic, printed in Sunday’s TIMES, that there had been loss of life in the collision between the steamship Republic and the liner Florida off Nantucket early Saturday morning. Two passengers were killed in their staterooms on the

Republic, and two others were injured, while there were four deaths among the crew of the Florida. This was the list given out at the White Star Line offices yesterday, the information having been received by wireless:

Killed.

LYNCH, Mrs. EUGENE, of Boston Mass. MOONEY, T. J., of Langdon, N.D. FOUR NEGROES, members of the crew. (names unobtainable.) on the Italian liner Florida.

Injured.

LYNCH, EUGENE, husband of Mrs. Lynch, injuries serious. MURPHY, Mrs. M. J., wife of a banker of Grand Forks, N.D., injuries serious. Mr. Murphy, who occupied the same stateroom, was uninjured.

The dead and injured on the Republic all occupied staterooms on the outside amidships, and were doubtless asleep when the Florida rammed her bow through the side of the big liner.

The victims of the collision on the Republic were grouped in three staterooms on the port side of the aftersaloon deck. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch were in Stateroom 34, and Mr. Mooney and his wife were in the adjoining stateroom, No. 32. Mr. Murphy and his wife occupied Stateroom 28.

Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, who occupied, according to the company’s books, Stateroom 30 between 32 and 28, escaped injury. This, the officials explained yesterday, might be due to a possible exchange of staterooms between Mrs. Griggs and the Murphys, after the ship sailed, which might have put Mrs. Griggs into Room 28, out of the danger zone.

Staterooms 98 and 100, on the upper deck, directly below the rooms of those injured on the saloon floor, were engaged respectively by Mrs. Olive W. Washburn of Providence, R.I., and Countess Paslini, formerly Miss Mildred Montague of Nashville, Tenn. Directly below these on the main deck are staterooms 126 and 128. No. 126 is registered as occupied by the Misses Mulligan and Hawitt of Astoria, L.I., while No. 128 was occupied by two New York men who were booked by agents and whose names are not registered at the office of the company. The White Star officials said yesterday that although these rooms were in the part of the ship where the collision seems to have occurred, they do not think the occupants suffered any injury.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lynch were on their way to Italy, where they had intended to stay two months. Mr. Lynch is a wholesale liquor dealer of Boston, and lives at 18 Elmhill Avenue, Dorchester. According to M.H. Curley, a friend who had accompanied him to the steamer and who had spent the evening before the sailing with him, Mr. and Mrs. Lynch had long hesitated as to which line to take, seeming to consider the Cunard or the Hamburg-American line until they recalled the many trips which Mr. Curley had made safely on the Republic.

M.J. Murphy, whose wife was seriously injured, is the leading banker of Grand Forks, N.D. and a man of wealth and prominence in that State.

Bereaved Relatives Get the News.

After hours of suspense and anxiety, Mrs. J.H. Brine and Miss F.J. Finnegan of Cambridge, Mass., were informed early last evening at their apartments in the Hotel Breslin that their sister, Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, had been killed, and that Mrs. Lynch’s husband had been seriously injured. The news was broken to the two women by R.H. Farley of the White Star Line offices as gently as possible.

The two women, who came to this city for the express purpose of seeing their sister and brother-in-law off on what was to have been a two months’ pleasure jaunt through Italy and the Mediterranean countries adjacent, had been tortured by anxiety and uncertainty for many hours, or ever since it had become known that the collision had been attended by casualties. They were

aware of the fact that their sister and her husband had occupied a stateroom amidships, directly above the engine room, and the newspaper accounts had made it clear to them that this was the spot the Italian steamship had struck when she hit the Republic.

They had sent several telephone messages from their hotel to the offices of the White Star Line in quest of information. It was not until late in the morning, however, that the steamship company received the names of the dead and injured by a wireless message from Capt. Sealby of the Republic. The last telegram was sent after this information was at hand, and rather than break the news over the telephone they informed Mrs. Brine that they would send a man up to see her.

The sad mission was intrusted to R. H. Farley, the manager of the third class passengers of the White Star line. He gave the news to the two women through Peter Carr of Taunton, Mass.; Father M. J. Curley of Boston, and Edward Lee of Revere, Mass., the latter the business associate of Mr. Lynch. The shock to the sisters, coming after their long hours of anxiety, prostrated them.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lynch will go down to Quarantine this morning on the General Putnam in the hope of receiving the body of Mrs. Lynch and to care for Mr. Lynch.

Col. Peter H. Corr of Taunton, Mass., the business associate of Mr. Lynch, said last night at the Knickerbocker Hotel that he had seen Mrs. Lynch grow up from childhood. Before the Republic sailed a little dinner was given to the Bostonians on board, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, and among the toasts was one to “Davy Jones’s Locker.” Now, according to Col. Corr, this same party, numbering in all about twenty, is coming from Boston to-night in order to meet the Baltic, which is bringing back Mr. Lynch.

Many Inquiries by Anxious Ones.

Throughout the day people called at the White Star offices to inquire after relatives. William H. White, a lumberman of Fargo, N. D., was booked in the passenger list as sailing on the Republic. He was to have accompanied his brother, A. A. White, of St. Paul, Minn., who was on his way to join his wife and daughter at Rome. At the last moment, however, William H. White received telegrams from the West which compelled him to forego his plans and abandon the trip. He was at the White Star Line office early yesterday morning to inquire concerning his brother. At 8:15 o’clock he received a wireless message telling him of his brother’s safe transfer to the Baltic.

J. H. Whiting of Chicago, reading of the disaster to the Republic, on which his wife and daughter had sailed, boarded the first train leaving Chicago Saturday night for New York. At the office of the steamship company he found that his wife and daughter were safe aboard the Baltic. They had occupied stateroom 14.

Mrs. William Solbach of this city inquired concerning her husband, who was traveling to Egypt on the Republic. He, too, was found to be safe.

H. Bendeke of Grand Forks, N. D., who is a Norwegian Vice Consul, with headquarters in that city, as well as the agent for the White Star Line in that territory, knew intimately both the families of T. J. Mooney and M. F. Murphy, of which W. J. Mooney was killed and Mrs. Murphy seriously injured. Mr. Bendeke booked the passage of these two couples and six others from North Dakota on the Republic. Being in New York himself for the purpose of making arrangements for a European trip of his own, he saw the North Dakota people off here, and since the first news of the wreck has been keeping the relatives of the families in that State posted as to the latest bulletins from the ship.

Mr. Mooney was 46 years old. He had lived in North Dakota twenty-five years and was President of the North Dakota State Bank at Langdon, was interested with Mr. Murphy in another bank at International Falls, Minn., and controlled several other banks in the farming districts of North Dakota. He had taken two or three trips abroad before this. He had no children.

Mr. Murphy is also a banker, and he and his wife left four children. The Mooneys and Murphys were traveling together. Another member of the North Dakota party was George B. Winship, owner and editor of The Grand Forks Herald.

Special to The New York Times.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Jan. 24.—Mrs. M. F. Murphy, who was injured in the Republic collision, is one of the best-known women of Grand Forks. She has taken a prominent part in church and society affairs of this city. The beautiful home of the Murphys', in the best section of Grand Forks, has been the scene of many events. She was accompanied by her husband on the trip. Her two daughters, Miss Mary, a member of the younger social set, and Miss Margaret, who is attending school at St. Louis; the oldest child, is attending a military academy at Delavan, Wis. Mrs. Murphy has taken an active interest in charitable work in the city. She has resided here since 1887. It was to be her first trip abroad.

T. J. Mooney, who was killed in the collision of the steamers Republic and Florida, was 62 years old, and engaged in the banking and real estate business at Langdon, N. D. He was one of the wealthiest men in North Dakota. During the last six years Mr. Mooney traveled over the greater part of the world. He was on the Republic, bound for the milder climates of Southern Europe. He left a son, John Mooney, a Deputy State Bank Examiner.

Special to The New York Times.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—Eugene Lynch of 18 Elm Hill Avenue, this city, who was injured on the Republic and whose wife was killed, is a liquor dealer on India Street. The couple had no children.

Mr. Lynch intended to visit the earthquake district in Sicily, while Mrs. Lynch was to have stayed in Rome.

Last Tuesday evening, before their departure for New York, to board the Republic, Mr. and Mrs. Lynch were guests at a dinner party given at the Algonquin Club by Surveyor of the Port Jeremiah J. McCarthy. Twenty persons were present. One of the features of the decorations was a large model of the steamer Republic, fully rigged with the American and Italian flags, flying as she might look leaving New York Harbor. Standing by the rail were miniature figures representing Mr. and Mrs. Lynch waving farewell. This decoration formed the centerpiece of the big dining table.

GEN. IVES UNHURT.

Mrs. John Howard Latham of 16 East Fifty-eighth Street, a sister of General Brayton Ives, who was on the Republic with his valet, Charles Price, received this wireless message from General Ives yesterday:

"Mrs. John H. Latham, New York: On the Baltic. Am well. Expect to be home tomorrow. BRAYTON IVES."

WHAT WIRELESS TOLD WHITESTAR OFFICES

Baltic's Commander Sent Almost Hourly Messages Yesterday Telling of Progress.

MANY ANXIOUS INQUIRIES

Confirmation of The Times's Dispatch Regarding Fatalities Aboard the Republic Causes Gloom—The Details.

The offices of the White Star Line, 9 Broadway, were kept open all day yesterday. All day the clerks were busy giving information to anxious friends or relatives of the passengers, in

person or over the telephone. Most of the inquiries came by telephone, and there was no crowd at the White Star offices at any time during the day. Many of the officials and heads of departments had not slept for twenty-four hours, and still remained energetically at their posts.

The brief bulletins that were flashed in almost hourly by wireless were hailed as increasingly encouraging from early morning, when the first hope began to glimmer that the Republic had not yet sunk, until midday, when it became a strong probability that the vessel would be saved. Shortly after noon, when the officials were congratulating themselves upon the staying and floating powers of the Republic and the satisfactory manner in which the passengers of both the Republic and the Florida had been safely transferred to the Baltic, their hopeful ardor was suddenly dampened by a brief wireless message from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, telling of two deaths and the serious injury of two persons on the Republic and four deaths in the crew of the Florida.

Shortly after 3 o’clock yesterday morning a message was received from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, which said:

“Proceeding with transfer of all passengers from Florida to Baltic. Weather foggy.”

At 7:30 A. M. this message, sent by Capt. Ranson at 6:40 o’clock, was given out:

“All passengers of Republic transferred to Baltic. Now completing transfer of passengers from Florida, which is in a dangerous condition.”

Republic Lost and Found.

A short time later Capt. Ranson wirelessed that he was returning to ascertain the condition of the Republic, which, it seemed, was lost sight of in the fog. At 10 o’clock the fog seemed to have lifted and the weather cleared, for Capt. Ranson reported:

“Have located the Republic and find her holding up well. Capt. Sealby and deck crew aboard their vessel. Weather favorable. Awaiting help.”

This message, received at 11:30 o’clock, caused great joy in the office of the steamship company, where only a few hours before the vessel was thought to have sunk. The officials at that time declared themselves confident that the vessel would now be saved. The Republic’s wireless apparatus, it was said, was still operating, though in a very limited area.

Shortly after 11:30 o’clock another message was received, thought to have been sent by Capt. Roberts of the steamship New York, stating that that vessel had taken the damaged Florida in tow and was proceeding with her toward New York. Later the White Star officials declared that the Florida was not being towed, but was proceeding slowly, at eight knots an hour, under her own steam, the New York accompanying her to guard against mishaps. The two vessels are expected to reach here sometime this afternoon.

Meanwhile the outlook for the Republic had brightened greatly. Capt. Ranson, shortly after announcing his rediscovery of the vessel, wirelessed:

“Leaving the Republic. Passengers of both vessels aboard. Proceeding under favorable weather conditions at sixteen knots per hour, leaving Republic with Anchor Liner Furnessia standing by until help arrives.”

Tugs had been dispatched from Boston to the Republic. Later at 1:40 o’clock in the afternoon it was announced that the Government naval derelict-destroyer Seneca was but twenty miles from the Republic, making toward her at full speed to lend aid.

Times’s News of Deaths Confirmed.

At 1:30 o’clock, while the Baltic, with the rescued passengers of both damaged vessels, was proceeding rapidly toward Sandy Hook, where she was expected to arrive before midnight, the first ill-tidings of the day fell with a heavy shock upon the offices of the company and cast a gloom there. It came in the form of a confirmation of The Times’s wireless dispatch from the Marconi operator on the Baltic printed yesterday morning. Capt. Ranson wirelessed:

“Regret that first-class passengers on the Republic Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were killed in the collision. Also, Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy badly hurt.”

P. V. G. Mitchell, manager of the Mediterranean department, said that Capt. Ranson had also confirmed the death in the collision of four members of the crew of the Florida without giving further details. Friends and relatives of the dead and injured of the Republic were at once communicated with and the news broken to them. All had occupied staterooms in the after part of the saloon deck on the port side, where the vessel was struck. In the absence of further announcements of casualties, the officials of the company are inclined to believe that the passengers in these staterooms were the only victims of the collision on the Republic.

At 5:15 P. M. the following message was received from Capt. Ranson:

“Expect to reach Ambrose at 11 P. M. Gave revenue cutter the position of Republic, and left Furnessia alongside her. Have on board 1,650 passengers from both vessels.”

To Meet the Baltic at Quarantine.

To meet the Baltic before she reaches her pier the steamer General Putnam was ordered ready to proceed at 5 o’clock this morning, carrying such relatives or friends of the rescued passengers as wished to go and newspaper men. It was said last night that the Baltic would be met near Quarantine.

The following message was received at 8 o’clock:

“United States derelict destroyer Seneca and revenue cutter Gresham are towing Republic. Slow progress.”

(CAPT. REYNOLDS.)

The Capt. Reynolds referred to is probably the commander of the Seneca. Fifteen minutes later this announcement was made by the company:

“Fifteen wireless messages have been exchanged with the Baltic to-day. The Republic is fully insured, and the largest policy with any one company is $500,000. The value of the vessel is $1,500,000. The Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company has sent down two large wrecking tugs to meet the Republic and to tow her to Erie Basin for temporary repairs. Thereafter she will be taken to the Government dry dock at Newport News for permanent repairs.”

The Transfer by Searchlight.

At the same time the line officials told what they gathered from the various messages received about the manner in which the transfer of passengers to the Baltic was carried on. It began at 11:30 o’clock on Saturday night, and continued until almost 10 o’clock yesterday morning. Ten small boats from the Republic were used, each with a seating capacity of ten. In all 1,650 passengers were taken aboard the Baltic. Some slight sea was running, and from both vessels searchlights were kept constantly playing upon the shifting waters between the ships. In the morning when the fog lifted the steamship New York was seen lying nearby and ready to offer its boats, but these were not needed.

At 10 o’clock the Baltic, having now finished its transfer of passengers from the Florida, went

out in search of the Republic, of which it had lost sight since 10 o’clock on Saturday night, and which had drifted sixteen miles toward Nantucket.

Wireless Tells of Republic’s Loss.

Shortly before 11 o’clock last night the officials of the White Star Line received the following wireless telegram from Capt. Sealby of the Republic on board the United States revenue cutter Gresham:

“10:31 P. M.—Republic sunk. All hands saved. Making Gay Head aboard Gresham. (Signed) SEALBY.”

This was the first official notification the company had received of the sinking of the Republic and the first which it accepted as authentic. Ever since the encouraging reports received in the morning and afternoon, the officials had trusted that the vessel, which on the previous day they had once given up as lost, would manage to reach port.

Following the official report of Capt. Sealby that the Republic had sunk, the officials of the White Star Line at once notified the wireless station at Siasconsett to instruct whatever tugs were on their way to the Republic to turn back at the Nantucket Lightship. This, it was said, would turn back tugs that had put out from Boston, Newport, and New York, including the large wrecking tugs of the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company.

The following wireless message was received from the Baltic by the White Star Line at 11:10 o’clock last night:

“10:00—Fifty miles east of Coney Island.”

RANSON.

This would make the Baltic due at Sandy Hook at 1 A. M.

When the Baltic steamed away from the Republic for the last time, leaving that vessel in charge of the Furnessia, there were on board the Baltic the 10 cabin, 170 second cabin, and 270 steerage passengers of her own, the 230 excursionists and steerage passengers of the Republic, and the 23 cabin and 88 steerage passengers of the Florida.

When the steamer General Putnam meets the incoming Baltic this morning an attempt will be made, it was said last night, under the direction of Deputy Surveyor Matt M. Corey, to separate the Republic’s passengers from the others and to take them ashore without the formalities of a customs inspection.

“A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.”

Many Messages Received from the Baltic at the Saponanock Station.

Special to The New York Times.

MARCONI WIRELESS STATION, Saponanock, L. I., Jan. 24. — The White Star liner Baltic, carrying the 1,650 passengers of the steamers Republic and Florida, entered the zone of the wireless apparatus here early this afternoon, and the station was in almost constant communication with her until 9 o’clock to-night. A mass of private messages from the rescued passengers to anxious friends on shore assuring them of the safety of this and that family were received and transmitted to New York.

Few of the messages contained any reference to the details of the collision and the subsequent rescue of the men and women from the Republic. The only inkling of what probably occurred during the hours of waiting for the arrival of assistance when the Marconi operator on the crippled boat flashed over the fog-covered water the call for help was in a few such

expressions as “terrible experience,” “horrible accident, but safe and sound.”

The messages contained the news of the death of Broker Mooney of Grand Forks, N. D., and Mrs. Lynch of Boston. The Murphy party included George B. Winship and wife and Seymour S. Titus and wife.

The Florida has not yet been reached from here. A message from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic says that the Republic’s injury is well below water.

Before she sank her Chief Engineer reported that two or three powerful pumps might be able to overcome the leaks through the engine-room bulkheads, but that the leak into the engine room would require outside treatment of the side plates. He could not attempt to estimate the total extent of the injuries to the ship or damage to her cargo.

MONEY LOSS ON REPUBLIC.

Boat Alone Was Worth $1,500,000—Rich Cargo Insured.

In the loss of the Republic the White Star Line loses a boat valued at $1,500,000. She had on board a full cargo of general merchandise and foodstuffs, of the value of which no estimate can be made at this time.

Part of this is known to have been insured. The ship itself was fully insured, and whatever loss there will be borne by the marine insurance companies. Several companies carry the policies, and the largest one is said to have been about $500,000.

An estimate of $50,000 was placed on the value of the passenger baggage lost by the White Star officials. It is generally believed to be more likely to approach $200,000. In figuring out the loss to the White Star Line it must also be taken into consideration that the earnings on the voyage now brought to an end would have amounted to about $30,000.

The Republic was of 15,400 tons displacement. She was a single funnel ship 570 feet long, 67.8 feet wide, and drew 24 feet. She had twelve water-tight compartments and a double skin. The largest single compartment was that amidships, containing the engines. Harland & Wolff were the builders. She was launched in 1903 at Belfast, and was commissioned in the following year.

She was used generally in the Boston-Queenstown service of the White Star Line, and for a time was known as the Columbus. She also held the record for the fastest passages between Boston and Queenstown.

GOING TO MEET THE BALTIC.

Collector Fowler Hires a Steamer for Friends of Rescued Passengers.

Col. E. T. Fowler, Collector of the Port, established in the Barge Office yesterday a temporary office for issuance of pier and revenue cutter passes to relatives and friends of the Republic’s passengers who are returning to New York on the Baltic. Deputy Collector John Williams and Deputy Surveyor Matthew Coneys were placed in charge of the office with instructions to do everything in their power for the accommodation of the friends of the passengers.

Col. Fowler also authorized the chartering of the side-wheel steamer General Putnam, which will go down the bay this morning with the relatives and friends of the passengers, who will be allowed to board the Baltic. Those of the Republic’s passengers who desire to leave the liner will be brought to the city on the Putnam. Those who come to the White Star pier will be allowed to leave the pier as soon as they land.
~ 048 ~

LORRAINE’S SEARCH FOR DISABLED LINERS

Frenchman Brings in a Story of a Long, Vain Hunt in the Fog Off Nantucket.

BALTIC WAS THERE FIRST

Within Hearing of Submarine Bells the Nearest the Lorraine Got to Vessels—Had to Find Herself First.

The French liner Lorraine, whose wireless operator was the first person to receive the distress signal “C. Q. D.” from the Republic after she had been rammed by the Florida, arrived at her North River pier early yesterday afternoon with an exciting story to tell.

For hours on Saturday the fleet French liner raced through a thick blanket of fog in a vain effort to reach the stricken Republic. She was just about to join her when a message from the White Star liner Baltic, which had found the Republic first, asked Capt. Tournier to look for the disabled Florida and convoy her into port.

All Saturday night and Sunday morning the Lorraine signaled and sought in a vain effort to find the Italian, but the search was fruitless, for the Florida, as it turned out, had returned to the scene of the wreck, where yesterday she was taken in charge by the Anchor liner Furnessia.

It was the Lorraine that “relayed” the Republic’s appeal for assistance to vessels far out to sea, among them the fleet Cunarder Lucania, and it was the Lorraine that was the first of the transatlantic fleet to flash back to the sinking vessel, the International Code Signal “G,” the most welcome letter in the code, for when translated it means “I am coming.”

When “C. Q. D.” Was Heard.

The story of the Lorraine’s answer to the appeal of her sister in distress was told by the Marconi operators and by Capt. Tournier. The skipper of the liner, whose long career on the Atlantic has won for him the star of the Legion of Honor, was nearly exhausted when the Lorraine passed in at the Hook. The Marconi operators were almost as fagged as he. Capt. Tournier had been on the bridge continuously for three days directing the course of his vessel through the fog, which extended from the Grand Banks clear into port.

A few minutes before 7 o’clock Saturday morning, the Captain said, Ernest Monrozeau, one of the wireless operators, rushed up to the bridge and handed to him a “C. Q. D.” message from the Republic. The message had been relayed to the Lorraine from the land station at Siasconsett, Mass. It said simply: “C. Q. D. Republic.” This was followed a few minutes later by a more explicit message reading:

“Republic wrecked and wants assistance. In latitude 40.17 north, longitude 70 west.” M. K.

“M. K.” are the letters of the Republic in the International Code. Capt. Tournier read the message and, wheeling around, said to the waiting operator:

“Flash back a ‘G’ and lose no time about it. Then be ready to take a more explicit answer.”

The operator rushed back to the little metal enclosed cabin on the bridge deck and a moment later the crackling of the spark that meant a succoring “G” was heard on the bridge. A minute later the instruments at Siasconsett were relaying the welcome signal to the distressed White Star liner.

Finding Herself in the Fog.

Almost before Monrozeau, who had been joined by Jean Bour, his fellow operator, had started the “G” on its mission of good cheer the bells in the Lorraine’s engine room were tingling and the

liner was turning around to begin the run to the spot where the Republic was in distress.

The fog was so thick that Capt. Tournier was unable to get his exact position, so he ordered the liner headed for Nantucket, whence he could steam in the most direct route for the Republic.

Going out of the way to Nantucket meant the loss of more than an hour, but there was nothing better to be done. Ten minutes elapsed after the receipt of the “C. Q. D.” message from Siasconsett before the Lorraine could be turned in the direction of Nantucket. In these ten minutes the ampler message referred to by Capt. Tournier when he hurried off the answering “G” was sent to the land station to be relayed to Capt. Sealby of the Republic. This message, according to the Marconi record on the Lorraine, left the little operating house at 7:10 A. M., it said:

Your C. Q. D. message received O. K. Notify Captain.
TOURNIER.

At 7:14 this message to the Lucania, which was too far out to be in communication with the Siasconsett station, was sent out by the Lorraine operators:

To Lucania:
C. Q. D. Republic wants assistance. Latitude 40.17 north, longitude 70 west.
LORRAINE.

When he was not writing messages to Siasconsett to encourage those on the Republic Capt. Tournier was busy on his charts calculating the distance that separated him from the Republic. He figured that it was about 120 miles off, and this fact established, he flashed via Siasconsett this message to Capt. Sealby:

Lorraine to Siasconsett:
Please tell the Republic we are 120 miles off, and will try to reach her about 2 P. M. to-day.
LORRAINE.

Fruitless Search for Republic.

Thick as was the fog when the first "C. Q. D." message was received, it was so much thicker at 9:45 A. M. that it was impossible to see the after funnel of the Lorraine from the bridge where the skipper, no longer tired, was directing the course of his ship to the distressed British liner.

Capt. Tournier presently sent this message:

Lorraine to Republic:
Please tell us if you are in a fog. Also, if possible, your exact position.
LORRAINE.

By this time (9:50 A. M.) the Lorraine was in direct communication with the Republic, and in less than ten minutes this answer came back:

Republic to Lorraine:
Position, latitude 40.17 west, longitude 70 north. We are in a fog.
REPUBLIC.

About 10 o'clock, while the Marconi men were still flashing messages to the Republic, the instruments registered the signal of another liner, the White Star steamer Baltic, largest but one of the vessels of that fleet.

Immediately the same message that had been sent to the Lucania was flashed to the Baltic and

three of the biggest liners afloat were then racing in as many directions toward the Republic.

The next messages between the Republic and the Lorraine had to do with the depth of the water where the collision had occurred. At noon the Lorraine was within thirty miles of the Republic, according to the reckoning of Capt. Tournier. Forty-five minutes later the distance was, so far as could be ascertained, about twenty miles. Messages to this effect were sent to the Republic.

Bells Heard; Baltic There.

At 1 o'clock the submarine bell on the Republic, another wonderful invention of recent years, was heard on the Lorraine. Immediately it was detected this message was flashed to the Republic:

Lorraine to Republic:
Tell your Captain we can hear his bells and are steering straight to you. Also say he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steering, because it is so foggy.
LORRAINE.

Despite the apparent proximity of the Republic, however, the French liner was unable to distinguish the exact position of the British vessel, and for the next five hours the Lorraine cruised around the vicinity of the wreck trying to find her. The fog was so thick that the Lorraine had to proceed slowly, owing to the impossibility of seeing more than a few feet ahead. And while the Lorraine was looking the Baltic came up from another direction, and had better luck, for about 6 o'clock this message came to the French liner from that vessel:

Baltic to Lorraine:
Republic says steer for the Florida. She is proceeding for New York with passengers and must have some one to stand by her. She is blowing full blast.
BALTIC.

Florida Vanished, Too.

The Florida has no wireless, and her orders were to keep her siren going all the time to tell her location. The message also told that the Republic's passengers were on the Florida, and this was the interpretation put on the message by Capt. Tournier, for he wirelessed them to shore:

Republic's passengers have left by Florida, Baltic says. We have been asked to convoy Florida. Will arrive early Sunday morning.
LORRAINE.

Until 7:30 o'clock in the evening the Lorraine sought the Florida. During that time she heard the Italian's "full blast" only twice, and on both occasions the sound was so faint that it was certain that the distance separating the two ships was several miles, at least. Finally, at 7:32 P. M. a message came from the Baltic which showed that the Florida had returned to the scene of the wreck. This message said:

Baltic alongside both vessels. Clear here. Can see the lights.
RANSON, Captain Baltic.

A few more messages were exchanged. The Lorraine was assured that everything was all right, and the liner then proceeded to New York. When she passed in at Quarantine Capt. Tournier was still on the bridge, and he remained there until the liner docked. Then he talked for about three minutes with the reporters.

Capt. Tournier's Long Vigil.

"When the message from the Republic came," said Capt. Tournier, "I had been on the bridge since

1 A. M. the day before. Of course I knew what I had to do the instant I received the message, and as I had taken my last observation by the sun on Friday I decided to head for the Nantucket Lightship, and from that point direct my search for the Republic.

"I reached the vicinity named by the Republic in her messages to me about 12:45 P. M., and then for several hours I steered east, south, north, and west in the effort to locate her. Sometimes I was very close, for I could hear her submarine bells, but no sooner did I think I had her than she was lost again. The Baltic and Lorraine talked all the afternoon. When we knew everybody was safe and that all the assistance needed was at hand we resumed our course for New York. We arrived off Sandy Hook at 7 o'clock this morning.

"And now, gentlemen, I am going to bed."

The passengers on the Lorraine, in all three classes, took as much interest in the search for the Republic and later on for the Florida as did the officers and crew. The messages from the sinking liner and from the Lucania and Baltic were posted on the saloon bulletin board, and the interest in the liner's race on her mission of mercy was intense throughout the ship.

FLORIDA WAS ASTRAY IN FOG.

Theory of Steamship Men as to the Cause of the Collision.

BOSTON, Jan. 24. — The belief that the Republic was struck on the starboard side by the Florida while the latter was heading north of west, and apparently hunting for the "thirty-fathom curve" line, making soundings to find her exact position, was expressed by mariners here to-day when all the wireless messages bearing on the accident had been reviewed, and especially when it was found that Mrs. Eugene Lynch of this city, who met her death in the collision, occupied stateroom No. 23, about midships on the starboard side of the Republic.

Navigators in this city, after the position of the accident — twenty-six miles south-southwest of Nantucket Lightship — and the nature of the Republic's injuries had been told to them, got out charts of Nantucket Shoals and pointed out the so-called steamship lanes used by transatlantic liners by agreement between the companies.

The east-bound steamer lane off Nantucket Lightship is about thirty miles south of the west-bound, and in-bound steamers to New York on the westward lane turn the lightship close aboard. It is customary for in-bound steamers from European ports approaching the coast and Nantucket Shoals in thick weather to hunt for the thirty-fathom curve, which sweeps down forty miles from Nantucket Island, and just outside of which is anchored the Nantucket South Shoal Lightship. Vessels failing to pick up the lightship in the fog keep on sounding until they strike this thirty-fathom curve. If the character of the bottom is sand at thirty fathoms, it was explained, it shows that the vessel is to the eastward and north of the lightship, and vessels are immediately headed to the west along this thirty-fathom curve. To the westward of the lightship there is a mud bottom, and this also gives a pretty definite position for vessels trying to get their bearings.

Mariners here were of the opinion that the Florida in her long voyage across the Atlantic had headed off further to the south than her Captain intended; that, failing to locate the Nantucket Lightship, he began to run in for soundings on this thirty-fathom curve, and that his ship struck the Republic, which was on her regular course, on the latter's starboard side about amidships.

WIRELESS AID IN OTHER ACCIDENTS.

How Captains Have Used the Invention to Avert Alarm and Save Time.

The extreme value of wireless telegraphy was demonstrated when the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse lost her rudder and rudder post off the Newfoundland Banks on Oct. 27, 1907. Capt. Charles

Polack "wirelessed" the New York office of the North German Lloyd line that the ship was in no danger.

Daily wireless messages were sent from the disabled liner to friends ashore on both continents. Capt. Polack arrived in the English Channel less than a day late, and was decorated.

When the Kaiser Wilhelm II ran into a dense fog, just before making Plymouth last fall, Capt. Gueppers by wireless arranged with the shore a code of signals for his whistle, by which he recognized waiting tenders outside Plymouth and landed passengers and mails without even seeing Plymouth.

Again when the Kronprinz Wilhelm last spring off Robbin's reef, was hit by the Crown of Castile, a wireless message from Capt. Nierlich assured friends of passengers that not a soul was hurt and the ship was comparatively undamaged.

Capt. Hoegemann reports that the most severe test to which the Kronprinzessin Cecilie put the submarine telephone was when in the North Sea fog signals, horns and bells, could not be heard, yet the under-water signalling apparatus worked perfectly, being heard at distances varying from three to fifteen miles.

HOW BULKHEADS SAFEGUARD LINERS

Edwin A. Stevens Compares the Safety of Modern Ships with Dangers of the Past.

OLD-TIMERS SANK QUICKLY

Proper Bulkhead Construction and Crew Discipline the Main Factors Now, with Wireless a Great Aid.

The important part played by water-tight bulkheads and wireless telegraphy in the events following the ramming of the Republic by the Florida and the probable part they will continue to play in similar accidents at sea, was discussed yesterday for THE TIMES by Edwin A. Stevens, the authority on naval architecture, on which he lectures at Stevens Institute, Hoboken.

Mr. Stevens first drew attention to the long strides taken in recent years toward better protection of life at sea, and explained how vital to the lives of those who cross the ocean is the bulkhead system of a modern steamship.

"It is a very interesting question to those who go down to the sea in ships whether the magnificent vessels that carry on the services of our transatlantic ferries are really safe," he said. "The sailor knows the risk he is running in his calling; but to the landsman or landswoman the sea has perils enough, in imagination at least, to cause many to hesitate before stepping aboard. One needs only to look over the statistics of ocean travel and disaster to see plainly enough that a passenger at sea on a modern liner is about as good a risk for an accident insurance company as can be found. But reasoning and unreasoning, this dread of accident at sea exists and will always exist, for no power will ever eliminate all the risks of the sea.

Dangers Old-Style Boats Faced.

"Such an accident as that to the Republic again draws attention to these dangers. A comparatively few years ago a ship of the class in her day corresponding to the Republic would not have floated five minutes, and if fifty of her company had been saved the crew would have done well. The Ville de Paris, about thirty-five years ago, was hit by a sailing vessel under much the same conditions, in a calm sea at night, and probably a much lighter blow than the Republic received. She had no fog to contend with, but, if I recall it rightly, the night was moonlight. On the Ville de Paris there was a frightful loss of life — on the Republic next to none. One naturally asks 'why?'

"There has been great discussion about water-tight bulkheads. Several years ago the British Government appointed a commission to investigate the subject, and a large amount of very useful information was made public. There is no difficulty in so designing the subdivision of any vessel as to make her practically safe against foundering as the result of a collision, provided, of course, no storm is raging. The difficulty lies in obtaining this immunity without sacrificing other necessary or at least very desirable qualities. In merchant ships, at least, the question of cost must also be kept in mind. The often suggested omission of bulkhead doors would add to safety, but would make the service of the ship very difficult and costly. In the operation of the large intricate power plant of a modern liner it is necessary for the working force to pass from one portion of the plant to another. Coal has to be conveyed from bunkers to boilers. On a ship like the Mauretania upward of forty tons of coal an hour for 120 hours has to be handled from bunker to grate to keep up the required speed. One cannot carry any such weight of coal over bulkheads at this rate of delivery.

"Until more detailed reports are at hand as to the extent of the injury to the Republic it is, of course, impossible to pass on a question of whether the loss of the ship would be due to any inadequacy in the design of her water-tight subdivisions or to any defect in their construction or in the operation of the water-tight doors. The latter seem to have been promptly closed, and to have made it possible to keep the ship afloat long enough to save all hands.

"It will be recalled that this is exactly what happened in the case of the Oregon after a collision with a derelict off Long Island. The bulkhead system may have proved faulty, either from not carrying the subdivision far enough or by allowing water to accumulate on one side of the ship so as to cause a dangerous list, or failure to keep out leaks into the compartments adjoining the flooded one, or by failure of water-tight doors to close effectively. As in most cases of disastrous collision, the machinery spaces are the ones which receive the blow. This is due not only to the fact that the machinery spaces are usually the largest, but also because in an accident there is very apt to put the pumping plant out of commission.

Mystery of the Naronic.

"The only case of an ocean liner which has disappeared in recent years with all on board was that of the Naronic of the White Star Line. The most plausible theory was that her deck load, among which were some heavy locomotives, slid across the decks, thus destroying her equilibrium and causing her to suddenly capsize. The great loss of life in the foundering of the Bourgogne on the Newfound Banks some years ago was due in part to the considerable list which this vessel took in sinking and the consequent difficulty in launching boats on the upper side.

Any serious collision twenty-five or thirty years ago meant the immediate foundering of a vessel. I can recall the cases of the Westphalia and the Elbe, both of which went down within a few minutes after being hit. The Inman liner City of Paris, now the Philadelphia, was bilged in consequence of the breaking of a shaft and the racking of her engine. Her engine room was filled with water, and the vessel floated very deep. She was well out in the Atlantic, and this was before the days of wireless. The engine-room bulkheads showed signs of weakness, and had there been much of a sea running would probably have failed. Her crew, however, did some

smart work, shoring up and supporting the threatened bulkheads, and the ship and all on board were saved, in spite of the fact that the pumps could not be worked.

"Even if the advance in the design and construction of this portion of a vessel has only resulted in keeping a ship afloat a few hours after a collision, it has accomplished a great result, especially when the ability to summon help by wireless has been added to the other safeguards of life afloat. That this efficiency in the internal subdivision of a ship really exists can best be shown by the results of the torpedo attacks in the late Russian-Japanese War. The injury from a torpedo is of the same nature as from a collision. But still the Russians were able to keep their vessels afloat after having been torpedoed, and to repair them sufficiently to get them again in line of battle.

"However great the efficiency of this subdivision, it will under ordinary conditions be of little use without a properly trained and disciplined crew, and I feel safe in venturing the prediction that when the story of the Republic is told in full her captain and crew will be found to have lived up to the best traditions of their country."

BINNS' HEROISM IS LAUDED UPON CONGRESS FLOOR

Washington, Jan. 25. — A statement lauding as a hero John R. Binns, the wireless operator on the wrecked liner Republic was read in the House today by Representative Boutell, of Illinois. It was received with great applause.

The Chicago Congressman arose at the opening of the session and asked unanimous consent to address the House on a matter of public interest. Consent was given.

The last two days, he said, had demonstrated again the peril of those who go to sea in ships. The collision of the Republic and Florida had brought to the front heroes among the officers, crews and passengers.

"There was one silent actor," continued Mr. Boutell, "whose name ought to be immortalized. He was the Marconi operator on the Republic. His name is John R. Binns. He is twenty-five years of age. Speaker Cannon will probably remember him as the operator on the Blücher, on which the Speaker, Mr. Sherman and other members of the House, made a trip to South America.

"On that trip Binns explained that the only time the various wireless systems were worked in cooperation was when the dread signal, "C. Q. D." which announced a sinking ship, was sounded.

"Jack Binns was promoted to the charge of a large land station in Ireland Bay, but his love for the sea brought him back again.

"Binns, on the Republic, calmly sending to the world messages of that disaster, has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells on the sea."
~ 049 ~

LINER BALTIC IS HERE WITH 1,650 SURVIVORS OF COLLISION AT SEA

White Star Steamship Bearing the Rescued Passengers from the Re-public and the Florida Dropped Her Anchor at Sandy Hook at 1.30 o’Clock This Morning and Will Land All on Board This Forenoon.

RAMMED VESSEL GOES DOWN AFTER HER CREW IS TAKEN OFF

Two Passengers Killed and Two Injured on Re-public and Four Persons Dead on the Florida as Result of Crash - Italian Boat With Bows Smashed Is Slowly Making Her Way to This Port-Only Details of the Disaster Are Those Brought by Wireless Telegraphy.

The steamer Baltic, with the passengers of the steamers Florida and Republic, was reported at 1.30 this morning as nearing her anchorage off Sandy Hook by Marconi wireless station at Sea Gate.

The Baltic will anchor for the night and will not come up to the city until well in the morning.

An earlier message said:

“Baltic fifty miles east of Coney Island. Will probably arrive at Sandy Hook 1 o’clock Monday morning.”

Capt. Ranson of the Baltic sent this wireless message to his agents at the White Star Line

Offices here last night. They received it at 10.50 P. M.

So the 1,650 passengers are safe whom Capt. Ranson and his sailormen so gallantly rescued from the Republic and the Florida after their collision in the fog off Nantucket, Mass., early Saturday morning.

After surviving for forty hours her imminent danger, and despite splendid efforts to save her, the Republic sank at 8.30 last night.

A woman and five men were killed in the collision off Nantucket; two men were injured. They were:

KILLED. LYNCH, Mrs. E., of Boston, Mass. MOONEY, W. J., of Langdon, N. Dak. The names of the four persons killed on the Florida were not mentioned in the despatch from Capt. Ranson.
~ 050 ~

LINER BALTIC OFF THE HOOK WITH PASSENGERS

INJURED.

LYNCH, E., of Boston, Mass. — Husband of the dead woman, and who was reported to be in a dangerous condition.

MURPHY, M. J., of Grand Forks, N. Dak.

Hundreds of Persons Saved from the Sea.

But the tragedy has its brighter side.

Every other soul of hundreds is safe — saved by the alarm which the Republic almost instantly sent by wireless telegraphy; an alarm which brought to her and the Florida all the vessels that caught it within a radius of 200 miles.

And brought them as surely and almost as swiftly as an alarm of fire sent out from Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue brings the fire engines.

Hither, too, the Florida is progressing slowly, so self-confident that Capt. Voltalin refused all offers of aid.

This is how the fate of the Republic was told:

“Republic sunk — all hands saved. At Gay Head, aboard revenue cutter Gresham.”

Such was the despatch received at 10.31 P. M. last night at the White Star line offices here from Capt. Sealby, of the Republic.

Up to that moment the fate of the big steamer was in doubt.

Republic’s Captain Taken from the Sea.

At 1.30 this morning this message was received from the wireless operator at Siasconset:

“World, New York. First news from Republic’s survivors. — At 8 P. M. while revenue cutters Seneca and Gresham were slowly towing Republic about ten miles south of Nantucket the Republic was seen to be rapidly sinking.

“Boats were instantly lowered to rescue crew. All were picked up.

“Captain and mate found clinging to a grating. Captain almost exhausted. Brilliant work of rescue by boat crew of Gresham.

“Republic sank very rapidly; went down at stern first.

“Seneca and Gresham now steaming slowly. Seneca will take off surviving crew at daybreak from Gresham and proceed to New York.

“The captain and mate are being cared for in wardroom aboard and seem to be doing well.

“A. H. GINMAN.”

The World received an earlier message from Ginman reading:

“Republic gone down. No one on board. All crew safe on revenue cutter Gresham.”

A despatch from Mr. Ginman, timed 10.22 P. M., said:

“Gresham with Republic are proceeding to Gay Head, Mass.”

Then came a despatch to the United Wireless Company, the De Forest Company, this city:

“The Republic sank at 8.30 to-night off No Man’s Land, a small island south of Martha’s Vineyard Island, off the Massachusetts coast. All the Republic’s crew are saved; aboard the revenue cutter Gresham.”

This message was received from Capt. Fisher, of the steamer City of Memphis, bound from Savannah to Boston. The City of Memphis was in touch with the Gresham by wireless to-night, and upon receiving news of the sinking of the Republic retransmitted the information to New York.

A wireless despatch from Capt. Perry, of the Gresham, was received at the Naval Station, Newport, R. I., soon after noon yesterday, a telegram from there says. The Captain’s answer was in response to a request for information about the sinking of the Republic. The Captain said that he and his men had been without sleep and on hard duty for many hours, and he asked to be excused from making any statement last night.

The operator of the Gresham declined to indicate what port the vessel was heading for. He said merely that she would go either to Gay Head, Newport or New Bedford.

The derelict destroyer Seneca, it seems, helped the Gresham to tow the Republic. The Seneca will start from Gay Head to New York to-day with Capt. Sealby and his men.

Other Messages Come to The World.

The World yesterday received the three other telegrams that follow from A. H. Ginman. He is the wireless telegraph operator in the little office on the beach that juts into the Atlantic beyond the hamlet of Siasconset. Ginman it was who caught the imperative distress signal, “C. Q. D.,” which the Republic’s fearless wireless operator, J. H. Binns, sent a few minutes after the collision.

The first message from Ginman to The World was received at 5.45 A.M.:

“Siasconset, Mass., Jan. 24, 1909.

World, New York:

"Four thirty A. M. Weather clearing. Transfer of all passengers from Florida to Baltic almost completed. Baltic will steam for New York as soon as possible.

(Signed) A. H. GINMAN."

The second despatch was received at 11.45 A. M.

World, New York:

"Baltic still standing by Republic. Latter apparently floating easier. Sailing crew again on board and wireless operator back at his post. Tugs (have) arrived on scene; chance to save her. All passengers are aboard the Baltic. Florida (is) being convoyed to New York by Furnessia and New York.

(Signed) A. H. GINMAN."

The third despatch arrived at 4.31 P. M.:

World, New York:

"Baltic now nearing Long Island, bound for New York. Republic being towed by revenue cutter Gresham and steered by Furnessia, aft. Florida, refusing assistance, is under her own steam, bound for New York.

(Signed) A. H. GINMAN."

So, out of the fog, illumined by the wireless, are coming all the scenes of the tragedy of the seas in which figure no less than seven great steamships, the Republic and Florida, the Baltic, the American liner New York, the Anchor liner Furnessia, the Cunarder Lucania and the French liner La Lorraine, although the last, willing as she was to help, had opportunity to do little more than act as relay station for the all-helpful wireless messages.

Besides the steamers there were as actors the revenue cutter Gresham, which intercepted at Provincetown Harbor the wireless message sent to her at Boston, and tugs and wrecking tugs which hurried from Newport, Boston and New York.

As The World told yesterday, Capt. Sealby of the Republic thought she was sinking immediately after the collision; a cataract was pouring in a tremendous gash in her side. So her 250 first-class passengers and her 211 third-class passengers were transferred to the Florida. The Italian, scarcely more than half the size of the Republic, had twenty-six cabin and 900 third-class passengers of her own, and the Italian’s bow was smashed as if it had run against a stone wall.

Baltic’s Captain Takes Passengers from Both Steamers that Were in Fatal Crash.

So when the Baltic arrived it was determined to take aboard her not only the Republic’s passengers but the Florida’s as well, and the weather clearing, the sea being kind, the 1,650 persons were transferred in twenty boats to the Baltic.

“There were 1,650 passengers on board the Florida when the Baltic drew up alongside,” a wireless received at the White Star line last evening stated. “The work of transferring the men, women, and children took from 11.40 Saturday night to 10 o’clock this morning. There were ten small boats in service, and during the dark hours of the night searchlights were brought into play. At daybreak the New York, which was lying alongside, offered assistance, but it was not needed.”

The World’s wireless despatch states that “the transfer of all passengers from Florida to Baltic is almost completed” at 4.30 A. M. yesterday.

In less than twenty-four hours the passengers of the Republic were twice transferred to save

them from vessels which seemed about to plunge into the depths. The history of shipwrecks can tell of but few such double rescues.

The passengers safe on the roomy Baltic, where there was food for them and accommodations which the smaller Florida lacked, all efforts were turned to keep afloat and save the wounded ships. The Furnessia and the New York, bound for this port, were added to the flotilla engaged in the salvage.

It remains to be known what strait the Republic was in when Capt. Sealby, his officers and men consented finally to leave her.

That they did leave her, after all the living and the few dead had been taken from her, was made known definitely first by The World’s despatch:

“Baltic still standing by Republic. Latter apparently floating easier. Sailing crew again on board and wireless telegraph operator back at his post. Chance to save her.”

There was a chance to save her. So back aboard went Sealby and a sailing crew, who in all probability were volunteers, for the sea sharps here agreed yesterday that anybody who went back to the Republic under such circumstances took his life in his hand. And back with them went Binns, who must figure in the next play written around wireless telegraphy—Binns, who probably borrowed electricity for his wireless apparatus from his brother on the Baltic, whose extra storage batteries were needless, since the ship’s dynamos were running full tilt.

What more has come out of the fog? Capt. Ranson, who, by the way, is a lieutenant in the reserve of His Britannic Majesty’s navy, got an order from New York, by way of London perhaps, which ran in effect:

“Leave the Republic. Take the passengers to New York.”

The thoughtful will perceive that this is a fine humane order to one White Star liner to leave another White Star liner in the hands of her friends, the Republic having been worth $1,500,000. The Baltic steamed away. Meantime, foggy as it is, rather foggy, the derelict destroyer Seneca joined the returning flotilla.

The Republic was in tow of the Gresham and the Seneca, proceeding to New York, probably, when she went down. On board her were Capt. Sealby and his volunteers, fifty of her crew. She had been towed but a short distance when she began to settle rapidly. Seeing no hope of saving the ship, Capt. Sealby gave the order to abandon her, and he and the crew were taken off by the Gresham, which cast loose from the crippled liner and stood by until she sank.

Acting as the Republic’s rudder was the Furnessia, close behind her. Although no despatch has stated that the Republic’s steering gear was actually disabled, she was so low in the water that it would not operate, perhaps; besides, she had no electric power left, nor power of any kind with which to work her steering gear.

The Republic sank in 150 feet of water after Capt. Sealby and his crew had been transferred without much difficulty to the Gresham.

General Passenger Agent David Lindsey said that every effort was made Saturday night to get tugs from Boston and other places along the shore line to go out in the fog to the aid of the Republic. The tugs would not venture, he said, and he declares that if they had the Republic would have been towed into more shallow water and eventually saved.

A telegram was sent to Nantucket last night calling off all the tugs which started for the scene of the wreck after the fog lifted yesterday.

At first, the sailor captains, who answered the wireless alarm as quickly as a New York fire

engine answers a wired alarm, intended that the Furnessia and the New York should convoy the Florida to this port. But the Italian's engineers and carpenters patched up her broken nose; her watertight bulkheads were not damaged, it would seem, so she is coming slowly, about seven knots an hour, to New York. And close to her, as convoy, is the American liner which has the honor to bear this city's name.

The first class passengers on the Baltic, who were never in any danger of course, but who will have thrilling tales of the sea to tell, are Albert E. Ashcroft, F. H. Baily, Miss A. B. Baird, Mrs. W. P. Bancroft, Miss Beddome, Miss A. L. Brown, His Grace Archbishop Burchese, of Montreal; Miss Catherine Day, H. B. Brown, Mrs. Dean, Rev. Urgel Demers, Mrs. E. Livingston Ewart, W. Galloway, J. Greenwood, J. R. Highbotham, Charles E. Jacob, Miss Jenkyns, Rev. Robert Johnston, Rev. C. B. McAfee, Mrs. McAfee, Misses Ruth, Catherine and Mildred McAfee, Chris Moller, Miss J. P. Morris, Harold H. Myers, Miss S. Constance Myers, H. H. Prince Victor Narayan, of Cooch-Behar; Mrs. Pode, H. A. Poritz, Mrs. Poritz, W. Wallace Potter, Miss Clara Potter, W. W. Simpson, W. F. Sinclair, G. W. P. Smith, Mrs. Smith, Rev. O. Stockmeyer, Charles Stuart, Mrs. Stuart, Victor A. C. Taylor, Edward Thorne, Alfred Walster, John Wiseman, Mrs. Wiseman, Master J. H. Wiseman, Mrs. F. Zeigler and two children.

Woman Killed on the Republic Was Widely Known in Boston.

Mrs. Eugene Lynch Making Her First Trip Abroad in Company with Her Aged Husband, Who Was Hurt in Collision at Sea.

Mrs. Eugene Lynch, who was killed on the steamship Republic, and her husband, who was injured, were very prominent in social and church circles of Boston. Mr. Lynch, who is in the wholesale liquor business, is seventy years old and his wife fifty-five. This was to have been their first trip abroad.

Two sisters of Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. J. H. Bryan, of Somerville, Mass., and Mrs. P. J. Finnegan, of Cambridge, Mass., together with her two cousins, Joseph A. McCarthy, a lawyer, of Troy, N. Y., and his sister, Helen McCarthy, are stopping at the Hotel Breslin. When told last night of the death of Mrs. Lynch Mr. McCarthy said:

"When we heard that the Republic had met with an accident we were fearful for the safety of Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, because of their advanced ages. Then when the later reports came in saying that all were saved, we felt relieved and engaged rooms for them at the Waldorf.

"Why it was only last Thursday night that we gave them a dinner party at the Waldorf. Over a dozen friends from Boston came down to attend the affair, and little did we think that the proposed trip was to end so disastrously.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lynch were exceedingly popular in Boston, and nearly every night for over a week before they sailed dinner parties were given them. Mr. Lynch is a member of the Algonquin Club, which gave him a very elaborate send off just before he left for New York.

"Mrs. Lynch, who was Miss Mary E. Gittlings, of Troy, was exceedingly charitable and gave thousands of dollars yearly to charity. She had what she called a 'pension list,' containing the names of scores of deserving poor families, whom she aided every year.

"The couple lived at No. 68 Elm Hill avenue, Roxbury, Mass., just outside of Boston."

What the Wireless Call "C.Q.D." Means

All sorts of meanings have been given to the wireless call "C.Q." and "C.Q.D.," sent out from the Republic by Operator Binns. The correct meaning of "C.Q." is, "All wireless stations, attention!" The "C.Q.D." means, "All stations attention, danger—watch out for details."

WASHINGTON HEARS FROM PASSENGERS

Rescued Ocean Travellers Relieve Anxiety of Relatives at the Capital.

(Special to The World.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Miss Grace Atwater, of No. 814 Connecticut avenue Northwest, an artist, whose talent in water color paintings has been widely recognized, and Miss Leslie Jackson, of the Concord, who is well known in art circles in the District, were passengers on the Republic at the time of the collision.

Word has been received in Washington by relatives of both young ladies that they were safely transferred from the Republic to the Florida, and then to the Baltic. Assurances of the safety of the Smoot and Davis families, who were on the Republic, have also been received.

Telegrams sent from New York by Lloyd D. Smoot, of No. 1315 R street Northwest, to members of his family here stated that he had learned of the safety of his mother and sister, Mrs. John D. Smoot and

Miss Julia P. Smoot, of Washington, who were on the wrecked vessel.

Senator Elkins received a dispatch by wireless from Mrs. John T. Davis to the effect that she and her two children, Hallie Elkins Davis and Henry Cassaway Davis, who were on the Republic, had been safely transferred to the Baltic.

Mrs. William H. White, of the Hamilton Hotel, this morning received a wireless telegram from the Baltic, sent by her brother-in-law, A. A. White, a real estate man of St. Paul, who sailed for the Mediterranean on the Republic.

MOONEY WAS RICH DAKOTA BANKER.

Associated With Several Banking Institutions and in a Land Company.

(Special to The World.)

GRAND FORKS, N. Dak., Jan. 24.—W. J. Mooney, of Langdon, the banker who was killed in the collision of the Republic and the Florida, was about forty-nine years old. He had been engaged in the banking business for many years and was worth about $500,000. He leaves a wife and one son, John B. Mooney, who is cashier of the bank owned by Mr. Mooney, and located at International Falls.

Mr. Mooney came to Langdon in 1894 and organized Cavalier County, with the assistance of Patrick McCue. He started the first bank in Langdon and was associated with the First National. In 1896 he organized the Cavalier County State Bank. Since then he had organized banks at Sarles and Wales, N. Dak., and International Falls, Minn.

The International Falls Bank was the most recently organized. It was started last month, and M. F. Murphy, whose wife was injured, is interested with Mr. Mooney. Mr. Mooney was born in Watertown, Wis., and was married there about twenty-six years ago. Mrs. Mooney died about fourteen years ago. Six years ago Mr. Mooney married Miss Griffith, of Milwaukee.

Besides his banking interests Mr. Mooney was half owner of the North Dakota Land and Town Site Company. He was a member of the Elks Lodge of Grand Forks.
~ 051 ~

CAPTAIN AND ALL HANDS TAKEN OFF BY CUTTER AS THE REPUBLIC SINKS.

LA LORRAINE’S CAPTAIN TELLS OF WIRELESS SEARCH.

First Roused to Activity on Fog-Wrapped French Liner by Call of the Republic for Help.

VESSEL HEADED FOR NEAREST LIGHTSHIP.

Messages Flashed Back and Forth All Day as Liner Groped Her Way to Rescue.

A sentinel on post, transmitting calls to and fro and around to headquarters the shortest way, a relay station along the ocean's dark highway flashing words of cheer and life, indispensable to the ultimate salvation of more than 700 souls.

Such was the part played by the swift French liner La Lorraine in the marine tragedy of the Republic and the Florida, ending happily for most of those who in these ships had gone down to the sea.

The Lorraine, which was at the bar at 8:40 A. M. yesterday, was the first member of the Transatlantic mail fleet taking part in the rescue of the Republic's passengers to reach New York. She stole up the bay through rifts and rays of the fog yesterday, and made fast to her pier at 2 P. M. Bringing few travelers, and most of them absorbed in their own affairs, unaware of the extent of the peril of a thousand lives or only mildly concerned in the important role the Frenchman had acted in the wholesale saving of human life, only her officers and wireless operators showed the effects of unusual strain.

On the Lorraine the boat deck holds the brains, the nerve centers of the ship, for here are the captain's quarters, the lower bridge and the Marconi outfit. The hatch of a telegraph office, situated among funnels, ventilator stays, life boats, guys, buckets, wires and t'nder-stern life rafts, through the long hours of Saturday was the life of the ship.

Nerve Centre of the Ship.

The bandbox of a place, crammed with mystic mechanism and jars, was sacred ground. A strong-armed sailor stood guard over it and allowed no trespass.

A knock on the door yesterday brought a haggard figure to the portal with bloodshot eyes and pallid lips, and he was only one of two masters of the wireless key, holding the salvation of a regiment of men and women in their hands, who had kept up through a tedious watch on bare nerve.

The operator on La Lorraine is M. Loui and his relief is Ernest Monrouzeau. Neither would consent to make public the communications they had handled without the consent of Capt. Edouard Tournier, who in turn felt "safe" in telling all he knew and allowing the rest to be told only on the consent of Paul Faguet, American agent of the French line.

The captain, too, had come through a wearying experience. It required both the approbation of his agent and the full enjoyment of his luncheon before the commandant could, in his succinct way, tell what had happened and how he had worked in with the wireless to promote the transmission of mystic messages.

M. Monrouzeau read off the copies of the Marconigrams, which had to be handled in English because he was conversing with English speaking steamers and stations, although they were posted aboard ship in both English and French for the most part.

From the morning watch of Saturday until Sunday afternoon M. Bouz and Monrouzeau had been on duty.

"It was about 7 A. M. on Jan. 22," said Monrouzeau, speaking with both a mathematical precision and a strong French accent on every word as if he were forming each letter of a word on his flashing instruments or methodically taking it down with ear and nerves on the tension.

Cry of “C. Q. D.” from the Sea.

"From Siasconset came the distress call, ‘C. Q. D.’ I spring, I jump and drop everything but this. Outside it was all dark, absolutely, all fog. I answer ‘G,’ which means I am coming; I have received it. I sign ‘M. L. L,’ which is the code sign of La Lorraine.

"Then come also from Siasconset this message:

“Latitude 40.17 north, longitude 70 west. Republic wrecked; wants assistance.” “M. K. (Republic).”

"At 7.10 I sent to Siasconset:

“Your C. Q. D. received O. K. Notified captain.” “M. L. L.”

"At 7.05 I had sent to Lucania, which was too far away to hear Siasconset:

“C. Q. D. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70. Republic wrecked; wants assistance.” “M. M. L.”

“I had been in communication with Lucania during the week. Lucania was about twenty-four miles astern. ”At 7.50 A. M., La Lorraine to Siasconset:

“Please tell Republic we are eighty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.”

Reading with painful deliberation and almost unintelligible accent, the faithful young scientist delineated each simple step in the chain of mystic communication. He read literally, showing in his translations and transcriptions how every unnecessary word or letter is eliminated from a wireless to the economy of both time and money, the first in this case more important than the other.

Asks for Republic’s Position.

“At 9.45 La Lorraine to Republic,” continued M. Monrouzeau, the methodical:

“Please tell us if you are in fog and your exact position.” “M. L. L.”

"At 9.50, Republic to La Lorraine:

“Position Lat. 40.17. Long. 70 west. We are in fog.” “M. K.”

"At 10.25, Republic to Baltic:

“Lat. 40.27. Long. 70.”

“This I caught in transmission. The Republic was calling to her own ship, her sister. ”At 9.55, La Lorraine to Republic:

“Please tell us the depth of water. Our captain wants to direct his steering accordingly.”

The last had been flashed at the request of Capt. Tournier, who at the first intimation of a call of distress had set to studying his chart and shaped his course for Nantucket Lightship, from which he was then perhaps about forty miles to the eastward, intending to pass it rather to the southward. Up to this time and beyond it until his knowledge was clarified Capt. Tournier assumed that the Republic was ashore somewhere. He feared going ashore himself. Therefore this request for the Republic’s depth of water. Again in an easy grouping in that gray cave of elemental obscurity which was as thick as suds from a hot washtub, it was necessary for the French captain to take his soundings.

“11 o’clock,” the French wireless manipulator went on.

La Lorraine to Republic: Now thirty miles off.

“11:15 A. M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Now about twenty miles off.”

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"11:15 A. M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Now about twenty miles off."

It all sounded so short and formal, dry and precise.

But those words and figures, so curtly and accurately snapped and sparked off on the hard worked instruments of the sinking Republic's operator sounded sweet to him. Like Sheridan on his ride, the Lorraine kept reannouncing her decreasing distance from the Republic. Thus it went on:

12:45 P. M.—La Lorraine to the Republic:

"Tell your captain we can hear his bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steerings, because the fog is thick." "M. L. L."

Just a Touch of Humor.

Here was a touch of unconscious humor, yet couched in the most understandable English, calling upon the captain of the doomed liner to make as much racket as he possibly could for the guidance of his intending rescuer.

"It was 6.40 P. M., on Saturday, I believe," concluded M. Monrouzeau, "that we caught this message from the Baltic:

Baltic to La Lorraine: Republic says to steer for Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and she must have some one to stand by. She is blowing full blasts."

The White Star liner, from Liverpool, now first appearing in the wireless conversation and action, thus acted as intermediary between the Republic and the Lorraine, which was asked to stand by the Florida, also now making her first entrance into the story of the ethereal waves. Here was the message at 6.55 P. M. Saturday. La Lorraine to Siasconset:

"French Line, Pier 42, North River, New York. Republic's passengers have all left by Florida. Baltic remains. We have been asked by the Republic to follow the Florida. We arrive at Sandy Hook daylight." "M. L. L."

The last message fixes the time at which the French line was notified by its own ship of the safety of the Republic's passengers.

7.32 P. M.—Baltic to Lorraine: Baltic alongside both ships. Clear weather. Can see lights. "RANSON."

The wireless tale ends logically with the Baltic standing by at the hour mentioned and the French ship left with naught to do but convoy the Italian steamer Florida.

Meanwhile the principal of the foregoing messages, so potent with hope, had been posted in both French and English on the bulletin boards in the first and the second cabins, where they had been perused with varying degrees of interest, largely dependent upon the comprehension and temperament of the traveller.

The Lorraine’s companion ways were thronged with passengers scanning the terse, almost unintelligible words and numerals, while Capt. Tournier still groped and manoeuvred in the opaque air of the ocean.

After the modest Marconi operator had told his part Capt. Tournier, with equal honesty, the cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast, told how he had guided his ship during a tireless vigil to coincide with the requests and directions received through the air.

He said he had had fog from St. George’s Bank, and before this nice weather. The first wireless telegram from Siasconset had been received, he supposed, at about 8:30 A. M. on Saturday.

On the Bridge All Night.

“I was on the bridge,” said the captain. “I had been there all night, from after 8 A. M. of the day before, but that’s nothing.”

“The first thing I did after I received the message of distress? Well, nothing but to look on the chart and see what I had to do. On the day before I had my last observation, in the morning, and so, when I receive this message, I locate myself on the chart and I see that my way is to Nantucket lightship and so I go directly to Nantucket, so as to have a good start for the Republic.”

Capt. Tournier said La Lorraine might have been eighty miles to the eastward of the lightship when she got the call of distress.

“When I have knowledge of my position,” continued the French captain, "I steer for the exact place given by the Republic, and I was there at 12:15 P. M. Saturday, and the Baltic was there, and so I have looked to the north, south, east, west, giving messages and receiving messages, but I don’t find the Republic. That’s all.

"I do not know how far I was from the Republic. I heard a submarine bell and don’t know whether it was the Nantucket lightship’s bell or the Republic’s bell.

"I stayed in the vicinity about six hours. In about six hours I have received from the captain of the Republic a message telling me all the passengers are on the Florida and will proceed to New York.

"I saw (got into wireless touch with) the Baltic in the afternoon of Saturday. It had taken the Baltic about four hours to find the Republic.

"The Republic had prayed me to follow the Florida, convoy her to New York, and so I have followed her.

"At about 6:30 P. M. on Saturday I heard the blast signals of the Florida, and I was going at slow speed and steered in the direction and heard nothing more.

"This morning I heard Sandy Hook lightship submarine bell 11 miles away. After that I went to Sandy Hook and arrived there at 7 A. M. and took on the pilot.

“At about 3 P. M. on Saturday I turned in the vicinity of the Florida. At 8 A. M. next day, I take soundings.”

MOONEY WAS RICH DAKOTA BANKER.

Associated With Several Banking Institutions and in a Land Company.

(Special to The World.)

GRAND FORKS, N. Dak., Jan. 24.—W. J. Mooney, of Langdon, the banker who was killed in the collision of the Republic and the Florida, was about forty-nine years old. He had been engaged in the banking business for many years and was worth about $500,000. He leaves a wife and one son, John B. Mooney, who is cashier of the bank owned by Mr. Mooney, and located at International Falls.

Mr. Mooney came to Langdon in 1884 and organized Cavalier County, with the assistance of Patrick McCue. He started the first bank in Langdon and was associated with the First National. In 1896 he organized the Cavalier County State Bank. Since then he had organized banks at Sarles and Wales, N. Dak., and International Falls, Minn.

The International Falls Bank was the most recently organized. It was started last month, and M. F. Murphy, whose wife was injured, is interested with Mr. Mooney. Mr. Mooney was born in Watertown, Wis., and was married there twenty-six years ago. Mrs. Mooney died about fourteen years ago. Six years ago Mr. Mooney married Miss Griffith, of Milwaukee.

Besides his banking interests Mr. Mooney was half owner of the North Dakota Land and Town Site Company. He was a member of the Elks Lodge of Grand Forks.
~ 052 ~

WIRELESS TELLS CROWDS NEWS OF CRIPPLED SHIPS

All day yesterday the news of the steamship collision, which placed 1,900 lives in jeopardy, leaked into New York City out of the fog. It came almost a word at a time and at fitful intervals, frequently contradictory enough to add to suspense.

About 10 o’clock the first news of the fate of the Republic came by wireless to the White Star offices. The message was signed by Captain Ranson, of the Baltic, and read:

“Baltic standing by Republic. Republic in good towing condition. Lucania has left and Baltic is now on her way to New York.”

Then from Falmouth, Mass., where it had been caught up by wireless instruments and transmitted to the land wires, came the news that the Republic was being towed to Boston. Boston was thereupon besieged with telegrams from relatives of Republic and Florida passengers. The quandary was made for a time still more ominous by constant reports that newspaper men were flocking to purchase fishing boats from Provincetown to catch up to Cape Cod for the purpose of being towed to Boston.

Shortly before noon all these rumors were completely upset. A wireless message flashed at Siasconsett, Mass. It was from an operator there, that when the fog lifted from the bay shortly afterward he could see no tugs waiting as the message was the cause. It read:

“Baltic still standing by Republic. Latter apparently floating easier. Sailing crew again on board and wireless operator back to his post. Tugs (have) arrived on scene; chance to save her. All passengers are aboard the Baltic. Florida (is) being convoyed to New York by Furnessia and New York. A wireless line crowded with important orders. Hard to obtain further particulars.”

Crowds Await News in Hotels.

The belief that further news would soon be forthcoming drew increasing crowds in the big uptown hotels, where there were wireless bulletin boards.

There were whispers on the streets, and then only a tense hush prevailed in through the rooms. A telegram, said to have been sent from Newport, R.I., had it simply stated that the Government derelict destroyer Seneca was towing the Republic into Long Island Sound.

The first news of a tragedy growing out of the collision reached the city at 2 p.m. It caused much consternation at the Waldorf-Astoria, where a crowd of unusual proportions had gathered. Fear prevailed among those who read that the list of the dead and wounded was being received at the White Star offices from the steamship Baltic, and gave the dead and wounded as follows:

Killed: Mrs. E. H. Lynch, Boston, Mass.; W. J. Mooney, Langdon, N.D.; four negroes (names unobtainable).

Injured: E. F. Lynch, husband of Mrs. Lynch; M. J. Murphy, Grand Forks, N.D.

A few minutes later the wireless operator at Cambridge, Mass., picked up this message from the air:

“The Republic and Florida were drifting around off Nantucket lightship. They were at that hour ten miles southeast of the light, with the Gresham and the Seneca standing by. The Baltic, with all the passengers, left there at 3 p.m.”

Around 3 o’clock the wireless instruments along the shore began to buzz with the news that the Baltic was steaming slowly to New York through a lifting fog. It expected to make the Sandy Hook Lightship by 10 or 11 o’clock. The cutter Gresham and the wrecking boat Seneca were reported to be alongside of the Gresham wrecked boat. The Merritt-Chapman tug Relief was said to be on her way to pick up the Republic.

About the same time Nantucket flashed word that the transfer of the passengers of the two wrecked boats to the Baltic, both the Florida and the Baltic started for New York.

“If the Baltic keeps at her average speed, and does not act as a convoy for the Florida, she should reach New York by Sunday evening,” the dispatch concluded.

A more detailed dispatch came through about 5:30 o’clock, by way of Newport, and read:

“Heavy fog continues, adding to the troubles of the steamers Republic and Florida. Wireless at Nantucket Shoals Lightship remains calm. The wireless operator on the Republic has been out of commission since yesterday.”

An unconfirmed report has it that a large sum of money was on board the Republic for the Italian earthquake sufferers, which may be one of the reasons the captain of the Republic remained on his ship.

Through the naval wireless station this morning a message from the White Star line agents in New York was sent to the revenue cutter Seneca, in the vicinity of Nantucket Shoals, which is cruising in that location for a derelict. The message read:

“Republic and Florida are drifting somewhere near Nantucket Shoals Lightship. Do all you can to save the Republic.”

If the weather changes for the worst, the plight of the Republic and Florida would become serious under their present condition, and severe storms usually prevail in Nantucket Shoals vicinity at this season of the year.

A few minutes later a dispatch was received from Woods Holl, Mass., which read:

“Republic and Florida now twelve miles south of Nantucket Shoals Lightship.”

From Siasconsett, Mass., came the news at 5:45 p.m. that the Baltic was nearing Long Island, bound for New York.

“The Republic is being towed by the revenue cutter Gresham, steered by the Furnessia aft,”

continued the dispatch. “Florida, refusing assistance, under own steam.”

FLORIDA SAFE AT SANDY HOOK

Italian Steamship Reaches Port with Bows Badly Dented from Collision.

The Italian Lloyds steamship Florida, which ran into and sank the Republic on Saturday off Nantucket, reached port today.

The crippled liner under her own steam crept into the entrance to the port. There she was met by a tug, and at 2:20 the two passed Sandy Hook.

The Florida’s bow was badly stove in, and she was down by the head as though her forward compartment was filled with water.

$2,000,000 ESTIMATED LOSS OF OWNERS AND PASSENGERS.

Just how much in money the loss of the liner Republic will cost the White Star Company will not be known until the passengers foot up the list of jewels, clothes, and cash they left behind upon her sinking hull when rescued by the Baltic.

Two million dollars, however, is a rough but the most approximate figure that can be obtained.

At the White Star offices last night it was declared that the Republic’s hull, furnishings, and machinery were worth $1,500,000; that her cargo showed on the books at $85,000; that it included also $35,000 worth of foodstuffs designed for the consumption of the American battleship fleet now finishing its cruise around the world, and that the passengers’ belongings could not be estimated.

But a question of salvage also arises to be determined by the Admiralty Courts when the steamship has been refloated and made seaworthy again. The Republic sank while being towed to harbor, maritime authorities last night said that the United States revenue cutter Gresham and the Anchor Line steamer Furnessia might have a claim still for bringing her as far toward safety as they did.

If it develops that she had been abandoned by her captain and crew when these two vessels took her into tow, and though the officers and men afterward returned aboard her, the courts, it was said, might still decide that the men of these boats were entitled to salvage.

Had she been completely abandoned and had these vessels succeeded in towing her safely to port, it is estimated that the salvage due would have been in the neighborhood of $100,000, to be divided among the Furnessia’s men, for it is improbable that the crew of the United States naval boat would have been allowed to make claim for their share of the salvage.

Asked about the insurance to retrieve them from loss through the sinking of the Republic, the White Star managers here said last night that she was insured in her own company—that is, the White Star sets aside a part of its profits each year to insure itself against the loss of any of its boats. This sum, it was declared, is more than ample to protect its stockholders fully even if the loss of the Republic becomes twice the present estimate.

THE RESCUE IN OPEN BOATS.

The story of the wreck of the Republic is full of thrilling details. Even with the comparatively small loss of life caused directly by the collision, which lends the incident its tragic aspect, it would be one of the most moving and memorable of all true tales of misadventure at sea. But no feature of it all was more remarkable than the safe transfer in open boats through a rolling sea and in a fog of 1,650 human beings from the disabled Florida to the steamship Baltic. Each of the ten boats could carry only ten passengers, and the work of

transfer occupied more than ten hours, yet not a life was lost, not a person injured. The task was prodigious, and we believe the result was unprecedented. The rescue of 1,650 persons in open boats at sea by searchlight is an incident never imagined by Cooper, Melville, or Marryat. It helps to lend a unique aspect to this disaster which would have caused a terrible loss of life before the era of the wireless telegraph.

Scarcely less noteworthy is the perfect discipline preserved on board the Republic, under Capt. Sealby, from the moment of the collision until the passengers were transferred to the Florida. As an ill-wind always blows some good to somebody, the testimony of the rescued passengers as to the coolness and bravery of officers and crew will lend new lustre to the

bright reputation of the White Star Line. It is sad to think that after all this skillful and successful battling with great danger, the good ship Republic should now lie in 270 feet of water, beyond the reach of divers, to rot slowly away.
~ 053 ~

LA LORRAINE TRIED TO HELP

SOUGHT IN VAIN TO FIND THE RAMMED STEAMSHIP.

Felt Her Way Through the Fog for Hours and at Last Learned That All the Passengers Were Safe—Then Tried to Find the Florida to Escort Her.

Capt. Edouard Tournier, the blue-eyed commander of the French liner La Lorraine, after swiftly berthing his big ship yesterday afternoon with almost the cleverness of a Battery boatman putting his Whitehall 18 footer alongside a float, ate a hurried dinner and after giving the reporters ten minutes of his time turned in. He had been on the bridge forty-eight hours without sleep. He had had a mighty blustery time of it on the first four days of the trip, the seas coming aboard forward and making a mess of things there.

He told how, after he had passed through the tumult he was informed by one of the wireless operators at 7 o’clock on Saturday morning that Siasconsett was sending out the distress call “C Q D.” The operator transmitted the message to the captain and he sent back the signal “G,” which the captain said in English was, “I am coming.” He headed the Lorraine immediately in the direction of the Nantucket lightship. Then Siasconsett’s wireless expert set the Hertzian waves vibrating with the announcement that the Republic was wrecked and wanted assistance.

The French commander headed full speed in the direction of the Republic’s position, ‘latitude 40 degrees 17 minutes north; longitude 70 degrees west,’ given by the Siasconsett operator. The Lorraine then gave the news to the Cunarder Lucania, then about thirty miles astern and out of the zone of the Siasconsett wireless station. Capt. Tournier got down his chart for the waters off Nantucket and with the help of the Siasconsett operator made out roughly the position of himself and the Republic.

He heard through the telephone connecting with his submarine receiver the submarine bell on the Nantucket lightship in the afternoon. He was 120 miles from the scene of the collision when he got the first signal from Siasconsett and it took him some time because of pauses he was forced to make, to be certain of the correctness of his course, to get within the sound of the Nantucket lightship bell. He could not say how far he was from the lightship, but it would not have been within vision if the weather had been clear. He peered through the fog with some hope of getting a glimpse of the Republic, meanwhile receiving and sending messages, the purport of which was that he was on his way and wanted to know exactly where the Republic lay. He was unaware that the Florida had rammed the Republic, and conjecturing that she might be aground, he also wanted to know in how many fathoms she was, so that he would not have to endanger his own ship in approaching her. He also prepared to take soundings as soon as he got within the fifty-fathom limit.

At last about 6:30 P.M. he got word from the Baltic that the Republic’s passengers had been

transferred to the Florida, and he was requested by the Baltic to follow and overtake the Florida and stand by her if necessary. Capt. Tournier, under the impression that the Florida was on her way here, stood on his course again, all lookouts keeping their eyes peeled for a glimpse of the Italian ship. She did not materialize from the mist, and the Frenchman, feeling that she had done her best and that the Republic's passengers were all safe in the Florida, laid a course for the head of the Ambrose Channel. Capt. Tournier got a few winks before he rose again to take soundings. He anchored off the bar at 4:40 A.M. yesterday and at 7 o'clock got a pilot.

The story of the Lorraine's part in the drama as told by her wireless operators, Messrs. Ernest Monrouzeau and Bour, who worked as they never had before incidentally struggling a bit with the English of the messages, follows.

Siasconsett to La Lorraine, 7 A.M.: C Q D. (Distress call.) La Lorraine to Siasconsett: G. (I am coming.)

Siasconsett to La Lorraine: Latitude 40 degrees 17 minutes north; longitude 70 degrees west; Republic wrecked. Wants assistance.

La Lorraine to Siasconsett: Your C Q D message received O K. Notified captain M L L (Wireless signal of La Lorraine.)

La Lorraine to Lucania, about thirty miles away: Republic wrecked. Wants assistance. Latitude 40 degrees 17 minutes north; longitude 70 degrees west.

La Lorraine to Siasconsett, 7:50 A.M.: Please tell Republic [the Republic can communicate only about 80 miles] we are within 120 miles of her and shall reach her at 2 P.M.

9:45 A.M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Please tell us if you are in fog and exact position.

9:50 A.M.—Republic to Lorraine: Position 40 degrees 17 minutes north, longitude 70 west. We are in fog. (The Republic had drifted a bit.)

10:25 A.M.—Republic to Baltic (message caught by La Lorraine): Latitude 40 degrees 27 minutes, longitude 70 degrees. Going full speed.

9:55 A.M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Please tell us the depth of water. Our captain wants to direct his steering accordingly.

11 A.M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Now about 20 miles off.

12:45 P.M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Tell your captain we can hear his bell and are steering straight toward you. Also, he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steering because the fog is thick.

6:40 P.M.—Baltic to La Lorraine: Republic says to steer for Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers. She must have someone to stand by. She is blowing full blast.

La Lorraine to French Line pier: Have been asked by Republic to follow Florida. Will arrive at Sandy Hook daylight.

Baltic to La Lorraine: Baltic alongside both ships. Clear here. Can see lights.

The commander of the Lorraine did not know exactly what to make of this last message. He thought it might mean that the Florida was one of the other ships, but all the same he kept a lookout for her all the way to the Hook.

Plan to Raise the Republic Is Under Way

The first news of the sinking of the Republic was received by the White Star Line Company in this city at 10:31 o’clock and was a despatch from Capt. Sealby himself.

“Republic sunk. All lived saved. Making Gray Head on the Gresham.”

Until this message came from Capt. Sealby, the officials of the White Star line believed the vessel could be towed to some port, and would be saved. Bulletins received last night said the Republic’s engines were floored; that one hold was full of water and another filling, but that she could keep afloat.

One report was that the Republic had gone down in forty-five fathoms of water. A second message said she had sunk in thirty fathoms—both pretty deep to attempt salvage—but an attempt will be made at once to raise the big vessel.

This attempt is expected to be made as soon as the weather clears. David Lindsey, general agent of the White Star Line, blames the failure of tug boats to respond to the call for help from the Republic for the sinking of the vessel.

MRS. EARLE’S CLOSE CALL

Fell Overboard From a Smallboat While Trying to Reach the Baltic.

DRAGGED OUT BY HER HAIR

Author Had Sunk Twice Before Rescued by Italian Sailors With a Boathook.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, of Brooklyn, was one who had a narrow escape from death, even after she was off the Republic, and when it seemed that there was no serious danger. It was while passengers were being transferred from the Florida to the Baltic.

The small boat had been bobbing about, but all the passengers felt certain the danger was past, as Mrs. Earle went overboard, while a couple of sailors were trying to lift her out of the boat. She sank once before they could do anything to prevent. She came to the surface, then sank again. One of the sailors on the gangway stuck a boat hook into her clothing and kept Mrs. Earle afloat until another seaman grabbed her by the hair and dragged her from the sea.
~ 053 ~

NEWS THE WHITE STAR GOT

FIRST WORD OF FATALITIES CAME IN THE AFTERNOON.

All Day Communication With the Baltic, Which After Receiving the Republic’s Passengers Returned to the Wreck — Furnessia Also Went to the Aid.

It was not until 2 o’clock yesterday afternoon that the White Star Line offices in this city learned of loss of life in the wreck. At that time this despatch was received from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic. It was dated 1:30. “Regret first class passengers of the Republic Mrs. E. Lynch and Mr. W. J. Mooney killed in collision, also Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy badly hurt. RANSON.”

Eugene Lynch and Mrs. Lynch were booked from Boston, W. J. Mooney from Langdon, N. D., and Mrs. M. J. Murphy from Grand Falls, N. D.

The Westerners mentioned in the despatch were members of a party of twelve booked by George H. Bendeke, White Star agent at Grand Forks. Mr. Bendeke is stopping at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Capt. Ranson’s advices also say that four of the crew of the Florida were killed.

The casualties reported on the Republic occurred in two staterooms almost exactly amidships on the port side and indicate the location of the blow struck by the Florida's iron nose. The staterooms on either side of the two that were wrecked, according to the officers of the line, practically, were untouched.

Fairly steady communication was kept up by the wireless between Capt. Ranson of the Baltic and the officers of his line all Saturday night and yesterday. At 3 o'clock yesterday morning Capt. Ranson flashed that he was proceeding with the transfer of all the passengers from the Florida, which at that time was burdened with the Republic's passengers and part of her crew as well as her own passengers and complement. The weather conditions Capt. Ranson reported as good at that hour.

The transfer had been completed at 6 o'clock in the morning, and the Baltic's captain announced that he was about to return to the scene of the wreck to ascertain, if possible, the position of the Republic, which had drifted away in the fog of the night. Capt. Sealby and his deck crew, along with Binns, the wireless operator whose work had been so marked a feature of the events immediately following the accident, in small boats had cruised about near the wrecked steamer from the time of quitting her until well on into the daylight hours.

The Baltic located the Republic at 10 o'clock. She approached within hailing distance of the unlucky ship and found that the captain, the deck crew and Binns had returned to their posts. Capt. Sealby reported that his ship was holding up well. The weather still held favorable. Capt. Sealby asked for wrecking tugs and was told that they were on the way and that the derelict destroyer Seneca had been ordered to proceed at once from Newport. Binns had got his wireless apparatus on the Republic working again and was able to transmit messages over short distances.

The Furnessia of the Anchor Line was standing by the Republic to await the arrival of the tugs and other craft which had been despatched to her assistance.

The Anchor liner Furnessia sent a wireless message shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon saying that the Republic had requested help from her and asking for instructions. The Anchor Line instructed the captain to grant any request of the Republic and shortly afterward another message was sent from the Furnessia saying that she had fastened a line to the Republic and was towing her, with the revenue cutter Gresham acting as a rudder. The boats were headed west, the message said, and would try for this port, by shoal water. They were making eight miles an hour at the time the message was sent. Two hours later a wireless which was received by the White Star Line said that the Republic was being towed by the derelict destroyer Seneca and the revenue cutter Gresham. The wireless was signed by Capt. Reynolds of the Seneca and did not give the position of the vessels.

At 10 o'clock, the American liner New York, which had turned back in answer to the "C Q D" signal which had warned the world of the danger confronting the Republic, had resumed her course to this city. Report had it that she had the Italian Florida in tow, but early in the afternoon P. V. G. Mitchell, manager of the White Star Mediterranean service, said this report was untrue and that the Florida, her nose smashed in was proceeding to this city under her own steam. Her speed under the circumstances must be slow and the White Star people would not hazard a guess as to her probable time of reaching Sandy Hook.

Through the hours of Saturday night and yesterday there was a continual conference in a room on the second floor of the Bowling Green Building, 9 Broadway, where the offices of the International Mercantile Marine are situated. The officers of the company who took part in this informal meeting of what might be termed the ways and means committee included Vice-Presidents John Lee and P. A. S. Franklin, General Passenger Manager W. W. Jeffries, Mr. Mitchell and R. H. Farley, third class manager.

In addition to the officials named many secretaries, clerks and managers of various degrees remained in the offices of the line most of the night, few getting more than a few hours sleep

and the greater majority not sleeping at all. The big room on the first floor of the building in which the bulletins were given out was well filled most of the time with relatives and friends of the Republic's passengers and with newspaper men.

A messenger boy would come in, running for once, and a clerk would tear open the envelope and glance over the message. Then it would go upstairs to the men who sat in conference. Soon the substance of the wireless message would be given out to those waiting, and a few minutes later a clerk would emerge from the conference room with an order to Capt. Ranson or some other bit of instruction to the company's own men or to a tug company.

The men who called in at the company's offices were merely worried—the early reports that no one was hurt had removed the fears of serious casualties. Few women were among the callers at the offices, although many women made inquiries over the telephone. Yesterday's quota of inquirers, both those using the telephone and telegraph and those going to the offices of the line in person, outnumbered those of the first day and there were many from out of town who had hurried to New York at the first report of the disaster.

The killed and injured on the Republic were in three staterooms on the port side of the saloon deck a little aft of amidships—the three staterooms at the after end of the line of fourteen on that side of the deck. The end room is No. 34, which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lynch; Mr. and Mrs. Mooney had No. 32 and Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were assigned to stateroom No. 28. Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, wife of the president of the Bank of New York, had No. 30.

A friend of Mr. and Mrs. Mooney who called at the offices of the line yesterday said that just before sailing Mrs. Mooney had told him that they had succeeded in arranging matters so that they would be in a room adjoining that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, their friends. It is believed therefore that Mrs. Griggs had exchanged rooms with the Murphys. Mrs. Griggs, so far as known, was unhurt, while Mrs. Murphy was one of the two whom Capt. Ranson's messages named as being badly injured.

Staterooms 96, 98 and 100 were on the upper deck, immediately below the rooms where the casualties occurred. Mrs. Washburn, living at the Hotel Belmont, had room 96; the Countess Pasolini, formerly Miss Mildred Montague of Nashville, Tenn., was in 98, and 100 was unoccupied. The same place on the main deck below that was taken up by two staterooms, 126, occupied by Miss Mulligan and Miss Hewitt of Astoria, L. I., and 128, taken by two New York men who were booked through an agent and whose names were not in the line's office books.

William H. White, a lumberman of Fargo, S. D., was on the sailing list along with his brother, A. A. White of St. Paul, Minn. W. H. White was recalled from New York just before the sailing of the ship by important telegrams from the West and was forced to give up the outing. A wireless message was received by him yesterday morning from his brother which read: "8:15. Safe and well on the Baltic."

At 1:40 yesterday afternoon the line received word that the derelict destroyer Seneca had located the Republic. "United States derelict destroyer Seneca reported twenty miles from the Republic," the message read, "and hastening toward her. With the aid of the vessel and the tugs Republic will be towed to New York."

Officers of the company, in want of definite details concerning the condition of the Republic, declined to give any estimate as to the length of time which probably would be consumed in the journey.

Capt. Ranson at 5 o'clock sent this message to the owners, which was received by them half an hour later by way of Sagononack, L. I.: "Gave revenue cutter by wireless position of Republic. Left Furnessia alongside Republic. Lightship knows position of Republic. Have not been in touch with Minneapolis. We will probably arrive Ambrose 11 P. M. Have on board from both vessels about 1,650 persons."

Late in the afternoon Mr. Mitchell announced that the Gen. Putnam, which had been chartered on Saturday afternoon to meet at Sandy Hook whatever ship should bring in the Republic's passengers, would leave Pier 48, North River, at the foot of West Eleventh street, at 5 o'clock this morning to take relatives of the Republic's passengers and newspaper men out to the Baltic. It had been expected on Saturday, when it was supposed that the Florida would be the vessel to carry the Republic's people to land, that the Putnam would take out a supply of provisions and also that she might receive a part of the passengers and bring them to the city. This part of the plan was abandoned when it was learned that the Baltic had the passengers, since, although she had a pretty full house, she carried an ample supply of eatables and staying aboard her would be much better adapted to the presumably nervous condition of shipwrecked passengers, twice transferred at sea, than would be another transfer and this time to an immigrant boat, with all the inconvenience and minor evils that the name implies. The Baltic was expected to anchor, presumably just inside the Hook, and then come up the bay later in the morning.

Reassurance as to the health and safety of the Republic's passengers outside the four unfortunates in the three staterooms was not confined to Capt. Ranson's reports to the owners of the wrecked vessel. A considerable number of private wireless messages were got through during the day from passengers who informed anxious friends that they were well and "all right" on the Baltic.

Reports that the Republic carried a large sum of money collected for the sufferers from the earthquake at Messina were denied yesterday at the offices of the White Star Line. At least Manager Mitchell of the Mediterranean service said that no such money had been turned over to the steamship company for transportation; it was of course possible, Mr. Mitchell said, that some individual passenger had such a treasure in his personal belongings.

THE FLORIDA ALL RIGHT, HE SAYS

The New York Arrives, and Capt. Roberts Tells of Summons to the Rescue.

Capt. W. I. Roberts of the American liner New York, which docked shortly after noon to-day, said that the disabled Florida should make this port in safety.

"We left her," he said, "at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon about twenty miles off Nantucket. She was then making about seven knots, and should be off the Hook by 3 o'clock.

"Her nose was all crushed, for forty feet, it seemed. We stood by her till she told us she didn't need our help. As she had no wireless, we had to use the signal flags. She signalled back in answer to our offer of help that she was in no immediate danger, and that we had better go on.

"When we reached the Republic, about ten o'clock yesterday morning, everybody had been taken off, except the Captain and a boat's crew. Their wireless was only working then and we went near enough to her to talk to the captain through the speaking trumpet. He said he was waiting for tugs then."

From others of the ship's officers it was learned that the New York got the first intimation of the disaster by a wireless message from Siasconsett sent by Manager Franklin from the New York office. The message read that the Florida was sinking and directed the New York to go to her assistance. One hour later they heard from the Baltic and blundered around in the fog till yesterday morning before they arrived on the scene and got into communication with the Baltic and the two damaged vessels.

WIRELESS HAS PROVEN VALUE IN OTHER COLLISIONS.

Although never before the Florida had rammed the Republic had wireless played so spectacular and so timely a part in the moving drama of the sea, it had already proved its worth under

somewhat similar circumstances several times since its adoption by the big transatlantic lines.

When the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of the North German Lloyd line, lost her rudder-post off the Newfoundland banks, on Oct. 27, 1907, wireless telegraphy was of the greatest aid. Capt. Charles Polack, in command, at once wirelessed Oelrichs & Co., the agents of the line here, that his vessel was in no danger and would proceed to Bremen, steering with the propellers.

Daily wireless messages were sent from the crippled Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, and the passengers on board were thus able to allay the anxiety of their friends on shore.

Capt. Polack took the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse into port less than twenty-four hours late, and for this was decorated with the Order of the Crown, of the third class, by Emperor William.

Again, when the Kronprinz Wilhelm, of the same line, was rammed while at anchor off Robbin’s Reef during a fog, the wireless telegraph at once allayed all anxiety.

Capt. Nierlich wirelessed at once that the damage was slight, being confined entirely to the stern overhang, far above the water line.

The fog was so dense that it was an hour or more before tugs could find either the Crown of Castile or the Kronprinz Wilhelm, but at no time was there any excitement, because of the messages Capt. Nierlich sent.

The bow of the Crown of Castile was sighted by a watchful lookout just in time to give the officers of the Kronprinz Wilhelm time enough to close all the water tight doors, making the vessel practically collision-proof.
~ 055 ~

REPUBLIC’S SURVIVORS TELL HOW HEROISM SAVED THEM

CAPTAIN AND MATE SUNK WITH LINER BUT WERE SAVED

As Republic Was Taking Plunge Commander Sealby Climbed Mast—He and Second Officer Williams Picked Up in Water—Coming Here with Volunteer Crew.

Wood’s Hole, Mass., Jan. 25—When the Republic went down off Nantucket, Capt. Sealby and Second Mate Williams, who had determined to stick to her to the last, went down with her. Both, however, were saved by the Gresham.

Captain and volunteer crew this morning started for New York on the derelict destroyer Seneca.

Here is the story of the sinking of the Republic, told by Lieut. Scott, executive officer of the Gresham:

"The Gresham found the Republic at 10 a. m. Sunday. The passengers and all but two officers and the deck crew had been transferred to the Baltic.

"Capt. Sealby, the second officer of the Republic, and thirty-five men, who had volunteered to stay by their chief, were lying in boats alongside the Republic, which had a big list to starboard and was down somewhat by the stern. The Republic at this time was about nine miles southeast of Nantucket lightship.

Went Back to Republic.

"A British passenger steamer was standing by, but there was no other boat in sight. Shortly before noon on Sunday Capt. Sealby and his second officer, followed by the crew of the Republic, climbed back on board and the Gresham…

How for eight hours the Baltic sought the wrecked Republic, ill guided by the wireless and signals from steam whistles, she came alongside the ill-fated steamer, was told this afternoon by Capt. J. R. Ranson, of the Baltic:

Capt. Ranson said: “I got the first message from the accident at 6 a.m. It said: ”Republic in collision. Assistance wanted."

"We turned about at once and started back. Our message said the Republic lay in longitude 40, latitude 70. We went there, but could not find the Republic. We groped about in the fog and went as far as 40.27 longitude and latitude (69.50), but still she was not there.

"Then we began to receive messages from the Republic telling us our position with regard to her own. They ran like this: ‘You are on our port bow. Can you see us?’

"When we received this we listened for the Republic’s bell and then we heard: ‘You are very close. Can you see our rockets?’

"Then there came another: ‘You are too close for safety.’

"Still we could not see her. Then there came another message after an interval: ‘Steer southeast.’

Got a Bad Scare.

"Along about 6 o’clock Saturday evening there came a message which gave me the greatest alarm and made me very anxious for the Republic and her passengers.

Baltic’s Captain On Wireless Work

"The wireless log was shown by the captain, in which had been written by the Marconi operator: ‘Siasconsett says hear from Republic; says to Baltic to hurry. Sinking fast.’

“We had been groping about for hours,” Capt. Ranson continued, "and could not find our quest, and felt the situation was getting worse and worse. We had been backing and slowing and searching and straining to find the wrecked ship, and the feeling on board the Baltic was most tense.

"We had been at the place since 11 a. m. and steaming around until 8 p. m. before we finally found the ship.

"Shortly after we discovered the Republic we took off the stewards and many of the crew and officers. I wanted Capt. Sealby to leave, believing that the Republic would sink shortly, but he refused. Capt. Sealby and his first officer, the boatswain and boatswain’s crew remained on board.

Search for Florida.

"Then we started to search for the Florida. After some time we reached her and after a consultation it was decided to take all the passengers aboard the Baltic.

"It took us from 8 p. m. Saturday until 8 a. m. Sunday to effect the transfer. We used the crews of all three vessels in this work and had all but one of the Republic’s boats to use. In fact, we brought into this port seven or eight of the Republic’s boats.

Badly Overcrowded.

"We transferred of the Florida’s list 13 first-class and 826 third-class passengers and two of the crew. We transferred of the Republic’s list 228 first-class and 211 third-class, and of her

crew 244. We had on our own list 88 first-class, 172 second class, 329 third-class and a crew of 345, so that we were very much overcrowded.

"Everybody acted splendidly. The only incident was when one Italian woman fell overboard head first. Her clothing kept her feet uppermost for a time, but a shower of life buoys fell all around her, and when her head came up she grabbed the nearest buoy, and we got her aboard all right.

"In making the transfer the first passengers to be put in the boats were the women and children. According to the statement of Steward Whittle and others, but one man tried to get in first.

"According to the stories of the stewards this man, who is well known, tried to get in before all the women were taken off, and he was rather roughly handled by the stewards and crew—both at the time of the first transfer to the Florida and the second transfer to the Baltic.

"The man was loud in his denunciation of the Republic's men in the cabin this morning and an altercation ensued, after which it was necessary to have him remain in his stateroom to avoid receiving bodily harm at the hands of a couple of score of angry stewards and members of the crew of the Baltic.

"The wireless on the Republic certainly enabled us to find the cripple. As I have described to you, the Republic's captain arranged our signals, and by wireless told us our relative location. As fast as these messages were received by our operator they were rushed up on the bridge to me, and I was thus enabled to give steering orders that resulted at last in finding the Republic. The messages came probably half an hour apart.

"While the wireless was a great help at times it hampered us in our work.

"The weather was very bothersome. The fog was thick all of Saturday. At night it lightened, but it was thick again on Sunday, making it difficult to transfer the passengers.

"I repeatedly asked Capt. Sealby to come aboard the Baltic, but he persisted in sticking by the Republic."
~ 056 ~

FROM THE LOST REPUBLIC.

Nothing Like a Panic When Florida Crashed Into White Star Liner. Woman Knocks Down a Man on Deck to Prevent Seizure of Boat. Terrible Havoc Wrought.

FLORIDA ARRIVES HERE CRIPPLED, BUT UNDER HER OWN STEAM

With the first story of the collision between the Republic and the Florida and details of the thrilling day and night that followed, the White Star liner Baltic docked here this afternoon.

In all the absorbingly interesting stories of the survivors stands out the cool bravery and discipline of the stricken ship's crew, which was the means of saving 700 lives.

Next to the heroism of the crew was that of the passengers. Henry Savage Landor, who was a passenger on the Baltic, said this afternoon:

"In all my travels throughout the two hemispheres never have I seen displayed such a spirit of womanhood as that of the women of the Republic. When we of the Baltic met them it was as they were being brought to our vessel in a tossing sea in small boats after nearly a score of hours spent on the crowded Italian emigrant vessel to which they had been taken from another wreck.

"They had seen, many of them, the mangled body of the woman who had been their fellow-

passenger. Yet not only was there not a whimper, not only from those who had escaped physical injury, but from those who were suffering probably untold injury as well.”

Dr. J. J. Marsh, physician of the Republic, gave the most graphic story of the accident:

"I was in my cabin and hearing three short whistles knew that something was wrong and turned out. I had hardly got to my feet when the crash came. There was one heavy thud and then the engines stopped. Half a minute later the electric lights went out, and when I opened my stateroom door I found myself in darkness.

"The saloon rapidly filled with women and children half-dressed, but everybody did as they were told, and there was no panic. Let me say now they were true Anglo-American people for pluck. I went on deck and saw the lights of the Florida through the fog. Capt. Sealby gave orders to get the lifeboats ready, and in the meantime all the passengers came upon the upper deck. It was then that Capt. Sealby said to them: ‘I do not think the boat will sink. It will go to a certain point and hang there.’

"The women and children and the men gave three cheers for the captain, and then with a few exceptions went to their staterooms to get their clothes.

"Mr. Lynch is on board the Florida. He is broken-hearted over the loss of his wife, and said he did not care whether the ship sunk or not. His leg is broken. Mrs. M. J. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. D., sustained a severe injury to her right limb, and there is a steward on board by the name of Woodward who sustained a fracture at the base of the skull. Mrs. Griggs, who was injured, had a miraculous escape. She was found under a pile of debris and for a time was believed she was lost.

While the conduct of crew and passengers of the Republic was beyond praise, stories by the Republic’s passengers show that the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic in the dark hours of Saturday night came perilously near resulting in a riot of the 500 Italian steerage passengers on the Florida, who believed that their vessel was in imminent danger of sinking.

Only the efforts of the officers aided by several of the Republic’s passengers quieted the frightened men who sought to be the first to board the lifeboats.

The story of how the Republic went down as related by those who came in the Baltic contained innumerable instances of rare bravery on the part of the White Star liner’s officers and men, particularly the stewards, and also a graphic description of the cowardice of an Italian quartermaster aboard the Florida, who was knocked down on the bridge by a belaying pin in the hands of the commander of that vessel.

It is agreed by all the officers of the Republic that nothing was seen of the Florida until she crashed into the port amidship side of the White Star liner. She was blowing her whistle even as she was rammed.

Instead of having a straight stem as supposed, the Florida had a curved bow with a short bowsprit, and to this fact is attributed the awful havoc which she created. She was traveling so fast that afterward when the stewards picked up the body of one of the victims it was found ninety feet away from the stateroom which he had occupied.

Threw Victim One Hundred Feet.

The bow tore out more than 100 feet of staterooms along the saloon deck. Mrs. Mooney, whose husband was killed, and who occupied the same stateroom, did not even sustain a scratch.

Of the remains of the two passenger victims of the Republic, Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch, the largest portion of them found was a limb of Mrs. Lynch.

There were scores of remarkable escapes; one woman, Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, wife of the president of the Bank of New York, being almost buried under a ton of stuff which the Florida threw inward in the crash. Mrs. Griggs's only injury was a sprained back.

In addition to the damage wrought by the bow of the Florida, the port anchor of that vessel fell over the bow and tore out enormous pieces of steel partitions of staterooms on the Republic. The anchor was afterward found in stateroom 92 and went down with the Republic.

Knocked Quartermaster Down.

The collision occurred at 5.45 a. m. Saturday, when the fog was densest. Official information furnished today shows that Capt. Boltolen was on the bridge of the Florida when the collision occurred. The wheel was in charge of Schrofffino Romoff, a quartermaster.

The captain of the Florida admits that he saw the Republic a second or two before the crash. So did the quartermaster.

The captain yelled: "Port! Hard aport!" The quartermaster in his excitement and terror dropped the wheel and ran away. The captain picked up a belaying pin and smashed the quartermaster five times on the head. The quartermaster was today walking around the Baltic with his head swathed in bandages and only one eye visible.

The Italian ship went through the outer plating and rail of the Republic for a distance of twenty feet and then crashed through the superstructure for another fifteen feet.

Mr. Mooney occupied suite 28. He was instantly killed. Part of his body was afterward found on the Republic's outside rail. Fragments of his body were found thirty yards from the stateroom and mast have gone through tons of debris to get there.

A Miraculous Escape.

Mrs. Mooney attributes her salvation to the fact that she occupied the lower berth, although she was only two and a half feet from where her husband slept. Mrs. Lynch was killed in a similar way to Mr. Mooney.

Both bodies were placed in caskets and taken to the second cabin compartment of the Republic, with the intention of transferring them when the proper time came. But the Republic went down with the remains before any transfer could be made.

It was not until four hours after the collision that the first lifeboat from the Florida reached the side of the Republic. This lifeboat was in charge of the Florida's first officer.

Mr. Lynch, husband of the killed passenger, had his leg broken and refused to leave the Florida when the time come for the transfer to the Baltic.

Gen. Ives's Story.

How a woman knocked down a man who, with others, had seized a boat and was attempting to lower it over the side of the Republic was told by Gen. Brayton Ives.

"I was asleep at the time of the collision," said Gen. Ives. "Having lived near the Pennsylvania railroad tunnel excavation, where blasts have awakened me many nights, I thought in the first daze of my awakening that it was another blast. But when I became fully awake and realized where I was I knew that it was something worse than a blast.

"All the lights had gone out. A friend had given me a candle before I sailed to be used in just such an emergency, and I lit it, dressed, and went on deck.

"Women were wringing their hands, and men passengers and members of the crew were telling them that there was no danger.

"The women were not panic-stricken, only frightened. It was wonderful the coolness and self-possession of all.

Woman Knocks Down Man.

"The finest act I witnessed was when a woman, a great, big, fine-looking woman, having all her wits about her, rushed in among a lot of men who were struggling to launch a small boat, and knocked one of them down.

“She saw that their actions would frighten the rest of the passengers and she determined to stop them. She hit the nearest man and he went down like a log. That put an end to the attempt to launch the boat and prevented a panic.”

Gen. Ives suffered from shock, but declared that he was all right otherwise.

One Woman Saves Another.

Mrs. W. Snyder, who with her husband and her two daughters, Mollie and Lois, was transferred to the Baltic, told how another woman fell overboard as she tried to climb aboard the Baltic.

“The woman, whose name I do not know, but who I believe was a well-known American authoress, as sitting next to me,” says Mrs. Snyder. "As we got near the Baltic she attempted to climb aboard, but lost her balance and fell into the sea.

"One of the sailors caught what clothing she had on with a boathook. The hook slipped and the woman was sinking under our boat when I put out my hand

and grabbed her by the leg. I succeeded in holding to her until the sailors were able to get her back into our lifeboat.

Prayed on Deck.

How Prof. John M. Coulter, of Chicago university, was found on deck by his physician, Dr. A. J. Wagner, praying while the members of his family knelt around him was told by the physician.

Prof. Coulter is seventy-one years old and very feeble. He was accompanied on his trip by his wife, son and two daughters. Dr. Wager was in a stateroom adjoining that occupied by the professor.

“When the crash came all the lights went out,” said Dr. Wager. "I went to the professor’s cabin and wanted to aid him in dressing. He would not wait to put on anything but a pair of trousers and a pair of rubbers.

“When I went on deck I was at first unable to find him. Everywhere men and women were running about in various stages of dishabille. Finally I located the professor. He was praying. Around him were his wife and children. He apparently suffered no ill effects from the accident.”

The stateroom behind that in which Mrs. Lynch was killed was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. William Prendergast, of Worcester, Mass.

“We were awakened by the collision,” said Mr. Prendergast, “and arose to find ourselves in complete darkness. We dressed as best we could and fought our way through a crowd of men and women to the deck, where everything was confusion. But there was no panic. It seemed a long time before we were taken aboard the Florida.”

In Scant Clothing.

Mrs. J. E. Lambie, of London, one of the passengers on the Baltic, told how the rescued men and women from the Republic were clothed when they came aboard.

“It was a weird sight,” she said. "Some men came on deck with nothing on but trousers. Others were in their pajamas, others in their underwear.

"Women with hair streaming and in bare feet were brought up the ladders in their night clothes. As quickly as the rescued were brought to the Baltic they were taken care of by the crew and passengers.

"Women were taken into cabins and clothed with surplus clothing from the baggage of the Baltic’s passengers. Men dug into a nondescript collection of trousers and shirts that the male passengers of the Baltic had provided and attired themselves on the deck.

"Six-footers walked about in trousers cut for men not over five feet tall. Small men were lost in garments intended for giants. Women donned skirts many sizes too large or small. Few were fitted. It was no time for being particular.

"When most of the passengers had been provided with clothes they were taken to cabins and cared for. Hot coffee and other stimulants were plentifully provided.

“The discipline of the crew of the Baltic was admirable. They went about the work of caring for the unfortunate passengers of the Republic as if going to the aid of a wrecked vessel was an everyday occurrence.”

Woman Falls Overboard.

During the last named transfer, which began late Saturday night and took ten and a half hours to accomplish, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, the novelist, accidentally fell overboard from one of the lifeboats and was rescued by a sailor.

The Baltic brought in one of the injured men of the Florida, a steward, who, it is thought, will die. She also brought one of the Republic’s stewards, John Woodbury, whose skull is fractured. Woodbury was taken to the New York hospital.

Altogether the Baltic brought 2900 persons, including her own company, passengers and crew, thirteen cabin, 826 steerage and two sailors from the Florida, 228 first cabin, 211 third cabin and 244 of the crew of the Republic. Fifty of the Republic’s crew were left aboard that ship and were saved by the revenue cutter Gresham.
~ 057 ~

Story of the Sinking of the Republic

Captain Cheers Passengers.

Capt. Sealby remained by his ship, and how he tried to save her was told by his other officers, including Dr. J. J. Marsh, surgeon of the Republic, who has been in two shipwrecks in two years, one of the other occasions being when the Suevic ran ashore at the Lizard, in the English channel.

Capt. Sealby was not positive that the Republic would remain afloat through Saturday night. He made two addresses to the passengers, and one speech to the crew. To the passengers in his original talk, which was made from the bridge through a megaphone, he said that he had just succeeded in establishing wireless communication with the company’s steamer Baltic, and that she had turned around and was coming to their aid.

This announcement was received with cheers. It was made two and a half hours after the collision. An hour later Capt. Sealby made another address. He said:

“We have wireless communication with the land, and the Baltic and a United States cruiser are bearing down on us. I am going to transfer the passengers to the Florida. Although she is damaged, she is not likely to sink.

“I do not think we will sink for a long time, but I am going to provision the lifeboats, because I believe it better to have them to fall back upon.”

Women and Children First.

A later speech to the passengers was: "I have ordered the lifeboats to be lowered to take you away. The stewards will direct you one by one to the gangway. I want you to remember that the women and children go first. You, as Englishmen and Americans, won’t forget that.”

His speech to the crew was not made until every passenger was safely aboard the Florida. It was growing dark by this time. Nothing but the whistle of the invisible Florida was to be heard. The Republic was then almost three-quarters filled with water.

The captain brought all of his men forward in front of the bridge and this is what he said:

“Men, I am proud of you. You have done nobly. I want to thank you for the splendid way in which you have acted. There is not a single coward among you.

“I Stand by My Ship.”

"The Republic may sink to-night. Darkness is coming fast and a great many of you have families. Any of you that want to leave can do so now. So far as I am personally concerned, I’m going to stand by my ship.”

Not a man broke ranks. There was a short silence and then somebody started to cheer. It became contagious, and after the shouts were all over Boatswain Charles Barrow came forward from the group of the men and, using his hands for a funnel, bawled up to the skipper: “We’re all going to stand by you, captain.”

Then there was another cheer.

Barrow was one of the many heroes of the wreck. He directed all the lifeboats and had the great burden of getting them ready on his hands. Capt. Sealby never left the bridge from the moment the ship was struck until Sunday night.

Later when the crew did leave the Republic six sailors decided to spend the night with Capt. Sealby, and they were relieved the next morning about the time that the Baltic had finished transferring the passengers from the Florida.

Mrs. Griggs’ Story.

Mrs. Griggs, who had a narrow escape, said that she occupied stateroom 29, next door to the two rooms occupied respectively by Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch. Forward of her were Mr. and Mrs. Murphy.

“I was in my berth when the collision occurred,” she said. “I had slept very little during Friday night. The foghorn of our ship and whistles of other vessels kept me awake, although I went to bed as early as 9:30 o’clock.”

“Coming on near daylight I had fallen into a nap when there was a terrific crash which sounded like a report of a cannon. All I remember of it was that I was covered with debris. I was lying

on my right side in the lower berth at the time and afterwards I discovered that the suspenders and shirt of Mr. Murphy and a mattress from his room had fallen in at my back."

Pinned Down by Wreckage.

"Everything was in absolute darkness. I was pinned down by wreckage and could not move. I think I lost consciousness. I remember that I knocked repeatedly on a piece of wood that lay over my head. Then I cried out as loudly as I could.

"About that time I heard the voice of my bedroom steward, who said: 'There's a woman in there. I know there's a lady in that berth. Let us get her out.'

"They pushed their way in by hammering down some of the debris, and Roberts, with a cabin boy, brought me out and carried me through the wrecked Murphy cabin, then through another wrecked cabin and into an alleyway, where I was revived."

Stewards Whipple and Jones, both of Liverpool, found the first portion of the remains of Mooney and Mrs. Lynch. The right leg of Mr. Mooney was cut away at the thigh as though by an axe, and also cleanly severed in several other places below. His jawbone was found 125 feet from his stateroom.

The staterooms demolished were located on the saloon deck.

Said Republic's Men Did All.

While the newspapermen were gathering details aboard the Baltic a delegation of the Republic's stewards came to them and asked that particular attention be paid to the way in which the men of the Florida behaved. Said the spokesman, backed up by frequent cries of "that's right!":

"They wouldn't give us any assistance. The Republic's crew did all the transferring. The women behaved better than the men. Few of the women lost their heads. Some of the men did."

The stewards asked that particular praise be given to Robert Greensdale, a steward, who "stood guard over glory hole and handed out things that the men wanted to use, and who went back with forty-nine shipmates to look after the Republic when the other members of the crew came away.

They also asked that Chief Steward J. S. Stanyer, Bostock, a sailor; H. L. Lloyd, second-class chief steward; Boatswain Barrow, Jack Grant, Harry Eberts and Johnny Williams, all of whom stood by the captain to the last, be spoken of.

Cheered Volunteers.

When the fifty men who finally remained aboard the Republic left the Baltic's side everybody deserted the breakfast table and crowded to the rail to cheer them.

A few disgruntled passengers of the Republic thought that Capt. J. B. Ranson, master of the Baltic, should have begun the transfer from the Florida sooner than he did. The Italian ship being very much crowded, the English-speaking passengers preferred to sit on the boat and promenade decks.

About 10 o'clock Saturday night a delegation was sent to the officers demanding that they be transferred at once. They claimed today that the sea being smooth at that time, the work might have been less hazardous, for it was rough at 11 o'clock, when the work of transferring began. The Baltic did not finish the work of transfer until 7 o'clock yesterday morning.

The Dead on Florida.

The four who were killed on the Florida were an able-bodied seaman, two ordinary seamen (boys)

and a steward.

Another phase of the courage of the Republic’s people was recited by Capt. Ranson, of the Baltic, who said that a delegation of twenty-five passengers of the stricken ship volunteered to man the lifeboats and save life if necessary.

When the Republic was last seen by the people of the Baltic she had sunk to within ten feet of her promenade deck and her wound was covered with tarpaulin.

Purser H. B. Palmer, of the Baltic, said that the damage to the Republic did not look nearly as bad as that to the Florida. He said that when the Baltic parted company with the Italian steamer the latter had sunk considerably by the head, her bows were all crushed in for thirty feet and her stern was away up in the air.

It is stated that this is the second midship that the Florida has been in. She is a comparatively new vessel. Her master owns a big portion of her. It is said that she ran aground in the harbor of Naples and sank and that her captain, who is a very wealthy man, paid the entire expense.

Gresham Reaches Vineyard Haven With Survivors

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., Jan. 25. — The revenue cutter Gresham anchored off this port at 8 o’clock this morning with the captain and crew of the sunken steamship Republic on board.

Capt. Sealby and his mate are in the ward room. Both are suffering from exposure, exhaustion and submersion, but the condition of neither is regarded as serious at this time.

Near the Gresham was anchored the Seneca, which will stand by and start for New York later with the captain and his crew.

That all hands were safe was first made known here last midnight by wire from New Bedford, which had received the following wireless message from the Gresham:

“All hands on board are pretty well tired out. Are now twenty miles from Point Judith. We may decide to lie here to-night. We may go to New Bedford and we may go for Newport.”

At the time this first message was received the wind was blowing from the northeast, and under these conditions it was not thought that the cutters would put in here. Newport was thought to be the destination of the vessels.

Then came a later message from the Gresham, which read:

“Making Gay Head. Will arrive in the morning. Republic sank at 8 P.M. Gresham boat picked up captain and mate of the boat in the water. No lives lost. Seneca is going with us and will take passengers to New York in the morning.”

The latter part of this message is taken to mean that the Gresham will transfer the captain and crew of the Republic to the Seneca.

The weather conditions are supposed to have been such that the commander of the Gresham decided it was too hazardous to attempt to go either to Newport or New Bedford.

Pandemonium of Cheers as the Baltic Lands

By VIOLA JUSTIN

Five thousand voices mingled in mighty cheers when the White Star liner Baltic, carrying 1,650 passengers from the steamships Republic and Florida, came alongside the pier. In the

pandemonium of rejoicing rose the voices of the refugees from the high decks of the Baltic and of anxious relatives who had been waiting since early morning for the liner to bring in its triple cargo of men and women.

The pier was a scene of wildest enthusiasm as fathers, mothers, children and friends gathered in excited groups and watched from the big windows for the approaching steamer.

Cheers Drown Sobs of Sister of Victim.

While the ship made its way slowly up the stream, towed by the little tugs, Mrs. Bryan, whose sister, Mrs. Lynch, perished in the collision, was surrounded by her husband and friends who had come from Boston with the Lynches, to see them off.

Mrs. Bryan collapsed as the big liner neared the dock.

“Oh, I cannot look at it!” she cried, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and then the cheers from those on deck drowned her sobbing.

As the Baltic came up those on shore saw the figure of the gallant Capt. Ranson standing on the bridge. Then was started the big cheer, which was caught up and echoed back from those waiting for the lowering of the gangplanks.

It seemed hours before the cry of “All ashore!” released the passengers of the Republic from the Baltic.

Like a great tide of human love the crowd swept the survivors into its maelstrom of clamor; and they were scarcely landed before they disappeared again.

Women laughing and crying caught up little children and showered them with kisses. Fathers, husbands and wives clasped hands and wept and kissed and embraced with prayers of thanksgiving.

Some of the survivors appeared to be but half-clad, many of them wore sables and furs, but no hats, others wore men’s overcoats over scanty night apparel. They were all haggard and worn and pale, but pleasure lighted up their wan faces as they stepped on to shore.

One woman, carrying a baby, was met by her excited young husband, who, in his joy, picked her up and fairly ran with her. She wore no hat and the baby was bundled in an old quilt, but she laughed and cried as her husband carried her from the scene.

There were two little girls who got separated from their anxious friends, and in the bustle and excitement it could not be learned whether they had been saved or not. Their parents were inquiring anxiously from porters and officers and were becoming greatly alarmed when the little ones were found at last.

Messina Refugees Look Terrified.

On board the ship the Messina refugees looked out upon the scene of rejoicing and excitement from portholes and the lower decks. Hungry and pinched and terrified, they had been forgotten in the excitement of those who waited to welcome the passengers of the Republic.

One old lady, about seventy-five years old, clad in a man’s overcoat and a lace shawl, struggled to get to her children.

“Mamma, mamma” they cried, “we thought you would die of fright. We never thought to see you alive again.”

The plucky old lady only laughed and told a reporter: “Now it was all over I wouldn’t have missed the experience for the world. I am rather old to travel, but I can stand it. We owe our

lives to Capt. Ranson.” …
~ 058 ~

…

THE MARVELLOUS TALE OF A WRECK.

An imperilled great vessel’s sharp cry for help breaking in, two hours before sunrise, on a stream of commercial “wireless.” To any part of the world outside the stricken steamship Republic that was the beginning. In the hours that followed, such a story of sea fact was unfolded through the wonderful service of the Marconi system as sea fiction has yet to equal.

There are technical questions of interest involved in this tale of ocean collision and of miraculously averted wholesale tragedy. Did the submarine signal apparatus in the pilot-room of the Republic fail to give warning of the Florida’s approach? And since the piercing of the Republic’s engine-room by the Florida’s steel prow seems to have been comparable to the driving of a knife into a man’s heart, what is to be done to relieve henceforth any modern ship from vulnerability like that here revealed? But matters of construction will be discussed in order in steamship offices and builders’ yards. At this moment and everywhere the story is the thing.

That which is absolutely new in the narrative is the working of the wireless. The shock of collision—passengers have been awakened by it many times before. The first rush of the panic stricken—it was inevitable and is always theatrical. The quick command of the situation by a competent captain and disciplined crew—fortunately for the annals of sea-going this is but an item in which expectation was fulfilled. But the voices out of the air and the fog—

From the thick mists, suddenly, the Florida emerged to deal its destructive blow. The thrust delivered, the sharp prow disappeared behind a gray veil as mysteriously as it had appeared. Then, while the Republic still reeled from the blow, began the succession of those wireless messages in which hardly less of mystery remains because we know that men send and control them at will. These were the voices: First, of appeal from the wounded ship; then, of response from comrades of the deep; after a brief time, to the world at large, blessed assurance of everybody’s safety on board; at length, in continuous installments, the description of passengers transferred and the toll of men and boats “standing by.”

A “romance of the sea” was this? The phrase is tame. It was a unique marvel of an age amazingly new. Tongues have been given to the tall ships and those silences over ocean have been broken which were allies to the age-old demons of wreck.

C. Q. D.

“C. Q. D.! C. Q. D.!!”
Binns sent it flashing out over the sea
To where’er a ship or a port might be—
“C. Q. D.! C. Q. D.!!”
On went the message of peril and fear,
Winging its way to whoever might hear
The call borne out on the ether’s thin breath,
A cry of disaster and imminent death.
And, instant, wherever a ship could be found,
Homeward or outward or anywhere bound,
That caught the alarm, it turned in its course
And rushed through the dark with all of the force
Of steam-driven speed to rescue and save,
Heedless themselves of a possible grave
For them and their crews in the fog-covered wave.
And, again, as so oft, out of peril were born
Names that shall live till earth’s final morn,

Names of true heroes as great as of old,
The records of daring and honor have told—
Ruspini and Sealby and Ranson, and he
Who fearless, persistent, sent over the sea
That call of distress, “C. Q. D.! C. Q. D.!!”
J. A. METS.

DESERTS POST AT THE CRASH

Quartermaster of the Florida Leaps From the Wheel as the Republic Looms Up.

KNOCKED DOWN BY CAPTAIN

Action of Helmsman Had Much to Do With the Disaster, Say Seamen of Lost Ship.

According to the stewards and seamen of the Republic, the man who may, in a great measure, have been responsible for the collision was Romolo Schioffino, quartermaster of the Florida, who was in charge of the wheel just before the collision. As the Republic loomed up in front of the Florida, Schioffino deserted his post at the wheel. The captain of the Florida shouted an order to him, and seeing that he had deserted the wheel, picked up a marlinspike and smashed it over Schioffino’s head.

Schioffino was on board the Baltic with his head so bandaged that it was possible to see only his left eye. He told some of the seamen what had happened, and their feeling for him was not the best.

According to Steward Whittle, at the time of the collision the Republic was running at quarter speed, about seven knots, and the Florida when he first saw her lights was coming along at a pretty fast clip. Apparently it was just about the time Whittle saw the Florida that the quartermaster of the Florida left the wheel. Whipple said the Florida at first was coming at right angles toward the Republic, the latter pointing east and the Florida south. There was a blast from the whistle and the Florida swerved slightly from her course, but not enough.

Those who heard Schioffino’s story believe that the collision might have been averted, or at least, the impact lessened by a more glancing blow, had the quartermaster stuck to his post, shoved the wheel hard over, and held the wheel there at the risk of his life. But it would appear from his story, as told by the seamen and stewards, that he did not put his wheel over, throwing his vessel to starboard and toward the after part of the Republic, and that his letting go and turning when he let go the wheel and started away. The wheel rolled back, of course, and the rudder, straightening out, sent the Florida full tilt into the side of the Republic.

The statement was also made that the reason for the quartermaster’s presence on the Baltic was that he feared to remain on the Florida.

CAPT. SEALBY ABOARD WHEN REPUBLIC SANK

Menemsha Bight, Martha’s Vineyard, Mass., Jan. 25.—Capt. Sealby and the fifty members of the volunteer crew of the Republic were transferred to the derelict destroyer Seneca off Vineyard sound lightship at 8 a.m. today and an hour later the Seneca started for New York.

The Republic sank last night nine miles south by east of Nantucket lightship in about forty fathoms of water (240 feet).

Capt. Sealby was picked up from a grating, but was not hurt, and none of the crew was injured. The Gresham, after transferring the Republic’s survivors to the Seneca, started for Woods Hole, arriving there at 10:30 a.m.

The information regarding the sinking of the Republic was gained from the captain of the revenue cutter Mohawk, which today was found to be the vessel that anchored in the fog off Gay Head last night and was reported to be the Gresham.

Capt. Landry, of the Mohawk, stated that after leaving New Bedford yesterday morning, where the Mohawk had come off the flats without injury, he steamed for Nantucket lightship and was within fifteen miles of that vessel last night when he received a wireless dispatch from the derelict destroyer Seneca that the Republic, which the Seneca had been towing, had sunk nine miles south by east of the lightship.

The Mohawk was ordered to return to Menemsha Bight and to be in readiness to assist in taking off the Gresham the portion of the crew of the Republic because there was not room enough on board the Seneca for their accommodation.

During the night Capt. Sealby was heard to send a message to the agents of the line in New York stating that he was not injured and that he had been picked up from a grating after the Republic sank.

The Seneca and the Gresham steamed up through comparatively calm water in the vicinity of the Vineyard sound lightship, ten miles to the northwest of Gay Head, and there Capt. Sealby and his crew of fifty men were transferred to the Seneca.

On Way to This Port.

The transfer was made about 8 a.m. today in a thick fog and an hour later the two cutters parted company, the Seneca steaming toward New York while the Gresham began threading her way through the fog up Vineyard sound to Woods Hole.

It is believed that the Seneca will arrive in New York late tonight with Capt. Sealby and his men, and that she will go by the way of Long Island sound.

Woman Killed on Republic Widely Known in Boston

Mrs. Eugene Lynch, who was killed on the steamship Republic, and her husband, who was injured, were very prominent in social and church circles of Boston. Mr. Lynch, who is in the wholesale liquor business, is seventy years old and his wife fifty-five. This was to have been their first trip abroad.

Two sisters of Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. J. H. Bryan, of Somerville, Mass., and Mrs. F. J. Finnegan, of Cambridge, Mass., together with her two cousins, Joseph A. McCarthy, a lawyer, of Troy, N.Y., and his sister, Helen McCarthy, are stopping at the Hotel Breslin. When told last night of the death of Mrs. Lynch Mr. McCarthy said:

"When we heard that the Republic had met with an accident we were fearful for the safety of Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, because of their advanced ages. Even when the later reports came in saying that all were saved, we telegraphed and engaged rooms

for them at the Waldorf.

"Why it was only last Thursday night that we gave them a dinner party at the Waldorf. Over a dozen friends from Boston came down to attend the affair, and little did we think that this proposed trip was to end so disastrously.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynch were exceedingly popular in Boston, and nearly every night for over a week before they left dinner parties were given them. Mr. Lynch is a member of the Algonquin Club, which gave him a very handsome send off just before he left for New York.

Mrs. Lynch, who was Miss Mary H. Cuttings, of Troy, was exceedingly charitable and gave

thousands of dollars yearly to charity. She had what she called a “pension list,” containing the names of scores of deserving poor families, whom she aided every year.

The couple lived at No. 68 Elm Hill avenue, Roxbury, Mass., just outside of Boston.
~ 059 ~

Passengers Wire Hotel, Asking Accommodations

Forty of the passengers on the steamship Republic went aboard the boat from the Waldorf-Astoria. At least half of these have sent wireless messages to the hotel asking for hotel accommodations on arrival of the Baltic today.

At the hotel it was said this morning that many of the persons had left some of their baggage there, so it will not be difficult for them to get some sort of a wardrobe on their landing.

Representatives of the hotel will be at the White Star line pier when the Baltic comes in, and take the shipwrecked passengers back to the hotel in automobiles.

Those on the Republic who had been at the Waldorf were: Mrs. I. H. Brookline, Miss F. Brookline and Samuel Chapples, of St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Devereaux, of Minneapolis; Miss M. Moet, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Melton, Miss Sarah Melton and maid, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford and Miss Turner, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. William Scudder, Miss Gladys Scudder, Miss Mable Scudder and Miss Marguerite Scudder, of St. Louis; and Mrs. J. L. Stack and G. E. Van Woert, of Chicago.

“Safe and well,” was the wireless message received by Mr. and Mrs. Anson P. Pond, the parents of Charles F. Pond, of No. 22 West End avenue, yesterday morning. Mr. Pond, who is twenty-seven years old, and a law student in New York, was on his way to Egypt for a tour of that country.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Doughty, of No. 289 Washington avenue, Brooklyn, who were on the Republic, were going to Egypt, intending to travel through that land and later through the Orient, which latter places they expected to reach by the middle of the winter and early spring. Mrs. Olef Doughty is secretary of the Young Tourists’ Society.

Mr. Doughty is a wealthy real estate operator doing business in New Jersey and with offices in Newark. His residence, at Washington street and Second avenue, was boarded up and it would appear as though their travelling was to be of considerable duration.

Countess Pasolini, nee Montague, of Chattanooga, who was at the Hotel Wolcott until Friday, has hastened to the steamer for Italy because of the critical condition in which she came to this country from that country. She said her physicians had advised against traveling at this time; but the anxiety of the condition of her father, eighty-eight years old, caused her to leave the Republic for her home in Ravenna.

BINNS KEEPS WIRELESS BUSY AS REPUBLIC SINKS

“C. Q. D.” (Ship in great danger). This was the first message sent by Wireless Operator J. R. Binns from the Republic Saturday.

“G.” (Send at once, am ready) was flashed back by J. B. Bour, wireless operator on La Lorraine, when he picked up the distress signal. The answer came back:

M. L. L. (La Lorraine), Lat. 40.17, Long. 70 W.—M. K. C. (Republic) wrecked. Wants assistance.

La Lorraine replied at 7:10:

Your C. Q. D. message received O. K. Notified captain. M. L. L.

Meanwhile Bour had flashed the news of the wreck to the Lucania, and at 7:30 sent this message

to Siasconset:

Please tell Republic we are one hundred and twenty miles off. Shall reach her at 2 p.m.—M. L. L.

Then to the Republic:

Please tell us if you are in fog and your exact position.

The reply came:

M. L. L.—Position, latitude 40.17, longitude 70 West. We are in fog—M. K. C.

Then there were these unofficial messages:

I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to end.
Keep cool, old man. Keep courage. We'll get you out of that fix in a moment.
O. K. Come along. We're waiting for you.
Old man, we are nearly blowing our boilers off. Are doing twenty-two knots.

As La Lorraine neared the Republic Bour sent this message:

Say, old man, now we are on the job, but we can't spot you. Tell your captain we can hear his submarine bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steering, because the fog is thick.

Finally at 6:40 p.m. Binns sent this:

Republic says to steer for the Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and must have some one to stand by. She is blowing four blasts.

Binns's last word to Bour was:

I'm still on the job, but I'm getting all fired sleepy. Remember me to Broadway. The Republic isn't done for yet. So long.
BINNS.
~ 060 ~

SURVIVORS TELL THRILLING STORIES OF WRECK

White Star Liner Is Sunk Off Nantucket—Florida Headed Here Under Her Own Steam—Six Passengers Killed in the Collision and Several Injured.

ALL NIGHT TRANSFER UNDER SEARCHLIGHTS IN BOATS

"The Republic's Crew Were a Splendid Lot of Men," Says H. J. Hover, of Spokane. "We Were Dazed First, but When the Captain Made a Speech We Got Our Nerve."

The White Star steamship Baltic, bringing 1,650 survivors of the collision between her sister ship, the Republic, and the Italian liner Florida, started up the bay at daylight, bound for her pier in North River.

The badly crippled Florida, traveling by her own steam, is somewhere outside, heading for Sandy Hook under convoy of the American liner New York.

The stove-in Republic sank at 8 o'clock last night off Nantucket Island while a fleet of tugs were trying to get her into the nearest port. Her gallant captain, Sealby, one of the heroes of the wreck, and his salvage crew stuck by the sinking ship until the water, rising over the

decks, swept them off their feet. They were all saved.

It did not develop until yesterday afternoon that there had been loss of life in the collision. On the Republic Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, a banker of Langdon, N. Dak., were instantly killed in their staterooms. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and Mrs. M. M. Murphy, wife of the financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, Grand Forks, N. D., were badly hurt. Four unnamed persons on the Florida, presumably steerage passengers, were also killed. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Banker Mooney probably went down with the wreck of the Republic last night.

An Evening World tug was the first craft to reach the Baltic after she entered the Hook. As she lay at anchor off Ambrose Light the captain of the rescuing ship and two of the passengers from the lost Republic shouted down the first authentic details of the disaster to the reporters listening below.

A big black hulk slid in through the fog soon after midnight, passing the Hook without signalling, and dropped her anchor with a muffled splash off Ambrose Lightship at 1.15 o’clock this morning. In such an unpicturesque, unspectacular manner did the White Star liner Baltic come to port, bringing with her 1,650 survivors of one of the biggest wrecks and biggest life-saving achievements in the history of Atlantic navigation.

For she had on board the passengers of the lost steamship Republic, barring only two, who were dead, and one who was injured, and all the passengers of the disabled steamship Florida except four in the steerage, who died in the collision between the two boats in the fog of Saturday morning.

As the Baltic halted, the tug Elzelline, under charter by The Evening World, which had been waiting for her off the Hook all night, raced up alongside. From the deck of the dancing tug a reporter for this paper called up through a megaphone.

A moment later a dim figure appeared at the rail.

“What do you want?” called out the figure, in a hoarse, weary voice. “I am Capt. Ranson, of the Baltic. Please be brief, gentlemen, for I am worn out, and I have yet the task of docking my ship and getting all these people ashore and cared for.”

Then, replying to questions from the tug, Capt. Ranson shouted out this: "All those on board from the two steamers are doing as well as could be expected. Some are suffering from the nervous shock, but the great majority are normal, even the earthquake refugees from Italy, who were in the steerage of the Florida.

"The Florida is following us in under convoy of the American liner New York. She is traveling under her own steam.

“The condition of the Republic is favorable for salvage. She had no perceptible list when we parted from her, although she was well down by the stern.” (At this time neither the Captain nor the reporter had any way of knowing that the Republic had gone down off Nantucket Island last night after a gallant effort by her crew to save her.)

With his voice roaring strangely through a speaking trumpet Capt. Ranson went on to supply the chapters, missing until then, in the narrative of the disaster.

EULOGY IN CONGRESS FOR JACK BINNS, HERO

House Halts in Day’s Business, While Mr. Boutell of Illinois Sounds Praises of the Republic’s Wireless Operator.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Pausing for a moment in its legislative activities, the House of

Representatives today listened to a eulogy of John R. Binns, the Marconi operator on the liner Republic, who remained at his post until the ship went down, following her collision Saturday with the Florida.

Mr. Boutell of Illinois was given unanimous consent to address the House “on a matter of public interest.” After referring to the collision Mr. Boutell, amid loud applause, said that throughout the whole critical period, “there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized.” He mentioned Binns by name, and in conclusion said:

“Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells in many who are doing the quiet, unnoted tasks of life. Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency, and that in human life no danger is so great that some ‘Jack’ Binns is not ready to face it?”

When the roll of honor of the men who took part in the saving of the hundreds of passengers on the rammed White Star liner Republic is made up the names of H. G. Tattersall, wireless operator on the rescuing sister steamship Baltic, who was at his post fifty-two hours without sleep; John R. Binns, who stuck to his wireless key on the crippled Republic when the room had been wrecked by the prow of the Florida, and Ernest Monrouzan and J. B. Bour of the French liner Lorraine, will be found in conspicuous places.

To the work of these four men, more than to anything else, is due the fact that help came so promptly to the Republic, and their performances emphasize the fact that a new and powerful agency has been developed that will minimize the dangers of deep-sea travel.

It was Binns who sat at his instrument, with the wireless ’phone strapped to his head, for a stretch of thirty hours, sending out through the fog-laden air the ambulance call of the sea, “C. D. Q.”—which, translated, means “Hurry” and “Danger.” Up and down the coast the call for aid was flashed till finally it was caught by Tattersall on the Baltic.

Although the cabin in which Binns sat on the Republic was smashed, he was not hurt, and his wireless apparatus was not damaged. So, as soon as he realized that the boat was in danger, he began sending blue flashes out on the air calling for aid for the helpless liner.

Soon the wireless men on the Lorraine, 2,000 miles in from Havre, picked up the message, and passed it to the Lucania, thirty miles astern, and before long there was a constant flash of messages between the Republic, Baltic, Lorraine, and Lucania, and the Baltic and Lorraine were making a dangerous rate of speed in the fog in order to reach the scene of the collision.

When the Baltic finally got to the scene and the passengers were rescued, Tattersall was about to relinquish his post to a subordinate when a question was flashed to him from shore.

“I can send no more,” said he, “I have been constantly at the key without sleep for fifty-two hours.”

Then he went to his berth and turned in for much needed sleep. Binns of the Republic also got a chance to sleep and the two officers of the French liner, who kept up a steady flash till the Republic was reached, were glad of relief.
~ 061 ~

PAY FOR LOSS OF THE REPUBLIC

If the Florida Is Declared Responsible Her Value Will Be the Only Recompense.

ADMIRALTY LAWYER EXPLAINS

Owners Cannot Be Made to Pay for Additional Damages—Rescue Work Costs Nothing.

The question of who is to blame for the collision between the Republic and Florida and the responsibility for the heavy losses are now the matters which must be settled and the admiralty lawyers will be kept busy. According to Harrington Putnam of Wing, Putnam & Burlingham of 27 William street, in America and most European countries, with the exception of England, the owners of the vessel which is not at fault can obtain from the owners of the colliding vessel only the value of the latter after it has reached port and its pending freight money.

Taking for instance the collision between the Republic and the Florida, assuming the latter was to blame and also assuming that both vessels were to reach New York, there are legal claims against the Florida under these heads: - Injury to the Republic. - Loss of Republic's freight money. - Damage to Republic's cargo, including passengers' baggage, and damages for injuries to passengers, and for loss of life.

Putting all these items at $500,000, and assuming, for the purpose of illustration, that the value of the Florida after the accident, and her pending freight money, together with the money received from passengers' fares for the voyage, is $100,000, those having claims against the Florida can only recover their pro rata share of the latter sum, or 20 cents on every dollar claimed.

Should the Florida become a total wreck there would be absolutely nothing to pay claims with except the passage money received from the Florida for this trip, because under the law the owners of the vessel cannot be sued on any assets they may have outside the vessel concerned, it having been the established rule that property on the high seas is outside the owner's control. Of course, Mr. Putnam explained, if it could be proved that the colliding vessel was sent out in an unnavigable condition, an action for damages would lie against the owners individually, but this is a very rare occurrence.

On the other hand, assuming that the Republic was the colliding ship, the owners of the Florida and the passengers on her would have a chance to obtain better compensation if she had not sunk, for the Republic was much more valuable than the other ship, and there was a corresponding increase in her pending freight money and in her passenger fares. But now that the Republic has sunk, the passengers on the Florida and the owners of the latter vessel, in case the Republic is held blamable, have only the bare passenger money the White Star Line received for the voyage to fall back on. No claim can be maintained against the other assets of the company.

As regards the liability of the owners of each vessel to their respective passengers this also is limited. Each ticket issued states explicitly the maximum liability, and beyond this the passenger has no claim. His action for any further sum lies against the owners of the colliding vessel. Should he be unfortunate enough to have been a passenger on that ship he can only recover the amount provided for by the contract on his ticket. Baggage that has been damaged by water provides just as tangible a claim as though it had been totally destroyed.

On the question of salvage Mr. Putnam said he did not think any vessel could, or would, make claim for standing by a disabled vessel. In the case of the colliding vessel the law made it imperative for the latter to do so. As for taking on the passengers from a disabled ship by one which had gone to her assistance Mr. Putnam said it was very seldom that a claim is made for this. It was a matter of policy to save life at sea. He instanced a disaster which occurred some years ago.

CAPT. RANSON TELLS OF HOURS' SEARCH IN FOG

Praises Captain of Whaleback, Whose Vessel Whistled for the Helpless Republic—Good Words for the Passengers.

The story of the finding of the disabled Republic and the rescue of the passengers and crew was a more stirring tale than was at first supposed before the details were furnished by Capt. J. B. Ranson, commander of the Baltic. Capt. Ranson, sitting in his cabin on the Baltic today,

after his sixteen hundred and odd passengers had safely gone ashore, told in a modest way what he had done. A few marconigrams received by him from the Republic, while he was searching for the stricken ship, told an unparalleled story of the sea that would have been impossible without the wireless. These telegrams showed how Capt. Sealby of the Republic, with the aid of Coston lights, the fog bell, and the wireless, finally directed the Baltic to where the Republic was lying helpless.

There was no steam on the Republic, the fires having been extinguished, so that the whistles on the Republic were not available. Again, when the Baltic lost the Republic a whaleback steamer stood by close to the Republic and whistled for her until Capt. Ranson succeeded in finding the Republic a second time. Capt. Ranson paid a high tribute to the captain of the whaleback, which was the City of Everett, for the assistance she had rendered.

NINE HOUR SEARCH.

The Baltic was upward of nine hours in the finding of the Republic, which was done by 8 o’clock Saturday night. From that time on until 8 o’clock Sunday morning, the work of transferring the passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was continued without interruption. Capt. Ranson said he had no criticism to make of any of the crew or passengers on the ship. He said the passengers in particular had acted splendidly.

Capt. Ranson, in detailing what happened, said he had received the first alarm as to the Republic at 6 o’clock Saturday morning.

“The Republic,” said Capt. Ranson, “steered us by Marconi. I have copies of all the messages, and here are some of them.”

"The first message picked up read as follows:

“You are now on our port bow. Can you see us?”

Another message read:

“You are now very close. Can you see our rockets?”

LOCATED BY WHISTLE.

Capt. Sealby located the Baltic by her whistle, then sent his directions by wireless accordingly. In a few minutes the operator received this message:

“You are too close to us for safety.”

As a sample of the way in which the captains of the two ships got into touch with each other, Capt. Ranson displayed this telegram:

“You are getting louder (referring to the Baltic’s whistle); steer east-southeast. Listen to our bells.”

“The very first message I received,” said Capt. Ranson, "was that the Republic was in a dangerous position, in latitude 40, longitude 70. We proceeded to the point designated and the Republic was not there. Then we had to grope. We scouted. We were interfered with by wireless, which complicated the situation.

"We received notice at 6 A. M. Saturday that the Republic had been in collision and that assistance was wanted, and we turned back and commenced the search. We began the search at 11 A. M. and continued till 8 P. M., when she was finally found.

"The first thing we did was to take off the crew of the Republic, as she seemed to be in a

sinking condition. Then we went alongside the Florida and began to transfer the passengers. We transferred the Republic's passengers, and then we transferred the Florida's passengers, using the crews of all three ships in this work. We used only the Republic's boats, of which we have seven or eight on the Baltic now.

"The transfer of passengers was made between 8 P. M. Saturday night and 8 A. M. Sunday morning.

WEATHER WAS THREATENING.

"The weather was threatening and very nasty, but there were no accidents. The total number transferred was, I believe, 1,670, along with 3,200 sacks of mail. I left Capt. Sealby on the Republic, with his chief officers, his boatswain, his chief steward, and about a boat's crew of men.

"There was only one accident, and that was when an Italian woman fell overboard. She dropped into the water like a bag of potatoes.

"Life buoys dropped all around her and upon her, and there was no difficulty in getting her out. After we had finished with the passengers we went back to the Republic and found her all right at that time. Then the officers and steward all went back to the Republic, and the fog became so thick that we lost her.

"But there had come up an American whaleback named the City of Everett. Her conduct was fine. She stayed by the Republic all night, and blew the whistle for us till we found the Republic again.

"Then the Furnessia came along. One message I received made me very anxious. It was while we were trying to find the Republic. It read this way: 'Siasconset says hear from Republic. Says to Baltic to hurry. Sinking fast.' That message I think we received shortly before we found the Republic on Saturday night.

"When I got alongside the Republic I asked Capt. Sealby to come aboard my ship. But he would not leave. I tried to get him to come, but he stayed by till the last."

WOMAN'S BODY CARRIED DOWN WITH REPUBLIC

Mrs. Eugene Lynch, Banker M. J. Mooney and Four Others Killed.

TRANSFER OF PASSENGERS BY SEARCHLIGHT.

News was received here today that when the Republic went down the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, a banker, of Boston, and S. D., which were in caskets on the deck, sank with her.

The other victims killed in the disaster were sailors on the Florida. Eugene Lynch, husband of Mrs. Lynch, and Mrs. M. M. Murphy, wife of the financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, of Grand Forks, N. D., were injured.

Transfer by Searchlight.

The fog which held throughout yesterday had overhung the waters off Nantucket all through the previous night, yet it was at this time that the transfer of passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was made.

The work began at 11.40 o'clock on Saturday night, with ten boats, each carrying ten passengers besides the crews that manned them, doing the work. The vessels lay about a mile apart, and over the intervening water played the rays of the searchlights on the Baltic.

There was a sea running at the time, and the little boats tossed and pitched as they wended their way backward and forward between the two vessels, now laden until their gunwales were almost under, now riding back after depositing their passengers, with the lightness of feathers.

All Safely Transferred.

All night long the work was kept up until 10 o’clock yesterday morning, when the last of the Republic’s passengers and those of the Florida as well, numbering in all 1,650 souls, had been safely carried aboard the stanch liner.

But in the excitement of the work the Republic had been lost to sight. With her engine fires out and her engine room full of water, which washed into it through the gaping hole in her side, the stricken steamer was at the mercy of the winds and waves, drifting hither and thither in a fog which rendered objects invisible when only yards away.

Republic Found Again.

Capt. Ransom, of the Baltic, set his wireless to work, reported to the office here the safe transfer of the surviving passengers and crew, and announced that he was going in search of the Republic. He had started on what appeared a hopeless task when the fog suddenly lifted a bit.

It was only a little, just enough to show the Republic lying some distance away, but still apparently safe and in no danger of sinking.

The lifting of the fog revealed, too, that a fleet of salvage tugs had arrived at the scene, and that the New York had taken a position near the Florida, while the Furnessia, which had come during the night, was also lying by ready to offer assistance.

Baltic Starts for Port.

With this help at hand, Capt. Ransom obeyed the next message from the White Star office to start for this city, and the Baltic steamed off on her homeward journey, leaving the Furnessia to care for the Republic, and the New York to convoy the Florida, whose captain declined assistance.

STORY OF THE SINKING TOLD BY FURNESSIA.

STEAMSHIP FURNESSIA, via SIASCONSET, Mass., Jan. 25—After a search during the night of dense fog, the Furnessia arrived alongside the Florida at 7.10 o’clock on Sunday morning, eleven miles south of the Nantucket light vessel.

The Baltic was already there, and had the Republic’s passengers, who had been transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. The Baltic then continued her search for the Republic.

After ascertaining that the Florida needed no assistance, the Furnessia proceeded at 8.45 o’clock to search for the Republic, and at 10.15 o’clock in the morning sighted the Republic with the Baltic lying close to.

The Furnessia came alongside the Republic at 10.30 o’clock. The Baltic then started for New York, and the Furnessia stood by. The Republic had the Marconi wireless system on board still working faintly, which helped the operation greatly.

The Republic had been run into on her broadside, but looked in good condition for towing. At noon the Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Republic, but the officers from the cutter were then aboard her.

At 12.30 the Government revenue cutter Gresham arrived and made fast ahead of the Republic. The

Furnessia made fast astern. A move was then made, proceeding very slowly. At 2 P. M. the Government cutter Seneca arrived.

At 6.22 P. M. towing was again begun, but the stern hawsers were carried away at 6.35 P. M., so it was necessary to stand by.

Only the Captain and Chief Officer of the Republic were then on board. All the crew had been transferred to the Gresham during the afternoon.

The night was very dark, only a small light on the Republic's bridge being visible from the Furnessia. There was not a sound of any kind from the Republic heard on board this ship when, at 8.40 o'clock, the Republic disappeared in thirty-five fathoms of water.

It was only when the Gresham reported the Republic sunk and searchlights flashed around that one could believe she had disappeared. The captain and chief officer were on board when she sank, and fears were felt that they had gone down, but a boat from the Gresham picked both up safely.

After cruising about to see that all possible had been done, the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York. …
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Meanwhile another big ocean liner had been playing a strange game of hide and seek throughout the night. It was the French liner Lorraine.

Picking up the Republic's first call for help the liner had started for the stricken vessel, although she was then 200 miles away. She reached the vicinity of the Republic at nightfall, when darkness added to the impenetrability of the fog.

She heard the sound of the Republic's submarine bell. On the other hand, sounded that of the Baltic. Apparently the two steamers were close at hand, yet the Lorraine could not locate them.

Here and there she cruised, calling continually with her wireless for word from the Republic, and urging Capt. Sealby to make what noise aboard he could in order that the Lorraine might follow it.

Never Came Together.

The game proved unending, however. Never did the boats come together, and at last the Lorraine abandoned the search, when a wireless from the Baltic brought word that she would stand by the Republic, and begged the Lorraine to follow the Florida, then already starting on the trip to this city. The Lorraine tried to follow instructions.

"The Florida is blowing four whistles," was the word from the Baltic.

The Lorraine could hear them, and she tried to follow, but presently the whistling ceased, and after another fruitless search through the murk the Lorraine set out on the journey for this port, which she reached yesterday afternoon.

MRS. LYNCH'S SISTER AT PIER TO MEET THE BALTIC

A woman paced the dock of the White Star line today waiting for the Baltic. She was Mrs. J. H. Bryan, of Cambridge, Mass. It was Mrs. Bryan's sister, Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, who was killed when the Florida rammed the Republic.

"My poor, beautiful sister," said Mrs. Bryan. Then she broke down and cried. "I cannot realize

that she is dead. I can see her yet standing on the deck of the Republic waving her hands to us and laughing. Her husband was at her side.

"Saturday when the news came that the Republic had been in collision I felt instinctively that something had happened to my sister. My heart stopped beating and I fainted. The White Star line people told us not to worry, that no one had been killed.

"My sister and Mr. Lynch had postponed their trip abroad from year to year. Mr. Lynch did not want to cross the ocean. He wanted Mrs. Lynch to go alone. But she said that she would not go without him.

“This year he consented. We came down from Boston together, a very happy party. The night before the Republic sailed Peter Carn, of Taunton, Mass., one of our friends, gave a dinner aboard the ship, to Mr. and Mrs. Lynch and the rest of us. After toasts had been drunk to my sister and Mr. Lynch, wishing them a safe trip. Mr. Carr had us stand up to the toast, ”Here’s to Davy Jones’s locker."

Mrs. Bryan broke down again and sank into her husband’s arms moaning, “Oh, my poor sister. Dead, dead.”

Waiting with Mr. and Mrs. Bryan for the Baltic were Miss F. J. Finnegan, a niece of Mr. Lynch, and Jeremiah McCarthy, surveyor of the port of Boston, a friend of the dead woman. Mr. McCarthy and Miss Finnegan came from Boston yesterday at the news of the sinking of the Republic.

Accompanying W. J. Mooney, the North Dakota banker who lost his life in the wreck, besides Mrs. Mooney, were Mr. and Mrs. George B. Winship, of Grand Forks. Mr. Winship is an ex-state senator of Grand Forks and editor of the Grand Forks “Herald.”

Also in the Mooney party were Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Titus. Mr. Titus is cashier of the National Bank of Grand Forks. Mrs. J. W. Smith, who was traveling with the Mooneys, is the wife of the president of the bank.

WHEN SHOCK FIRST CAME TO REPUBLIC

Passengers Awakened by Being Thrown Against Sides of Their Berths.

THRILLING STORY TOLD BY MR. HOVER.

By H. J. HOVER, of Spokane. (First account of disaster by a passenger, told to the reporters at quarantine.)

The shock came when all of the passengers of the Republic and most of her crew were sound asleep. Mrs. Hover and I, like most of the Republic’s passengers, were awakened by being violently thrown against the side of our bunks. The shock was terrific. Outside, in the passageway, I could hear the sound of running feet. From above, on deck, came shouts and the yelling of orders.

I turned on the electric light and hastily throwing an overgarment over us, Mrs. Hover and I made our way, bareheaded and barefooted, to the music room on the promenade deck.

Meanwhile the alarm gongs were sounding all over the ship, and the stewards were going from stateroom to stateroom arousing the passengers. By the time we got to the music room the place was full of men and women, some with nothing over them but the clothes in which they had been asleep, others wrapped in ship’s blankets and steamer rugs, all more or less frantic with fear and shivering with the cold.

The women huddled together, some weeping, a few hysterical. Most of the men rushed out on deck to ascertain what the trouble was. There we found the crew of the Republic taking the

tarpaulins from the lifeboats and standing by ready to swing out the davits. There was no sign of any other ship anywhere.

The foghorn of the Republic was letting out shrill blasts, but there was no answering whistle. I don’t know how long we were left to wonder what had happened.

Excitement Grew Intense.

Every minute brought more of the passengers on deck and in the music room, and the excitement was growing, instead of lessening. A great number had put on lifebelts, and this sight had anything but a reassuring effect.

Finally, the second officer informed us that there was no danger of the vessel going under. The majority became composed at hearing this, but some of the women were still beside themselves and refused to return to their staterooms to dress, and their clothes had to be brought to them from their cabins by the stewardesses. In less than a half hour, however, mostly every one had managed to get clothed and was in the music room and dining saloon awaiting developments.

After a little, we heard an answering whistle and the Florida came booming out of the fog on our starboard quarter. There was an exchange of questions and answers between the two captains and, the injury to the Republic having been discovered to be more serious than was at first supposed, we were told that we were to be transferred to the Florida.

Order to Transfer Caused Terror.

This announcement caused more terror than had the shock of the collision even, but after a while comparative calm was obtained, and the transshipment was begun. The women and children went first, of course. I shall never forget the scene. The Florida could barely be made out, standing by, less than a cable length away.

The sight of the first boats pulling off from the Republic was watched with a lump in the throat of every one. The boats would stand out, under the searchlight, and then fade away into the mist, lost to view.

The Florida’s boats had also been put over the side, and it was a sort of contest between the crews of the two ships as to which would behave more splendidly than the other and take over the greatest number of people in the least time.

When it came the turn of Capt. Sealby and the officers and men of the Republic to abandon the ship they refused. It was the thing to do, of course; nevertheless to see it done gave us all the creeps.

Heartbreaking Experience Again.

We stayed aboard the Florida all day Saturday, bobbing up and down and packed like sardines. At 7 o’clock word came that the Baltic, which stood by us several hours, would take us off.

Once more we had to go through the heartbreaking experience of going from ship to ship in the lifeboats. It was the same thing as in the darkness of the early morning, except that the sea was running high instead of being quite still.

I shall never forget it! For more than eight hours the little boats hurried from one ship to the other in the darkness until 1,600 people had been taken over to the Baltic. The crew of the Florida, following the example set by the crew of the Republic, remained on board, as did one of our passengers, Mr. Eugene Lynch, whose wife had been killed in the crash between the two ships and who himself was too badly injured to be removed.

We are here now, and it is all over, and I intend to sail on another ship next week, but just

the same I hope that this is the only experience of this kind I will ever have.

CAPTAIN ON DECK AS REPUBLIC SANK; CREW OF GRESHAM SAVE HIM

White Star Liner Rests on the Bottom of the Ocean Ten Miles South of Nantucket—Every Sailor of Her Complement Accounted For.

SIASCONSET, Mass., Jan. 25.—In forty-five fathoms of water, the big steamship Republic rests on the bottom ten miles south of Nantucket Island.

Exactly where the Republic dived to her grave is not known at this time. The fog is dense; the seas are not smooth—in fact, the waves are high, and it may be that she will never be located.

She went down at 8 o'clock last night after a gallant fight against weather conditions which included winds, a nasty sea and a fog which almost concealed her from view as she suddenly careened, then wavered, and then, as the water filled her stern she sank with a gurgling and spouting of water.

At the same time her bow shot skyward, only to be drawn down as the water filled her every compartment, and then she settled and in a few minutes her topmast and flag were all that remained. Gradually the lights from the Gresham and the Seneca, which had the big vessel in tow, showed that where the Republic had labored behind the towlines was a bubbling sea. The vessel had disappeared.

Saw Vessel Disappear.

The Gresham and the Seneca had both been slowed up by the filling of the Republic's holds with water. Their wheels churned in the rough waters, but they moved slowly—if they moved at all.

Through the dense fog the lights from the Gresham and the Seneca showed that the bow of the Republic was slowly being pointed skyward.

Boats were lowered from the two tows in a jiffy. The men of the Republic's crew scrambled into the lifeboats. These men did not show cowardice. Had they done so the smaller boats would have been swamped. They came slowly. Each man seemed to want someone else to go first, and there was no leaping, no mad fight for a place of vantage.

When the lifeboats were filled they were rowed quickly back to the Gresham, only to return to the side of the fast-sinking Republic.

Capt. Sealby and his mate and a few other seamen were left on board. Sealby was told that his ship was sinking. He refused to leave. So did his mate.

The water rose to their ankles; it rose to their knees, and then to their waists. Then the Republic, with what seemed a gasp of death, careened again and went to the bottom like a rock.

Sailors Dragged to Safety.

The lifeboats had to fight hard to keep from being drawn down by the suction. They managed to keep out of the curl of water that whirled about the sunken Republic, and they were still standing by when two men appeared. They were Capt. Sealby and his mate. They were clinging to a grating. Both were hauled aboard, almost exhausted. Then about the place where the Republic had gone down the small boats made their way. Sailors were found swimming and dragged to safety.

When the last boat put back to the Gresham there was not a man missing. Every sailor had been accounted for. They were chilled to the bone and exhausted, but they recovered rapidly.

The ropes which bound the Republic to the Gresham and the Seneca were long. It is well they

were, or the two tows would have been dragged down to the bottom with the liner. These tow-ropes were quickly cut when they saw there was no hope of doing more for the Republic. For a time the Gresham and Seneca stood by. Then they set sail for Gay Head.
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REPUBLIC SURVIVORS SAFE IN PORT; THRILLING STORIES OF THE RESCUE

REPUBLIC'S CAPTAIN CLIMBED THE MAST AS HIS SHIP SANK

WOODS HOLE, Mass., Jan. 25.—Thirty-eight fathoms down, at a point fifteen miles west southwest of the Nantucket South Shoals Lightship, lies the wreck of the great White Star liner Republic. She sunk at 8.10 o'clock Sunday night. So reads the log of the revenue cutter Gresham, which put in here at 10.30 o'clock this morning after a thrilling experience and a vain effort to save the big ship. Lieut. Philip H. Scott, executive officer of the Gresham, told the following story of the cutter's experience and the sinking of the liner:

"The Gresham found the Republic at 10 A. M. Sunday. The passengers and all but two officers and the deck crew had been transferred to the Baltic.

Capt. Sealby, the second officer of the Republic, and thirty-five men, who had volunteered to stay by their chief, in boats were lying alongside the Republic, which had a big list to starboard and was down somewhat by the stern. The Republic at this time was about nine miles southeast of Nantucket Lightship.

"A British passenger steamer was standing by, but there was no other boat in sight. Shortly before noon on Sunday Capt. Sealby and his second officer, followed by the crew of the Republic, climbed back on board, and the Gresham sent a line on board the Republic, which was taken in over the bow.

"The captain of the Gresham offered to tow the Republic or to stand by and pick up the crew if anything happened. At the same time the British passenger steamer sent two lines aboard over the starboard quarter to assist in steering the Republic. The little fleet started up at 12.30, but the Republic proved very unmanageable and could not be steered, as the northeast wind continually swung her around.

"The captain of the Gresham tried to head north-northwest, but only did a little better than westerly. At 5 P. M. the derelict destroyer Seneca arrived and took a line ahead of the Gresham.

"At this time very little progress was being made, and it was reported from the Republic that she was making water fast, especially by the stern. About dark another government boat arrived on the scene whose identity could not be learned. She proved very useful in turning her searchlights on to the Republic.

"At 7 o'clock last night the entire crew of the Republic were ordered by Capt. Sealby to abandon the ship, and, getting into their lifeboat, easily overtook the Gresham. The men said that they could not persuade Capt. Sealby to leave his vessel, and the second officer of the Republic refused to leave the side of his commanding officer.

"At 8 o'clock the bow of the Republic, illuminated by the rays of the searchlight, was seen rising fast. Five minutes later two pistol shots were heard and two blue lights were burned. At 8.10 the Republic's bow shot up high in the air and she sank in thirty-eight fathoms of water, in a position fifteen miles west-southwest of Nantucket South Shoals Lightship.

"A lifeboat was dropped from the side of the Gresham and a crew, under the command of Gunner Carl Johnson, started off. The boat returned in three-quarters of an hour with both the captain and the second officer on board. They had been picked up clinging to some wreckage. Neither had on a life preserver.

"When the Republic began to sink Capt. Sealby climbed the foremast and reached the masthead light as his boat went down. The second officer jumped from the rail to the sea and said that he fell some distance and sustained slight bruises in striking the surface of the water. Capt. Sealby was unhurt.

"The Republic was struck on the port side a little more than two-thirds of the way aft. A large hole was torn in her side which was clearly visible, but, as sometimes happens in such cases, she had a big list to starboard.

“Capt. Sealby stated that on the deck of the Republic when she went down rested two caskets containing the bodies of those passengers who had been killed in the collision.”

Gunner Johnson declined to discuss his exploit in leading in the rescue of Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams, but from other members of the crew the story was obtained.

When the Republic’s crew, at the command of Capt. Sealby, left the steamship he said that he would signal before the final plunge of his ship in order that the towing hawser might be cut and the possibility of the Gresham being drawn under avoided. Those on the Gresham were watching for the signal, and when at length it flashed out, accompanied by two pistol shots, the connecting hawser was severed with an axe.

At the same instant the Gresham’s lifeboat was lowered and Johnson, with four of the Gresham’s men and four from the Republic, sailed swiftly toward the whirlpool made by the sinking liner. Once, as Johnson was peering into the darkness, a small spar, possibly a flagstaff, shot up and struck him in the face, causing a bad bruise. The boat came by accident upon Second Officer Williams as he was swimming. Although he was hampered by his heavy long overcoat he had managed to keep afloat.

A few moments later, steering toward a faint cry which came out of the darkness, the boat ran up to a floating grating to which Capt. Sealby, almost exhausted, was clinging.

The boat’s crew then were guided back to the Gresham by signals. As they drew up alongside, and those on board the cutter learned that the two officers of the Republic were safe, both American and British sailors tried to outdo each other in cheering, but many of the Republic’s men wept as they helped their captain to the deck.

After being furnished with warm and dry clothing Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams rapidly recovered from their exposure. …
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BRAVERY OF PASSENGERS.

According to officers of the Gresham, Capt. Sealby and the men of the Republic praised the conduct of the Republic’s passengers during the hours immediately following the accident, when it was known that the vessel might go down at any time. He said that when preparations were being made to abandon the Republic one woman beguiled the time of waiting for the boats by sitting down on the deck of the Republic to play solitaire.

Another passenger, a man, came up to the first officer, and, apologizing for speaking to him on such an occasion, when he knew he was very busy, said that his wife had been injured, and asked that she be taken in one of the first boats. The man was also injured, but made no mention of the fact. Capt. Sealby said that room was made for both these people, as they were injured, in the first boat that left the ship.

REVENUE CUTTER’S GOOD WORK.

MEMEMSHA BIGHT, Island of Martha’s Vineyard, Jan. 25.—The revenue cutter Gresham, which was assisting in towing the steamer Republic with the derelict destroyer Seneca, when the White Star liner made her final plunge to the bottom off Nantucket Lightship last evening, reached a point ten miles off here early today.

Capt. Sealby and fifty members of the crew of the Republic were transferred to the Seneca off Vineyard Sound Lightship at 8 A.M., and an hour later the Seneca started for New York.

The captain of the Gresham stated that the Republic had sunk nine miles south of Nantucket Lightship in about forty fathoms of water. Capt. Sealby was picked up from a grating, but was not hurt, and none of the crew was injured. The Gresham, after transferring the Republic’s survivors to the Seneca, started for Woods Hole.

Capt. Landry of the revenue cutter Mohawk, which anchored here last night, brought further information concerning the Republic’s sinking. He stated that after leaving New Bedford yesterday morning, where the Mohawk had come off the flats without injury, he steamed directly for Nantucket Lightship and was within fifteen miles of that vessel last night when he received a wireless dispatch from the Seneca that the Republic, which the Seneca had been towing, had sunk nine miles south by east of the lightship. The Mohawk was ordered to return to Mememsha Bight and to be in readiness to assist in taking off of the Gresham a part of the crew of the Republic in case there was not room enough on board the Seneca for their accommodation.

During the night Capt. Sealby was heard to send a message to the agents of the line in New York, stating that he was not injured, and that he had been picked up from a grating after the Republic sank.

TRANSFERRING THE CREW.

The Seneca and the Gresham steamed up through comparatively calm water in the vicinity of the Vineyard Sound Lightship, ten miles to the northwest of Gay Head, and there Capt. Sealby and his crew of fifty men were transferred to the Seneca. The transfer was made about 8 A.M. today in a thick fog, and an hour later the two cutters parted company, the Seneca steaming in the direction of New York, while the Gresham began threading her way through the fog up Vineyard Sound toward Woods Hole.

It is believed that the Seneca will arrive in New York late tonight with Capt. Sealby and his men, and that she will go by way of Long Island Sound.

SIASCONSET, Mass., Jan. 25.—Wireless dispatches tell in brief the story of the sinking of the Republic.

The ill-fated steamship went down about 8 o’clock last night, while the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca had her in tow. The ships had reached a point about ten miles south of Nantucket when the Republic was seen to be rapidly sinking. Small boats were instantly lowered to rescue Capt. Sealby. Brilliant and gallant work was done by the Gresham’s boat crew. Capt. Sealby and his mate were found clinging to a grating, with the captain all but exhausted. The Republic, when the end came, went down suddenly, stern first.

LITTLE CHANCE TO RAISE THE SUNKEN REPUBLIC

Wrecking Company Officials Say She Is Too Far Out at Sea.

At the office of the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company the opinion was expressed that if the Republic lay in forty fathoms of water there was no chance for raising her, for the simple reason that it was not possible to conduct such wrecking operations way out at sea.

Under other circumstances, it was explained, while the question of depth would be a factor, the

kind of bottom on which she lay, sandy or rocky, would be the more important factor in determining the chances of success.

THOUSANDS ON THE PIER CHEER MADLY AS SHIP COMES IN

The Baltic, Bringing Also the Passengers From the Florida, Reaches Her Dock After the Plucky 12-Hour Struggle Bringing 1,650 Aboard in the Small Boats.

FLORIDA COMES IN LATER WITH TUG STEERING HER

500 Steerage Passengers on the Florida Charged the Gangway, to Be the First to Get Off, But Were Beaten Back—Bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney in Caskets, Sank With the Republic.

Saved from a death beneath the waves, the four hundred and more passengers who started so merrily for a cruise through the Mediterranean last Friday in the ill-fated White Star liner Republic were put ashore in New York again today from the steamship Baltic, also of the White Star Line. Some of them have given up all desire to tempt old ocean again; others, however, will rest in hotels here until the company arranges for another ship to take them across.

Saved on the Baltic also were the passengers of the Lloyd Italian liner Florida, the craft that rammed the Republic early Saturday morning in a fog off the Nantucket Lightship and was badly damaged herself. Those on the Republic were first carried to the Florida in small boats when it was seen that the White Star craft was sinking. Then it was found that the Florida was none too stanch, and when the great Baltic hove in sight after hours spent in groping through the fog in search of the doomed ship whose wireless had called for help, it was decided that the passengers from both the Republic and the Florida should be put aboard the newcomer in whose spacious decks there would be more than enough room for all.

A NERVE-RACKING ORDEAL.

As a result 1,650 men, women, and children were transported by the Baltic’s small boats, aided by the cutters of the Florida. Of the passengers on the Italian liner were many refugees from the earthquake in southern Italy. It was the second trip in small boats for the Republic’s passengers, and a nerve-racking ordeal for all concerned.

With the captain and crew of the steamship Republic, who remained with the stricken vessel until she sank last night, safe on the derelict destroyer Seneca making for this city, the last chapter of the sea drama of Saturday which cost six lives was thus drawing to a close.

The six dead and two injured on the Republic is apparently the sum total of casualties, but the Republic, having sunk, will either be a total loss or very heavily damaged.

The officers of the Baltic report the deaths of Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, Mass., and W. J. Mooney of Langdon, N. D., together with four negro sailors whose names are not known. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were placed in hermetically sealed caskets. They sank with the steamer.

The Florida passed in by Sandy Hook about 2:20 P.M. with a tug in tow to assist in steering the liner. The Florida’s bow was badly stove in and she was down by the head as though her forward compartment was filled with water. She was towed to her pier at the foot of Forty-second street, Brooklyn.

Stories told by the Republic’s passengers show that the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic in the dark hours of Saturday night came perilously near resulting in a riot of the 500 steerage passengers on the Italian boat, who believed that their vessel was in imminent danger of sinking. Only the efforts of the officers aided by several of the Republic’s passengers quieted the frightened men, who sought to be the first to board the lifeboat.

While the passengers of the Republic were being carried to the Baltic word was spread about the Florida that she was in danger of sinking, and the Italian steerage passengers, who until this time evidenced no fears, became greatly alarmed. They pressed about the entrance of the gangway, which was guarded by Chief Steward Stanyer and three of the other ship's officers. The Italians made several rushes for the gangway, but were repulsed by the officers and one or two passengers of the Republic, who used their fists and a few convenient spikes.

One officer is said to have drawn a revolver, while another used a rope end. All night long while the slow progress was made in the transfer of passengers the Italians were in a constant state of hysteria and fright. One Italian woman was knocked off the gangway, but was pulled aboard a lifeboat.

The first transfer of passengers, that from the Republic to the Florida, was effected without incident, but when it was found that the Florida had insufficient accommodation for the large number on board, and that she would make slow time to New York the order to retransfer all passengers to the Baltic was given. The night was dark and the fog hung thick over the troubled sea. Twenty lifeboats were used to carry the passengers from the Florida, which lay at distances varying from 200 yards to 500 yards away, to the Baltic. The searchlights from the Baltic cut a path of light through the banks of mist, and the sailors worked with a will.

Then, after toiling from 8 o'clock in the evening till 8 on Sunday morning, the task was done, and the Baltic headed for New York, leaving the Republic to the care of the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca.

The Baltic anchored three miles outside the entrance to Ambrose Channel at 1:15 this morning, where she waited for the fog to clear away. Shortly after 9 she started to come in, and reached her pier at 12:30 o'clock, where a great crowd was awaiting her.

CHEERS FOR SURVIVORS.

There were fully 5,000 cheering people standing on the dock of the White Star Line at the foot of West Eleventh street, when the big liner was made fast. As the gang planks were put down and the rescued passengers descended to the dock the excitement was intense. Women were crying and throwing their arms about friends and relatives who were there to meet them. Men congratulated one another on being on land again and there was a general scene of rejoicing.

Shortly after the Baltic docked two ambulances, one from St. Vincent's Hospital and the other from the New York Hospital, arrived at the pier, and the surgeons were hurried aboard the steamship. They were taken at once to the state rooms where those injured in the collision were.

Mrs. M. J. Murphy of South Forks, S. D., was the first to be taken from the steamship. She suffered from a fractured hip and as she was being carried down the gang-plank on a stretcher, her husband, Michael Murphy, who received slight injuries, walked beside her. Both were placed in an ambulance and hurried to St. Vincent's Hospital.

Dr. Monroe of the New York Hospital looked after Steward Woodworth of the Republic, who had suffered from a fractured skull, and Charles Worrall, an officer of the Republic, who suffered from a fractured arm. Both men were carried from the Baltic to the ambulance. Four Italians, who were also injured, were taken away in the ambulances.

As the rescue ship Baltic was awaiting the day and lay seemingly at rest after her exertions before entering the channel and coming up the bay, a newspaper tug crept alongside her great hulk and through megaphones repeated halloes were hurled up the liner's side. Although lights twinkled in the saloon and on the bridge and at her masthead there was no answer to the shouts until two figures dimly outlined made their appearance on deck, through whom the newspaper men obtained the first direct version of the disaster. It was then 1:30 in the morning.

The spokesman was H. J. Hoover of Spokane, Wash. With his wife, he had planned an extended automobile trip abroad and was outward bound on the Republic when she was rammed by the Florida.

In response to queries through the megaphones, Mr. Hoover gave a graphic account of the safe transfer of the passengers from the Republic, and later of the same operation from the Florida. The transfer of scantily dressed and frightened men and women from the Florida lasted twelve hours, beginning at 8 o'clock on Saturday night and ending at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. During the night the searchlights of the Baltic illumined the sea, making a weird picture as boatload after boatload was safely gotten on board the Baltic. Two of the Republic passengers tumbled into the sea while being placed in a boat, but were rescued.

There was little or no panic aboard the Republic at the time of the collision, although after it was seen that the Florida was seriously disabled some of the Italian passengers, refugees from the earthquake-stricken cities, were in great fear and shrieked and prayed aloud for aid.

According to Mr. Hoover's account of the crash, the injury to the Republic was abaft midships on the port side just forward of the centre hatch. Staterooms 34 and 28 were stove by the bow of the Florida, which withdrew from the gap almost instantly and vanished in the mist astern, leaving one of her anchors in the wreckage of the demolished staterooms of the Republic. The onslaught and withdrawal were so swift that no one aboard had a chance to identify the steamship.

FLORIDA COMES ALONGSIDE.

In half an hour, however, summoned by the distress blasts of the Republic, the Florida picked her way through the murk and came alongside. Captain Sealby had his own boats lowered, and in these and those of the Florida all the passengers were put in a placid sea. Among the wounded who were put on the Italian liner was Eugene Lynch, whose wife had been killed in their stateroom on the Republic. Mr. Lynch's leg was broken in three places and he was otherwise injured. As it was considered unsafe to transfer him to the Baltic, he was left in charge of the Florida's surgeon.

Mr. Hoover said: "There was very little panic aboard the Republic, although many came on deck in their night clothes. The discipline of the crew was perfect. Three of the compartments of the Republic were flooded. This is not going to prevent my wife and I making our auto trip. Telegraph to Spokane that we are all right."

The crash of the Florida into the Republic came between 3 and 4 o'clock on Saturday morning when every one was in bed, continued Mr. Hoover's story. A great many passengers were thrown from their bunks by the impact and many rushed wildly on deck in their bare feet, although the discipline of the crew and the conduct of the captain prevented disorder. As the Florida disappeared in the fog almost immediately those on the disabled Republic began to think that they were abandoned, and the wounded vessel whistled in distress. They were relieved to see the Florida approach again to render assistance, and immediately boats were lowered and the transfer of passengers from the Republic to the Florida was begun.

THE WOMEN GO FIRST.

Carrying out the rigid rule of the sea, the women were placed in the boats first, and in two hours all were safely off and on board the Florida. Conditions were terribly crowded, however, and at the conference between the captains of the Florida and the Baltic it was decided that another transfer of passengers was necessary. Accordingly this second hazardous undertaking was begun. While the sea had been smooth during the transfer of passengers from the Republic to the Florida, the waters were now rough and the operation was necessarily more dan- …
~ 065 ~

… dangerous and of longer duration. Thinly dressed passengers crowded to the Baltic's rail and

watched the work, while those who remained on the Florida waiting for the next boat load saw their companions lifted safely to the new haven. It was during this that the two passengers fell overboard, but were rescued little the worse for their experience.

Mr. Hoover’s story in his own words is as follows:

"The shock came when all of the passengers of the Republic and most of her crew were sound asleep. Mrs. Hoover and I, like most of the Republic’s passengers, were awakened by being violently thrown against the side of our bunks. The shock was terrific, and, in the passageway, I could hear the sound of running feet. From above, on deck, came shouts and the yelling of orders.

"I turned on the electric light, and hastily throwing an over garment over us, Mrs. Hoover and I made our way bare headed and bare footed to the music room on the promenade deck. Meanwhile the alarm gongs were sounding all over the ship, and the stewards were going from stateroom to stateroom arousing the passengers. By the time we got to the music room the place was full of men and women, some with nothing over them but the clothes in which they had been asleep, others wrapped in ship’s blankets, and steamer rugs, all more or less frantic with fear and shivering with the cold.

"The women huddled together, some weeping, a few hysterical. Most of the men rushed out on deck to ascertain what the trouble was. There we found the crew of the Republic taking the tarpaulins from the lifeboats and standing by, ready to swing out the davits. The foghorn of the Republic was letting out shrill blasts, but there was no answering whistle.

"I don’t know how long we were left to wonder what had happened. Every minute brought more of the passengers on deck and in the music room, and the excitement was growing instead of lessening. A great number had put on life-belts, and this sight had anything but a reassuring effect. Finally the second officers informed us that there was no danger of the vessel going under. The majority became composed at hearing this, but some of the women were still beside themselves and refused to return to their staterooms to dress and their clothes had to be brought to them from their cabins by the stewardesses.

ORDER TO CHANGE SHIPS.

"In less than half an hour, however, mostly every one had managed to get clothed and was in the music room and dining saloon awaiting developments. After a little we heard an answering whistle and the Florida came up looming out of the fog on our starboard quarter. There was an exchange of questions and answers between the two captains, and, the injury to the Republic having been discovered more serious than was at first supposed, we were told that we were to be transferred to the Florida.

"This announcement caused more terror than had the shock of the collision even, but after a while comparative calm was obtained and the transshipment was begun. The women and children went first, of course. I shall never forget the scene. The Florida could barely be made out, standing by, less than a cable length away.

"The sight of the first boats pulling off from the Republic was watched with a lump in the throat of every one. The boats would stand out, under the searchlight and then fade away into the mist, lost to view. The Florida’s boats had also been put over the side, and it was a sort of contest between the crews of the two ships as to which would behave more splendidly than the other and take over the greatest number of people in the least time. When it came to the turn of Capt. Sealby and the officers and men of the Republic to abandon the ship they refused. It was the thing to do, of course, but nevertheless, to see it done gave us all the creeps.

PACKED IN LIKE SARDINES.

"We stayed aboard the Florida all day Saturday, bobbing up and down and packed in like

sardines. At 7 o’clock word came that the Baltic, which stood by us several hours, would take us off. Once more we had to go through the heart-breaking experience of going from ship to ship in the lifeboats. It was the same thing as in the darkness of the early morning except that the sea was running high instead of being quite still.

“I shall never forget it. For more than eight hours the little boats hurried from one ship to another in the darkness, until 1,600 people had been taken over to the Baltic. The crew of the Florida, following the example set by the crew of the Republic, remained on board, as did one of our passengers, Eugene Lynch, whose wife had been killed in the crash between the two ships and who himself was too badly injured to be removed. We are here now and it is all over, and I intend to sail on another ship next week, but just the same, I hope that this is the only experience of this kind I will ever have.”

Dr. J. J. Marsh, physician on board the Republic, gave a graphic story of the accident on the big liner. Dr. Marsh said:

"I was in my cabin and hearing three short whistles knew that something was wrong and turned out. I had hardly got to my feet when the crash came. There was one heavy thud and then the engines stopped. Half a minute later the electric lights went out and when I opened my stateroom door I found myself in darkness.

"The saloon rapidly filled with women and children half dressed, but everybody did as they were told, and there was no panic. Let me say now they were thoroughly true Anglo-American people for pluck. I went on deck and saw the lights of the Florida through the fog. Capt. Sealby gave orders to get the lifeboats ready, and in the meantime all the passengers came up on the upper deck.

"It was then that Captain Sealby said to them: ‘I do not think the boat will sink. It will go to a certain point and hang there.’ The women and children and the men gave three cheers for the captain and then with a few exceptions went to their staterooms to get their clothes. Mr. Lynch is on board the Florida. He is broken-hearted over the loss of his wife and said he did not care whether the ship sank or not. His leg is broken. Mrs. M. J. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. D., sustained a severe injury to her right leg and there is a steward on board by the name of Woodward who sustained a fracture at the base of the skull. Mrs. Griggs who was injured, had a miraculous escape. She was found under a pile of debris and for a time it was believed she was lost.

BRAYTON IVES’S STORY.

Brayton Ives, one of the Republic’s passengers, and widely known in the financial and insurance world, said that the crew of the Republic as well as the passengers displayed remarkable coolness. Mr. Ives said:

“I was asleep at the time, and when I heard the crash I thought it was a blast in the subway. There was a ripping noise and then the lights went out. I lighted a Christmas candle which I had and after dressing went on deck, but observed no disorder.”

A peculiar incident of the collision was the manner in which the Italian liner scooped out the side of the Republic. According to Alfred Whittle, a steward, who was on the saloon deck at the time, the Italian loomed up in the darkness and the fog about half a ship’s length away. She blew one long blast, finding the Republic in her way. Then the Italian tried to turn away, but she was too near and too fast. Whittle says he started to run aft, when he saw the collision was inevitable but finding he could not get past the oncoming bow he turned and ran forward.

When the collision occurred he was about ten feet away and was thrown along the deck. When he picked himself up the deck aft was all broken and the sides of five staterooms had been carried away to a depth of five feet. Parts of the staterooms further aft were cut and smashed but the burden of the impact was borne by staterooms Nos. 28, 30, 32, and 34. A side of the Marconi

room was broken in too, but the instrument that flashed the cry for help was not touched. In about a minute all the lights on the boat went out and the passengers were compelled to get about as best they could. Whittle, the steward, went aft when the Italian liner had backed away and did what he could for those injured.

There was not a passenger who did not sound the praise of the stewards and stewardesses of the Republic. They went among the passengers to help them to get out, and calmed them by telling them that the captain had said there was no danger, that the vessel could not possibly sink for hours.

IN THE CABINS OF DEATH.

One steward, Hugh Roberts, had charge of the four cabins that were most badly damaged. After the impact he went from room to room. He helped Mr. Lynch out of Cabin 34, and Mrs. Mooney out of Cabin 32. Lynch’s wife had been caught in the collision, torn to pieces and carried 100 feet aft. Mr. Mooney’s body suffered a like fate. He had been sleeping on the settees, which was near the outside of the cabin. His wife was in the lower berth. She came out uninjured, except for shock. She did not know of the death of her husband until 3 o’clock this morning, when Dr. Marsh was compelled to break the news to her because she could be quieted in no other way.

In the next cabin was Mrs. Griggs. She saved nothing but her night gown and was compelled to get clothes from other passengers. Following is her story of the collision:

"I went to bed about 9.30 o’clock Friday night, but the whistle of the Republic kept me awake most of the night. Just before the collision I turned on my side, my back facing the port side of the boat, the point of collision. I looked at my watch and saw it was 5.40. That’s Saturday morning, of course. In a few minutes there was a terrific crash, like the explosion of a cannon in my room, and before I could move I was covered with debris. The mattress from the room next me, Mr. Mooney’s, fell on me, and my sofa dropped on me also.

"I had thrown my hand up to my face instinctively when the crash came, or else that would have been covered up, too. Then I worked my hands so that I could feel the wall of the stateroom—the wall next to the passage. I made a small space and began knocking on the wall. My knuckles are sore now from the pounding I gave that wood. Perhaps it was only a minute, but it seemed like ten, when I heard my steward, Roberts, saying: ‘I know there is someone in that room. There’s a lady there.’ The door was shoved in, and Roberts and someone else dug me out. When I got into the dining room I found quite a group there.

But there was no panic. Immediately the chief steward ordered coffee and rolls for us, and we drank and ate."

“Weren’t you afraid the boat would sink?”

LIKE A ROW ON A LAKE.

"No. The captain had sent word that the vessel wouldn’t sink, and I guess we all believed him. No one can’t say enough for the way the boat was handled. The officers and the crew acted magnificently. About 8 or 9 o’clock we were told to go up on the boat deck and get into the boats. Women and children went first. Some of the men were a little excited, but not much. We were put into the boat and lowered. So far as I know there was not a mishap. It was still foggy, but we could see the Florida about a mile off, and our journey to her was like a row on a lake. The sailors who were rowing us joked and talked about the weather and never for a moment let me think of the great danger I was in. The transfer to the Baltic at 2 A. M. Sunday morning from the Florida was not so easy, because the sea was rough and the wind blew pretty strongly.

“I am thankful, and feel pretty good, now, but my back hurts. I think the sofa and the wood and steel must have hit me. It’s not so bad, though,” and Mrs. Griggs smiled a weary smile. She was

met at the pier by her husband, and will remain in this city at a hotel for a few days. She was on her way to Pau, in southern France, on business.

"It was a long, long time before we knew we were to be transferred to the Florida, although there had been much conjecture among us from the start as to what would be done. Finally Capt. Sealby, on the bridge, turned himself toward us with his hand uplifted as a signal for our attention, which, needless to say, was quickly given. Then in a voice which we all heard, he said:

"'The passengers of the Republic will be transferred to the steamship Florida.'

"Those, I think, were his exact words, though I am not certain. There was an amplification of the message, and we stood ready for the journey. One thing which Capt. Sealby told us at the start was that the women and children would be the first transferred. The lifeboats swung out from the davits. The passengers got into them in very good order. There was no jostling and no exhibition of frenzy. The Italian women of the steerage and the Portuguese showed themselves a little fearful, but the excellent discipline about them kept them in control. All in all the conduct of the women was almost excellent.

ONE MAN WAS SCARED.

"It is unfortunate that right at the start there should have been an exhibition by one of the men that was otherwise. He was not an old man either, but he surely did seem the most scarey person of all. Despite the order that the women were to be first in the transfer, he clambered into the first boat lowered, the same one in which Mrs. Crandell and myself found ourselves. There was a yell of derision from the passengers who crowded the rail as they looked down after the boat had been lowered to find that one of the men passengers was in the small boat. The sailors who were to row the lifeboat and the officer in command of them plainly showed their contempt for the fellow. An order was shouted to them to put him out. They did so. And he came back up to the high deck of the Republic in very ignominious fashion, being made to haul his way up on a ladder, which he had not the ability to do with any kind of grace that could be

called becoming, and the passengers jeered all the while he was making the journey."

The women pointed as they told their story to a steamship about half a mile off, giving that distance as about how far the Baltic seemed to lay from the Republic at the time of the transfer.

“The sea was calm at this time, very calm,” said Mrs. Crandell. “There were about four seamen rowing our boat. I think that the lifeboats were being lowered from each side of the liner. On the side visible to us in the first lifeboat, the lifeboats were going down one at a time at fairly close intervals, in very pretty and almost uniform procession. There was all so much to be admired in the proceedings that our fears were all the more dispelled.”

FLASHED CALLS THROUGH FOG ’TIL AID CAME

“I’m on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to the end.”—Wireless Operator J. R. Binns, of Republic, to Wireless Operator J. B. Bour, of La Lorraine.

“Keep cool, old man, keep courage. We’ll get you out of that fix in a moment. Nearly blowing our boilers off. Doing twenty-two knots.”—Bour, of La Lorraine, to Binns, of Republic.

How wireless operator Binns saved the 701 lives aboard the White Star liner Republic after her collision with the Florida was first told by J. B. Bour, chief Marconi wireless operator aboard the French liner La Lorraine, which docked at Pier 42, North River, at 2 p. m. yesterday. The unofficial messages flashed across the void by the heroic Binns and his friend, Bour, are part and parcel of the unwritten romance of wireless telegraphy.

To his coolness and devotion to duty, it is now learned, was due the prompt assistance accorded the stricken passenger steamer by sister liners. As he himself expressed it by wireless, Binns was “on the job” from the time the Florida crashed into the Republic amidship until the last passenger had been transferred to the colliding vessel. It was a stretch of thirty hours, and every minute of that time the telephone receivers, which are part of the wireless apparatus, were strapped to his eager and listening ears. Seldom has there been a more shining example of that calm courage that goes hand in hand with a sound sense of business duty.

Far up on another boat deck of La Lorraine the reporter found a haggard, red-eyed man, whose every aspect showed loss of sleep. The man was smoking and talking with his assistant, Ernest Monrouzeau, also sunken-eyed from sleeplessness. The man was J. B. Bour, the wireless expert, and a new light came into his eyes when the name of Binns was mentioned.

“There’s a Man.”

“Ah! There’s a man,” he said. "He was there in every sense of the word when the call of duty came. If Captain Sealby, of the Republic, proved seamanship and high courage, this man Binns showed equal courage and a sure and certain readiness to put his ship in instant communication with passing ships and the nearest land wireless station. I believe that man easily worked thirty hours with the wireless ’phones strapped to his ears. Not an easy job, you can imagine, when the operator is on a ship supposed to be sinking!

"But I know Binns; he’s the sort that can be depended upon. He did his duty aboard the Blucher at the time of the Jamaica earthquake. It was the same when he was aboard the Republic during the Italian earthquake. He’s only twenty-six years old, but he is now making his forty-first trip across the Atlantic.

"You want the story of how wireless saved the Republic? Well, I’ll tell it to you. It was at 7 a. m. when my buzzers first began working. And this is what I got from the wireless station at Siasconset. ‘C. Q. D.’ That was repeated half a dozen times. ‘C. Q. D.’ in our code means ‘Ship in great danger.’ It is the international call for assistance, and implies a code of honor whereby every vessel within the radius of the danger zone must obey at all cost.

"I immediately responded by the single letter ‘G.,’ which means ‘Send at once and ready.’ Back came the answer from Siasconset, flashing across the void and thickening fogs:

"M. L. L. (La Lorraine), Lat. 40.17, Long. 70 W. M. K. C. (Republic) wrecked. Wants assistance.

"I immediately notified Captain Tournier, who was on the bridge at the time, and at 7:10 a. m. sent the following message to the Siasconset station on Nantucket:

Lucania Is Reached.

"Your C. Q. D. message received O. K. Notified captain. M. L. L.

"In the meantime I had got in communication with the Cunard liner Lucania at 7:05, and had relayed to her the message we had received from the land station.

"Captain Tournier, after receiving the message, consulted his charts, made his computations, and gave orders for the ship to head for the scene of the shipwreck. This all took time, but at 7:50 o’clock, on orders from Captain Tournier, I sent Siasconset the following message:

"‘Please tell Republic we are one hundred and twenty miles off. Shall reach her at 2 p. m.—M. L. L.’

"Things began to be exciting after that. Carefully I watched for every stray message that might be flashing across the expanse of fog-laden atmosphere. We were ploughing ahead at high speed, with Nantucket as our objective point. Then we pointed straight for the area within which the

Republic was either lost or sinking. At precisely 8:45 a. m., after a ceaseless vigil, I got the C. Q. sign from Binns on the Republic. This was the message I flashed:

"‘Please tell us if you are in fog and your exact position.’

"There was a torturing five minutes’ wait, and back came the message:

"M. L. L.—Position, latitude 40.17, longitude 70 West. We are in fog.—M. K. C.’

"Then I began to get in unofficial touch with Binns. ‘Hello, there, old man, how are you?’ I flashed.

“I’m on the Job!”

"‘I’m on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to end.’ Binns flashed back to me.

"‘Keep cool, old man.’ I flashed in …
~ 066 ~

**5,000 GREET AT THE PIER OF THE RESCUE SHIP,BALTIC

… return. “Keep courage. We’ll get you out of that fix in a moment.”

“O. K., old man,” he flashed back. “Come along, we’re waiting for you.”

All the time I kept flashing unofficial messages to my friend to keep cool and keep his courage. After the official message saying we were twenty miles away, I flashed this one to Binns:

“Old man, we are nearly blowing our boilers off. Are doing twenty-two knots.”

Then as we neared the Republic I sent this one: “Say, old man, now we are on the job. Hope we can meet you.” He answered quickly enough: “O. K., old man, come along.”

Then another phase of the Republic’s own story came to us through our submarine bell. On orders from Captain Tournier, I flashed this message to the Republic at 12:45 p. m.:

“Tell your captain we can hear his submarine bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steering, because the fog is thick.”

While making toward the Republic, Captain Tournier had also sent the following message via Siasconset to General Agent Paul Bauget, of the French Line, in New York:

“Going help Republic, sinking, forty-five miles southwest Nantucket Lightship; heavy fog; our own position on chart uncertain; going on sounding; will do all possible save crew and passengers.”

During the afternoon we kept in wireless communication with the Republic, and learned that she had been hit by the Florida and that her passengers were unable to get into direct communication with her. In the meantime, we got in wireless touch with the Baltic, and stood by awaiting orders from her as to assistance. Finally, at 6:40 p. m., I got the following message:

“Republic says to steer for the Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers, and must have someone to stand by. She is blowing four masts.”

Captain Tournier, after receiving this wireless, decided at 6:56 to proceed, and sent the following wireless to Bauget, French Line, Pier 42, North River, New York, via Siasconset: “Republic’s passengers have left by Florida. Baltic remains. We have been asked by Republic to

follow Florida. Will arrive Sandy Hook daylight."

Then came our final official message as we put about to proceed upon our course. It was from Captain Ransom, of the Baltic, and read:

Baltic now alongside both ships. Clear here. Can see lights.

But as our twin screws began revolving, and we started coming for this port, I got a final flash from good old Binns:

"I'm still on the job," he flashed, "but I'm getting all fired sleepy. Remember me to Broadway. The Republic isn't done for yet. So long. Binns (signed)."

And I guess Monrouzeau and I are sleepy, too. You know we had a lot of commercial messages to send. There isn't often such opportunity for the pretty ladies to give their husbands and merchants a thrill when they are aboard a ship rushing to the assistance of one supposed to be sinking with many souls aboard.

GRESHAM'S MEN LAUD SEALBY'S BRAVE ACTION

Woods Hole, Mass., Jan. 25.—The revenue cutter Gresham docked here to-day. Captain Perry said that he had transferred the officers and crew rescued from the sinking Republic to the destroyer Seneca off Gay's Head early to-day, and that they were on their way to New York.

Not one of the crew of the Gresham has had a bit of sleep for three nights. Their bravery ranks with that of the captain and first mate of the Republic, who remained by their vessel until the top of the highest mast disappeared beneath the waves. Captain Perry, in his story, tells how the captain of the Republic climbed higher and higher on the mast of his vessel and would not abandon his craft until every part of the vessel sank.

"At 8 o'clock last Saturday night we received a wireless despatch from Wellfleet stating that the steamship Republic had sunk twenty-five miles southwest of the Nantucket Lightship," Captain Perry said. "We were at Provincetown. The fog was thick and the waves were rolling high. But in fifteen minutes we were ready with steam up. Our engineers worked hard and violated every rule concerning sea traffic.

"We started our searchlights and it helped us wonderfully. We searched all that night. The waves kept rolling higher and the fog grew thicker and thicker. All that night, we burned our acetone signals, but the fog was so thick that although we passed near the Republic no one could see us. It was black as pitch. Meanwhile we received another wireless, Thank God for those wireless messages.

"They saved the lives of hundreds. It was from the Secretary of the Navy, and it said: 'For God's sake do what you can for the poor unfortunates on the Republic.'

Sight Sinking Ship.

"The Secretary said in his wireless that the passengers had been taken off the Republic, and he said: 'Do the best you can for the crew.' Yesterday it lighted up a bit, and we backed up near the lightship. It grew lighter, and we could just discern the Republic in tow of some vessel. She was in a position southeast of the Nantucket Lightship. At 11 o'clock we found her after traveling eight miles further. The Furnessia was standing by.

"Then we spoke her and they took a line made of a short wire hawser and shackled into our bits. We started ahead. The Republic was then full of water and was drawing forty feet more than she should. The big vessel was pretty close up to her decks. Her fires had been drowned out and she was waterlogged and helpless. We steamed ahead, and never in my experience have I had such a hard tow. She pulled so hard that we made little headway. But we held on just the same.

"During the afternoon one of the boats of the Furnessia came over to our ship. Captain Sealby and his first officer. At the request of Captain Sealby, who feared the Republic was sinking, we took all of his crew aboard.

Stood by His Ship.

"Never have I seen such an instance of bravery. Captain Sealby had all the sand of the Sahara Desert in his heart, and he stood by his ship to the last. Then we began to fear that the Republic, which was taking in water very fast, might pull us down.

"I wanted to take precautions and not risk the lives of my men and the men who had been taken aboard, even though the captain and the first mate wanted to risk their lives. When I have men's lives in my hands I want to take care of them. Then we shackled heavy hawsers and bent them on to the Gresham's wire hawser. We veered out in good shape. We had 38 fathoms of water and 150 fathoms of hawser. We continued to tow but made poor progress. Along about 3:30 the wireless derelict destroyer Seneca sent us a message in which they offered to come if we needed them. We asked them to come. They appeared somewhat later.

"They took a line over our bow and that made a procession. We asked the captain of the Republic if he would come aboard our ship, but he said he would stay by his ship until she sank, and that every inch of his mast was covered by the sea. He requested us to have a crew ready to take him aboard when the vessel sank. He deserves every man's praise. Never have I seen such a picture in my life. Although it was misty and thick, the flashlights of the vessels which had come to the rescue could be seen shining on the sinking ship.

Cheered Brave Sealby.

"When the captain said he would stand by his ship every man of us stood up and cheered.

"The Republic was then sinking fast and the captain and first mate, covered in heavy blankets, climbed higher and higher in the rigging. The Republic was getting heavier. Our only hope was to get the liner into shallow water near the shoals. The wind was then blowing heavily from the southeast. The fog was thick, but we had good luck. It was a nasty sea and choppy. I knew that the Republic was settling by the stern.

"We saw the vessel taking in more water than ever. I had arranged with Captain Sealby that, when the lifeboat was wanted he should light a blue light. The blue light showed. I gave orders to man the lifeboat.

Man the Lifeboat.

"A crew of four men from our ship and a crew of the same number taken on board from the Republic, under orders from Gunner Carl Johannsen, who deserves praise more than anyone else for daring, jumped like a streak and manned the lifeboat. I never expected that the crew of men which set out to the rescue would come back. The sea was rapidly getting worse.

"The night was getting blacker. I felt again that if the captain of the Republic wanted to risk his life, I didn't want my men jeopardized. Just as the meantime one of the Republic's boats was cast down on our lee by the men and they rowed like Trojans. First the boat could be seen on the crest of a wave and then it sank out of sight deep down between the waves.

"It was a hard fight, but the boat finally drew up to within a hundred yards of the ship. Then the searchlights on our ship were thrown through the mist onto the sinking vessel. It was most dramatic.

Captain on Top Mast.

"We could see the captain on the top mast. He was planning to desert the ship by the trucks. The sea rolled higher and higher and the vessel kept going down. The captain said: ‘Come up here.’ The rigging and the mate replied: ‘The rigging be damned.’

"With that she sank, and it didn’t take two minutes. The captain was holding to the trucks. We kept the lights on the wreck.

"Gunner Johannsen and the men in the boat rowed to the wreck on the seas and found Captain Sealby and the mate on a hatch. Both were nearly dead. They didn’t even have life-preservers on. They were taken into the boat and rowed toward the Gresham.

"In the meantime the Gresham had been headed toward the wreck. We came around prettily. Then, on the starboard side, appeared the lifeboat with the two rescued men. In an instant a cheer went up from every man on the Gresham. We took Captain Sealby and the mate aboard, gave them stimulants and coffee and put them to bed. Never did I expect that we could save them.

"Just as the Republic sank our carpenter chopped the hawser connecting the Gresham. The Republic settled like an old iron kettle. She is probably 90 feet under water. She went down with her flag flying. We sent a wireless saying: ‘All hands safe on board the Gresham.’ This message was received at Siasconset last night. Then we steered northwest for Gay Head. It was thick all night, and we had a nasty sea. No one had had sleep for three days, but that made little difference to us.

Transferred Crew.

"We made Gay Head light later than we expected. As we neared Gay Head we communicated with the Seneca, which had stayed with us. We transferred the rescued crew to the Seneca.

The loss of the Republic, after the gallant efforts to save her, must come as a bitter disappointment to the reading public the world over. For the wonder of the wireless telegraph’s achievement is not merely the summoning of aid from all directions, but the instantaneous reporting of this life and death struggle off Nantucket. It has penetrated the mystery of both ocean and fog and made continents eye-witnesses of what, had there been a gale blowing, must have become one of the worst of the ocean’s tragedies.

Surely, Mr. Marconi must have a very satisfied feeling in his heart as he reads of this achievement. It may, of course, be true that there would have been no additional loss of life had the Republic been without a wireless equipment. The Florida would probably have groped her way into port with her double load of passengers even with her bows smashed, as did the old Guion liner Alaska after ramming an iceberg in mid-ocean, in the early eighties. But had the Florida herself gone down at once, the only recourse for the Republic’s passengers would have been the boats. Then the wireless would have proved of even greater value.

Surely the fortunate conditions of sea and wind off Nantucket on Saturday will not blind anyone to the necessity hereafter of equipping every passenger-carrying steamer with the wireless system. It should be made compulsory, like the carrying of side lights and blowing the whistle in fog, even though it is not yet clear that the collision could have been avoided had the Florida also carried a wireless outfit.

SEES LITTLE HOPE OF SAVING SUNKEN LINER REPUBLIC

Head of the Merritt-Chapman Company Declares Difficulties Are Too Great to Be Overcome in the Open Sea—Loss $2,500,000.

The sunken steamship Republic, with her cargo and baggage of passengers, which will aggregate a value of $2,500,000, seems destined to join the great fleet which strews the bottom of the Atlantic. She is a total loss.

“An attempt to raise the Republic is an impractical project,” said Mr. Merritt, head of the wrecking firm of Merritt, Chapman & Company, to-day. “And it is unlikely that such attempt will be made.”

The main obstacle in the way of raising the vessel is her location. Reports received by the various wrecking firms is that the Republic is resting on an even keel in thirty fathoms of water ten miles south of Nantucket Island. She is in the open sea.

“The depth of water could be easily overcome,” said Mr. Merritt. “But as yet no man has discovered a method by which a sunken vessel can be raised at sea.” If she were in a good location—in a body of sheltered water, for instance—we could tackle the job with some assurance of success. We have raised a boat in eighty fathoms of water, but in this case everything is against us.

**

Not an Easy Task.**

“If the saving boats was so easy,” continued Mr. Merritt, "the sea, even the harbors, would not be lacking in opportunities. Right here in New York waters there are two sunken vessels but nobody is making an attempt to raise them. The Finance, of the Panama line, is lying directly in the main channel of Sandy Hook, but no attempt has been made to raise her. The English freighter Daghestan is not far away, but yet nobody is trying to lift her.

"As yet we haven’t the exact location of the Republic, though I understand she is lying ten miles south of Nantucket. That part of the sea is thirty fathoms—180 feet—which covers the Republic is not a serious impediment.

If the Republic were in a sheltered harbor the first work of the divers ordinarily would be to cover her with a canvass jacket from bow to stern, deck and all. That method is more commonly adopted in the case of smaller vessels. The Republic is 571 feet long and 15,378 tonnage.

Would “House Her Up.”

In that case, Mr. Merritt explains, the divers would probably be ordered to “house her up.” A foundation of heavy timbers would be placed beneath her keel and upon this a water-tight house would be built until it reached the surface of the water. A vessel when completely boxed up in that manner can be pumped out so as to give her considerable displacement. Even that would not cause her to rise to the surface. The lifting is the hardest part of the task. Huge pontoons are built so as to completely surround the location of the vessel.

From these steel cables are passed beneath the boat and fastened to the pontoons on the other side. The cables are then gradually tightened. The displacement of the pontoons are so great that they cannot be forced beneath the surface of the water and consequently the vessel has to rise. Once on the surface of the water the vessel is towed to the nearest land and beached. There she is thoroughly pumped out, patched up and finally taken to the drydocks. In doing this work the water must be comparatively smooth at all times. A heavy sea would tear the timbers away as if they were paper and the work would have to be done over from the starting point.

From this it can be seen what a task would be the raising of the Republic. She is in a sea that is not protected from storms and in addition to this there is a continual land roll.

Derricks of No Use.

“Derricks did you suggest?” and Mr. Merritt laughed.

“Derricks,” he explained, "are very useful in raising small vessels, but they would be a mere flea bite on a huge boat like the Republic. As a rule derricks are of no use when it comes to

raising a weight exceeding 300 tons. Of course if enough derricks could be gotten into place they might assist in the raising, but that would be impracticable.

“As far as I can see at present the only way to save the Republic would be to house her up and then lift her by pontoons and cable. You can see the impossibility of that.”

Mr. Merritt explained that it would be interesting from a scientific point of view to attempt the raising of the Republic, but the expense would be so enormous and the outlay such a risk that, from a business point of view, it would be absolutely foolhardy.
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RIOT ON BOARD THE FLORIDA IS QUELLED BY CREW

Captain and Officers Are Forced to Draw Revolvers on Emigrants Who Fought to Escape After the Crash.

The steamship Baltic arrived this afternoon at her dock with the survivors, the wounded and part of the crew of her sister White Star liner, the Republic, that is now on the bottom of the sea off Martha’s Vineyard. With the Baltic came stories of American and English heroism. A little disgruntled group criticized the crew of the Republic for not saving at least some of the baggage. Five men drew up resolutions to this effect when aboard the Baltic. This set of resolutions was silently protested against by nearly the other 100 per cent of the rescued, who gave thanks that their lives had been spared, and commended the Republic’s officers for their bravery and discipline.

James B. Connolly got into an altercation with Spencer, a boat steward of the Republic, while coming in on the Baltic, and the two were kept from blows by the intervention of others. Connolly was swamped with requests for an account of the accident and tried to send it by wireless. Some say the Baltic crew and Spencer were very discourteous to Mr. Connolly, who has probably missed his mission—that of reporting the race back home from Gibraltar of the American battle ship fleet. Connolly was sent to record this race by President Roosevelt.

QUARTERMASTER’S HEAD BATTERED.

A quartermaster of the Florida, which rammed the Republic, was brought in on the Baltic with a battered head. It was said by the survivors that he got this from a belaying pin in the hands of the Florida’s Captain, and that the Captain was enraged at the quartermaster for disobeying or misinterpreting orders, which resulted in the collision. The quartermaster denies this.

That a terrific panic ensued on the Florida among her steerage following the collision was made known with the arrival of the Baltic. The frightened Italians, thinking the Florida was sinking, drew knives and rushed for the boat davits. They were driven back by the captain, officers and crew at revolver points and quiet was restored.

One male passenger of the Republic, it was told to-day, gave the crew of the Republic much trouble by trying to get into the first boats that left the sinking ship for the Florida. The rule of the sea that the women and children should go first was preserved. But this man insisted that his wife and children had been sent away in the boats and that he felt it his duty to follow them. It was afterward learned that he had no wife and children, at least on the ship. He was compelled to stand back and go on the boats when the men were sent away.

The rescued passengers and crew charged the responsibility of the collision to a quartermaster of the Florida. He was brought in on the Baltic with a badly battered head.

This quartermaster was himself non-communicative until told of what he was charged with. According to the stories of the passengers and crew from both the Republic and the Florida that were brought in on the Baltic, the quartermaster either disobeyed or misunderstood an order from the captain of his ship that resulted in the collision. It was further stated that the

battered head he nursed was received from a belaying pin in the hands of the Florida's captain during the latter's rage following the collision.

SAYS HE IS NOT TO BLAME.

"I was on the watch from midnight to four o'clock," said the quartermaster, "and therefore was in my bunk when the crash took place. I could not be blamed for it."

Asked as to how he received his injuries, he answered that he didn't know.

The dead in the wreck now turns out to be eight. In addition to the killing of Mrs. Eugene Lynch and W.J. Mooney, cabin passengers on the Republic who were caught and crushed in their staterooms by the ripping bow of the Florida, three stokers were also crushed to death in the hold of the liner. Besides these three sailors asleep in the forecastle of the Florida were caught like rats in a trap and ripped away with the iron plates of the Florida's bow. The dead of the Republic have gone with the ship to a watery grave. The officers of the ship were too intent on saving the living to preserve the dead, and the bodies were wedged in the wreckage so that it would have taken hours to extricate them.

The Baltic brought to port just 159 passengers rescued from the Republic. She also took aboard at sea 244 of the sunken vessel's crew, 229 steerage passengers from the Florida, thirteen cabin passengers from that ship, and two of the Florida's crew, the quartermaster, accused of the responsibility for the collision, and a steward, both of whom were injured. Thus with 189 of her own passengers and a large list of steerage passengers the Baltic was rather well crowded.

OFFICERS QUELL RIOT WITH REVOLVERS.

It was learned that a terrific panic ensued in the steerage of the Florida following the collision; that men drew knives in an effort to get to the boat rails, and that the riot was only halted when the captain and officers of the Florida drew revolvers on the crowd.

The Florida was towed into port by the John J. Timmens, and the tug Mutual is aft and acting as a rudder.

The great and lasting thanks of the rescued passengers was extended to six stewardesses of the Republic. They are Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Williston, Miss Watson, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Murray, Miss Williamson and Mrs. Bailer. It was Mrs. Watson that rescued and cared for Mrs. Mooney, whose husband was killed. Mrs. Mooney is in a serious state from shock and hardly has been able to comprehend that her husband is dead and his body now on the ocean bed.

Frank Spencer, the boat steward of the Republic, told of taking the passengers from the sinking ship. He said:—

"The transfer from the Republic to the Florida was accomplished without a hitch, you might say. The women were sent away first with the children. Then came the men."

From Spencer and others it was learned that several instances marred the bravery and unselfishness of the Republic's passengers. Two men from the first cabin tried to jump in a boat full of women, but were hurled back to the deck of the injured ship. One man ran about the deck excitedly, with a life preserver strapped about him, and begged to be allowed to join his wife and children in a boat. It was found that he was unaccompanied by either wife or children.

WOMAN STAYS WITH HUSBAND.

Against these minor showings of cowardice or fright stands out strongly the conduct of Mrs. Epsy, wife of Major John Epsy. She refused to go in the first boats and announced that she would remain with her husband and disembark with him. Stewards finally forced her into a boat

with other women.

This boat was three-quarters of an hour in getting to the Florida. It had to be put back time and again to escape being smashed against the side of the Florida, which was rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea.

After the passengers had been retransferred from the Florida to the Baltic five men of the rescued gathered together in the smoking room and drafted resolutions criticising the officers and crew of the Republic for not saving at least some of the baggage. This brought forth a storm of disapproval and protest from the others and one man exclaimed:—

“You should be ashamed of yourselves; you should be glad you are alive.”

During the discussions and protests Mr. Connolly and Spencer, the steward, almost came to blows.

That Binns, the wireless operator, worked under great difficulties in sending out his appeals for aid and in summoning such a large relief flotilla to the side of his ship is shown by the fact that his wireless operating room was badly wrecked. The roof was ripped away by the prow of the Florida, and even the table and chair were smashed. However, the operating machines were spared, so that Binns could rig them up in working order.

Dr. J.J. Marsh, the surgeon of the Republic, said:—

“I heard the whistles and then the crash. I was toppled out of my bunk, which was on the other side of the ship from where the Florida struck. Following the crash there was a dull thud and then a ripping and tearing sound that lasted some time. The engines were stopped and all the lights went out. All was in darkness. Everything seemed unusually quiet. There was subsequently some excitement, but calm was quickly restored.”

This is Dr. Marsh’s second shipwreck experience. He was the surgeon of the Siveic, which was wrecked on the rocks off Sicily several years ago. S.F. Fletcher, barber of the Republic, said:—

"All the lights were quickly extinguished and the people awakened to find themselves in utter darkness. The behavior of the passengers was remarkable. Captain Sealby soon appeared and made a short speech to the crew, calling on every man to do his duty regardless of his personal safety. Then the captain gave orders that coffee and rolls be served to the passengers.

The scene on the White Star pier was one that will ever be remembered by those that witnessed it.

The Italians taken from the emigrant ship Florida, which rammed the Republic, had been crowded on the aft deck of the Baltic, and their cheers and cries were perhaps the shrillest of all that were heard in the din of cheers and wailings as the Baltic drew in.

Tales of heroism on the part of the officers and crew of the Republic and the brave work of the crew of the Florida came along with the cries and cheers as passengers from the wrecked ship fell into the arms of waiting loved ones on the dock.

**TA

LES OF RESCUE GONE OVER.**

It was told over and over again how the passengers were first taken in small boats from the Republic to the Florida, and then from that ship to the Baltic in the dead of night and with an angered sea tossing these small craft about and threatening to swamp them.

Despite all of this hazardousness, not a life was lost in this work, although several were thrown into the sea, to be dragged back by the boat crews.

The accident was explained with the arrival of the Baltic. During the dense fog that prevailed off Nantucket on Saturday morning the Florida was going slowly and the captain of the emigrant ship gave an order to change course. This order was misinterpreted by the quartermaster on the bridge, it is alleged, and soon the Florida ripped into the Republic's side.

The Florida's captain was so shocked and enraged that he split the head of the quartermaster with a marlinspike as he stood on the bridge, it is said.

The Republic's dead went down with her. It was impossible to get the bodies extricated from the wreckage and furthermore the rescuers were more intent on saving the living than on preserving the bodies of the dead.

MAGIC OF WIRELESS PROVED SALVATION OF STRICKEN LINER

Four men who stuck untiringly to their posts through the worst of the wreck of the White Star liner Republic figure prominently in the story of the disaster, and to their continuous efforts is due much of the praise for saving many lives of those who were aboard the Republic when she was rammed by the Florida.

The ominous danger signal, "C Q D," sent out from the Republic immediately after she had been struck near amidships in a heavy fog, brought hurrying to her a dozen ships.

From his post high up in the Republic, a young man, J.R. Binns, who is only twenty-six years old, sounded the first note of warning to his sister ship's nose was headed as near as possible for the Republic.

Just how the ships rushed on to aid the stricken monster of the sea was told when the Baltic and Lorraine reached this port. Words of cheer and encouragement, the passengers said, had reached them through the air from the coming ships.

Passengers who had been on the Republic, and were transferred and brought here, said they had assembled in the cabin of the Republic with no light except that flashed from a few candles that the stewards had stuck here and there. They were at times comforted by Captain Sealby, who could not be with them much, as his services were needed on the bridge.

SENATE ON WRECK

Resolutions Passed Praising Work of Rescue.

ALBANY, Jan. 27.—The following resolution offered by Senator George M.S. Schulz of New York, was adopted unanimously today by the Senate:

Whereas, On the night of Jan. 23 to Jan. 24, 1909, a collision took place upon the high seas between the steamships Republic and Florida, whereby the lives of over 1,600 passengers were put in jeopardy; and

Whereas, Such passengers were rescued through the peerless heroism of the Marconi operator on board the steamship Republic, and of the officers and crews of the colliding steamships and of the steamship Baltic, the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca; and

Whereas, It is the desire of this body to publicly express its admiration for the heroic services rendered by all who took part in that achievement,

Now, therefore, be it Resolved, That the Senate of the State of New York does hereby express its high appreciation of the magnificent services rendered on that occasion by the officers and

men of the ships stated; and that in testimony of such appreciation and for the purpose of making a permanent public record thereof, this resolution be spread upon the Journal of this House.

In supporting the resolution Senator Raines said:

“The gentleman who is first named in the resolution, the operator of the Marconi system, has been most highly complimented by the press. In response to the compliments extended to him he said: ‘I simply did my duty.’ I suppose every officer of that ship did his duty, but there are so many that fail to perform their duty, not only in emergencies of that kind, but in other emergencies that I think it may be well, Mr. President, to adopt the resolution offered by the Senator, as expressing our appreciation of the fact that there are men in public office, officials and employees of companies, intrusted with the safety of the lives of men, women and children, who, in an emergency, are capable of overlooking the necessity of taking care of themselves, and performing the duties which they owe to those in their charge.”
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“JACK” BINNS A SECOND BLUDSO

Congress Halts to Pay Tribute to the Brave Wireless Operator of the Steamship Republic Who Stuck to His Post Till the Last.

“And I’ll hold her nozzle agin’ the bank till the last galoot’s ashore.”
—JIM BLUDSO.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING TELEGRAM]

WASHINGTON, Monday.—A second “Jim Bludso” was born today in the halls of Congress, when Representative Boutell, of Illinois, stopped the dry grind of the lawmaking machinery long enough to immortalize the name of John R. Binns, the wireless telegraph operator on board the White Star steamship Republic, who was the last man to leave the stricken vessel.

“Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life,” began Mr. Boutell in his eulogy. “Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency and that in human life no danger is so great that some ‘Jack’ Binns is not ready to face it?”

When the speaker, after briefly referring to the disaster, said that throughout the whole crucial period there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized," the House rang with applause.

It was a remarkable scene, when the greatest body of legislators in the world paused in its activities to render homage to a humble telegraph operator, who, before today, was unknown to fame. When Mr. Boutell asked for permission to bring the matter before the House, unanimous consent was given him to speak, and every Congressman on the floor and auditor in the galleries vigorously applauded the address, which will cause the name of “Jack” Binns to flash around the world as one of the truly great heroes of the twentieth century.

1,515 Survivors Greeted at Pier by Hysterical Friends

Welcomed by a great crowd of hysterical women and anxious faced men that completely covered the White Star line pier, 1,515 passengers from the ill-fated Republic and the disabled Italian liner Florida arrived in this city this afternoon aboard the Baltic. Vivid stories of the collision which sent the Republic to the bottom were brought in by the survivors, whose care-lined faces gave mute but eloquent testimony of the nerve racking ordeal of the double transfer at sea which they had been compelled to go through.

To the credit of the two thousand souls aboard the Republic and the Florida at the time of the

collision, only a few of them, apparently, acted in a cowardly manner.

For the officers and crew of the Republic, as well as for the passengers of that vessel, only words of praise were heard. Those who were aboard the Florida, however, declared that some of the men in the steerage, maddened with fright by the shock of the collision, attempted to get to the lifeboats before the women and children had been transferred.

SOME DREW KNIVES IN MAD RUSH.

It was stated that some of them even drew knives in their frantic efforts to fight their way past the officers and get into the lifeboats.

The officers of the Florida, however, kept their heads and by a liberal display of drawn revolvers soon quelled the incipient riot which at first threatened the steerage.

Only one man of those who arrived on the Baltic, however, came in for very bitter criticism. He is quartermaster of the Florida, and is charged by the members of the Republic's crew with being directly responsible for the crash which sent the ill-fated Republic to the ocean's bed.

BLAME QUARTERMASTER.

The crew of the Republic assert that the quartermaster of the Florida was on the bridge at the time of the collision and that he failed to execute properly an order given him by the captain, his failure resulting in the Florida crashing head on into the Republic's side.

The quartermaster denied the charge made against him and asserted to the newspaper men this afternoon that he was not on the bridge at the time of the collision, but was in his berth asleep at the time.

When the Baltic, carrying the survivors of the wreck, arrived down the bay she was met by the General Putnam, which had started for Quarantine before daylight, carrying a body of officials of the line and a party of customs officials. Aboard the General Putnam were: J.H. Thomas, general manager of the operating department of the White Star line; Messrs. P.V.G. Mitchell, T.W. Jeffries, and R.H. Farley, of the passenger department; Alexander McKeon and Matthew Coners, deputy surveyors; Mr. and Mrs. A.E. Peacock, of No. 306 West Eighty-fifth street, who met Mrs. Mooney, whose husband was killed; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Crockfort, who met Mr. Crockfort's father, a passenger on the Republic; Dr. P.J. Finnegan, whose sister-in-law, Mrs. Lynch, was killed, and Colonel James A. Grover, whose daughter was a passenger on the ill-fated vessel.

HUSBAND KILLED, WIFE UNINJURED.

It developed upon the arrival of the Baltic that Mr. Mooney had met death by being crushed as the prow of the Florida crashed through the deck of the Republic. Mrs. Mooney was asleep in the same stateroom at the same time, but escaped injury by reason of the fact that she was sleeping in a bunk in the rear of the cabin. It was not until after her husband's bruised and battered body was taken from the debris that she knew he had been killed. The shock rendered her insensible, and she was only revived after she had been pulled from the wreckage by the purser, Mr. Barker.

MANY THRILLING STORIES.

The survivors told many other stories of thrilling rescues as the Republic sank. One of those who was saved under remarkable conditions was Mrs. Albert L. Driggs, who was asleep at the time of the collision and who awoke to find herself facing the gravest danger. Mrs. Driggs' stateroom was completely demolished by the impact of the two vessels, and it was with the greatest difficulty that a steward of the name of Roberts pulled her from the wrecked timber. Several passengers told of the acts of valor performed by this steward, declaring that he had

worked incessantly through the worst of the excitement without showing a single sign of fear.

One of the most graphic stories of the affair was told by General Brayton Ives, who was on board the Republic.

“I was asleep in my stateroom, which was just forward of the point where the two vessels came together,” said General Ives. "There was no sense of motion after the collision, although there was a great deal of noise coming from the various parts of the ship. The passengers, both the men and women, acted splendidly, and it was due to the bravery displayed by everybody that there was little confusion.

"Immediately after the crash the lights on the ship went out and the darkness was complete. On my dresser was a candle in a holder which had been presented to me on Christmas by a woman relative. Never did I think that it would do me such excellent service as it did. I thought of this candle as soon as the ship became enveloped in darkness and, striking a match, lighted the wick. By this illumination I was able to find my way out into the corridor and to grope my way to the deck.

PASSENGERS UNAWARE OF DANGER.

"As I reached the deck I noticed that the Republic was sinking astern. For the first hour after the collision the passengers did not seem to be aware of their danger, but the peril that we were facing afterward became apparent to us. It was when we donned the life preservers, preparatory to taking to the lifeboats, that most of the passengers seemed to realize fully just how serious our position was. The order was given at ten o’clock to transfer the passengers and we began leaving the sinking boat in a smooth sea at that hour.

"Excellent discipline was maintained while the transfer was being made. The crew acted splendidly, obeying their orders quickly and proving that they had been well trained for such emergencies. There wasn’t the slightest bit of crowding and no one appeared to care whether the rescued passengers were first class or steerage. Class was entirely overlooked. The women were taken out first and the men passengers followed. If any man lacked courage he failed to show it while the rescue work was in progress.

“The conditions on the Florida after the transfer were very bad. The boat was overcrowded and the rescued passengers found it impossible to go to the rooms in the cabins. Practically everybody was compelled to remain on the decks until we were again transferred to the Baltic.”

MISS DEATH BY NARROW MARGIN

Getting aboard the Baltic from the Florida, according to the rescued passengers of the Republic who arrived today, was a very different matter from the previous transfer from the wrecked Republic to the Italian immigrant ship.

The best of discipline prevailed on the Republic and the passengers were taken to the boats without any difficulty.

Women laughed and joked as they fastened life preservers about themselves and there was no sign of panic or agitation until the work was accomplished.

In the subsequent transfer from the crowded Florida to the Baltic, however, the passengers say that it was necessary to beat back the immigrants, who crowded forward in their efforts to board the boats before the women and children were taken off. Even then many men were taken on and sent aboard the Baltic before the women were rescued.

An American girl, tall and athletic in build, is said to have knocked down a man who tried to crowd her mother out of place. Her spirited act brought a cheer from her fellow passengers.

The fact that the sea had risen

and that a heavy swell was running added to the difficulty of the work of rescue.

Narrow Escape from Drowning.

Miss Clara Morse, who was a passenger on the Republic, together with her sister, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, a writer, of Brooklyn, had a narrow escape from drowning and was only saved by the courage of two sailors, who jumped into the water after her.

Miss Morse fell overboard just as she was about to board the companion way ladder. She was standing in the boat, which swerved away, and Miss Morse lost her balance.

Much praise was given by the passengers to the work of Fourth Officer Broekelbank, of the Baltic, who stood at the foot of the ladder to aid the passengers as they came in the boat.

Mr. Broekelbank was completely immersed under water as the big ship lifted and rolled in the swell, but he stuck to his post until the last person had been safely taken aboard.

Passengers on the Baltic subscribed to a fund for the immediate necessities of the officer, which amounted to 82 pounds sterling, or about $400, and also made up a purse for medals to sailors who distinguished themselves in the work of rescue. As the passengers' wants were supplied by the stewards on the passage home, the officers in charge of the fund was composed of Robert H. Ingersoll, Charles Wadd and J.W. Bly, of Paris.

Captain Addressed Crew.

Captain Sealby, after the passengers had been removed, addressed the men of his crew, standing on the bridge, and said:

"Men, I have no words to express my thanks to you for standing by me so nobly. There is no immediate danger. Any one who wish to leave the ship, however, is at perfect liberty to do so."

The answer to this was three hearty cheers, and the men stayed on the Republic, which was taken in tow by the Gresham and the Seneca in an effort to reach land.

Passengers Were Calm.

Professor John M. Coulter, of the University of Chicago, who was on the Republic with his wife, son and two daughters, was met at the Baltic's pier by Henry Pratt Judson, president of the University of Chicago, who took the Coulters to an uptown hotel. Professor Coulter said that there was no panic following the ramming of the Republic. He was surprised at the calm of the passengers, he said.

W. Snyder, of Middletown, N.Y., and a friend, told of how Mr. Snyder's wife and other women saved a woman passenger who fell into the water while being transferred from the Republic. The woman who fell into the water was very nearly under the life boat when Mrs. Snyder seized her and the other woman got hold of her hair. In this manner she was held until the boat crew lifted her into the boat.

Samuel Cupples, seventy-two years old, of St. Louis, a multi-millionaire, had his family and private physician, Dr. J.A.J. Wagges, on the Republic. Despite his age, Mr. Cupples quickly jumped into his trousers and slippers when the crash came and soon had collected his family on the deck above.

Nearly a Riot.

Stories told by the Republic's passengers show that the transfer of passengers from the Florida

to the Baltic in the dark hours of Saturday night came perilously near resulting in a riot of the five hundred Italian steerage passengers of the Florida, who believed that their vessel was in immediate danger of sinking. Only the efforts of the officers, aided by several of the Republic's passengers, quieted the frightened men, who sought to be the first to board the lifeboats.

Dr. J.J. Marsh, physician on board the Republic, gave the following graphic story of the accident on the big liner:

"I was in my cabin and hearing three short whistles knew that something was wrong, and turned out. I had hardly got to my feet when the crash came. There was one heavy thud and then the engines stopped. Half a minute later the electric lights went out and when I opened my stateroom door I found myself in darkness.

True American Pluck.

"The saloon rapidly filled with women and children, half dressed, but everybody did as they were told and there was no panic. Let me say now they were thoroughly true Anglo-American people for pluck. I went on deck and saw the lights of the Florida through the fog. Captain Sealby gave orders to get the lifeboats ready and in the meantime the passengers came upon the upper deck. It was then that Captain Sealby said to them: 'I do not think the boat will sink. It will go to a certain point and hang there.' The women and children and the men gave three cheers for the captain and then with a few exceptions went to their staterooms to get their clothes.

"Mr. Lynch is on board the Florida. He is broken hearted over the loss of his wife, and said he did not care whether the ship sunk or not. His leg is broken. Mrs. M.I. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N.D., sustained a severe injury to her right limb, and there is a steward on board by the name of Woodward who sustained a fracture at the base of the skull. Mrs. Griggs, who was injured, had a miraculous escape. She was found under a pile of debris and for a time it was believed she was lost."

Summoned by Wireless.

Captain Roberts' one hope, he said, was that he could reach the Florida in time to help in the transfer of the passengers or, if that was accomplished, that he could assist the Republic to reach a port. He was working the engines to the last ounce of steam toward the scene of the collision, when at eleven o'clock he got another wireless. "Come with all speed. Florida sinking," the message appealed. "All the passengers have been removed, but stand by to help Florida."

The submarine bells kept up their continuous ringing and the screeching of the whistles continued all through the night, but they heard no answer until several hours after midnight. The Marconi instrument was keeping them informed of the movements of the Baltic, and they kept the nose of the New York turned toward the point from which the Baltic announced itself. They knew that when they reached the White Star steamer they would be in the vicinity of the other vessels.

Praised Conduct of Officers.

According to officers of the Gresham, which made for Woods Holl, Mass., after the accident, Captain Sealby and the men of the Republic praised the conduct of the Republic's passengers during the hours immediately following the accident, when it was known that the vessel might go down at any time. He said that when preparations were being made to abandon the Republic one woman beguiled the time of waiting for the boats by sitting down on the deck of the Republic to play solitaire.

Another passenger, a man, came up to the first officer and apologized for speaking to him on

such an occasion, when he knew he was very busy, said that his wife had been injured and asked that she be taken in one of the first boats. The man was also injured, but made no mention of the fact. Captain Sealby said that room was made for but three people in the first boat that left the ship.
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Taking Passengers of Republic and Florida From Latter Ship to Baltic by Searchlight

The transfer of passengers rescued from the sinking Republic by the Florida to the Baltic, together with the passengers of the crippled Florida, was one of the most amazing features of the disaster. It was undertaken at night as a strong east wind gave promise of a heavy sea and the rescuers feared to wait for daylight.

The Baltic moved to the windward of the Florida and turned her searchlights on the water between into which her ten boats were lowered. Each boat could carry her own crew and twenty passengers. It was just 8 o’clock Saturday night when the work began, and it was just 8 o’clock yesterday morning when the last boat load, the eighty-third, reached the Baltic. The women and children were transferred first. Not a life was lost. Two passengers fell overboard in getting into the small boat, but were fished out safe.

Wireless on Both Boats Would Have Averted Crash

Had the Florida been equipped with the Marconi wireless system the collision with the Republic would have been avoided.

In foggy weather all liners equipped with Marconi apparatus, and in touch with one another constantly, keep each other advised of their position, speed, identity, and condition of weather. When the signals from an approaching ship become unusually strong, showing the vessels to be close, the operators call up the bridge on their ships, speed is reduced and sirens sounded until all chance of a collision has passed.

The wireless transmitter on the Republic was operated from the electric light mains of the ship, and the range with this sort of power was about two hundred miles. In addition, ships are fitted with an auxiliary storage battery for just such an emergency as occurred on Saturday off Nantucket Shoals.

Method of Communication.

The Marconi instruments are placed in a cabin especially built for the purpose, and usually located on the boat deck. This cabin is fitted with a comfortable berth, writing desk, locker, and instrument table, and here the operator lives and works.

Each marconi ship and shore station is supplied monthly with a communication chart.

This chart shows at a glance what ship or shore stations should be within range.

The cabin is fitted with direct telephone to the bridge, by means of which the captain or chief officer is kept in close touch with all that goes on. The marconi operators are classed as officers and are directly under the command of the captain.

The transmitter equipment of the Republic consisted of a ten-inch spark coil operated from ship’s power, a Morse key being placed in the circuit to make and break, thus forming the Morse code. For instance, the now famous call of C. Q. D., if printed in Morse (as used to be the case with the older wireless receivers), would easily be understood by an operator.

But in the more modern apparatus, where the receiving is done entirely by means of telephone receivers, the impulses would come as a series of buzzing sounds corresponding in length to certain dots and dashes. When the operator presses the key the current from the ship’s mains

passes into the primary or heavy winding of the induction coil, and from these is transformed up from 100 volts to 50,000 volts in the thin or secondary winding.

At this extremely high pressure the current leaps across an air gap, thus making a spark and setting up ether waves in a wire attached to one side of the spark gap, the other side of the spark gap being connected to earth.

These waves that are set up in the aerial wire which reaches from the spark gap through the cabin roof to the mast head, travel out in all directions with the speed of light, and wherever they fall upon an aerial wire connected to a wireless receiver they produce sounds corresponding to the Morse characters in the telephones attached to the receiving instrument.

The marvelous little machine that is delicate enough and capable of detecting these impulses, is nothing more than a band of iron wires kept in motion by clockwork, passing through a bobbin containing two windings and flanked by a pair of strong permanent magnets.

CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS TO SAVE REPUBLIC.

Captain Sealby with his men, after once abandoning the vessel when the threatening weather caused the passengers to be transferred to the Baltic, took another desperate chance to save his vessel and a fortune but little short of $2,000,000 to her owners and passengers. He did not command his crew to return to the ship whose doom seemed certain, and which might take a sudden plunge to the bottom and carry down all hands. He asked for volunteers, for a crew of fifty.

There was a ready and overwhelming response. All of the officers and members of the crew chosen by the captain returned to the ship. They did everything possible to keep her afloat. Her wireless batteries had been replenished, and Binns, the heroic operator, was one of the volunteers to return, and stuck to his post, sending out messages for aid and directing the campaign to save the ship.

These messages reached their destination, and had time allowed the fight might have resulted in victory. But the gain was so great that the watertight compartments began to leak, and Captain Sealby was forced to ask the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca to give him a tow and try to get the vessel to shallow water where she might be beached and saved.

After she had been towed but a few miles the Republic began to settle rapidly, and Captain Sealby signaled to the Gresham and the Seneca to cast off lest they might be drawn down by the sinking ship should she take a sudden plunge. The life boats of the Republic were launched and the crew went over the side. Captain Sealby reluctantly quit his ship, and not too soon, for a few minutes after he had pulled away, she poised herself, bow out of water, and then plunged to the bottom, many fathoms below.

The Republic sank at 7:30, according to the wireless reports from the commander of the Gresham. All hands were taken aboard the Gresham, and the ship’s tragic end cost no lives at the last.

Captain Sealby finally abandoned the Republic when she was off No Man’s Land, a small island south of Martha’s Vineyard Island, off the Massachusetts coast. After she had disappeared the Gresham and the Seneca headed for the Massachusetts coast. Wireless advices from Captain Terry said that he would land at Gayhead, Mass., where the worn-out crew of the Republic, after more than fifty hours of hard work without sleep, will be put ashore.

With the 1,650 passengers of the Republic and the Florida aboard, in addition to her own 900 passengers for Liverpool from New York, the Baltic reluctantly left the Republic to the care of the revenue cutters and turned in the direction of New York, as a humane measure to the overwrought passengers of the three ships.

She was off Sandy Hook at 2 o’clock this morning. She will dock about 8 o’clock if all goes

well. She is believed to have the bodies of Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch, and the four members of the crew of the Republic on board, the White Star officials receiving word that the bodies had been transferred from the Republic to the Florida, and again to the Baltic with the passengers.

The Florida, with only her crew on board is slowly steaming in the direction of New York. She has refused all assistance, and is not believed to be in any danger unless a storm should suddenly arise. Wireless dispatches told that the captain had last night refused assistance from the steamship New York, and that the latter vessel had gone ahead. Other dispatches, however, indicated that the New York was keeping step with the Florida in order to render assistance if necessary.

By his action in refusing assistance the Captain will save to his line a large amount in salvage, which any vessel aiding the ship with her valuable cargo to reach port might claim.

Fate played an odd game with the destinies of some of the passengers aboard the Republic. In the placing of passengers aboard the vessel to one it allotted the fatal stateroom which death was to visit in the space of twenty-four hours; another it removed to a safe berth.

With husband and wife in one stateroom, it was the husband who perished. With husband and wife in the adjoining stateroom, the wife was torn from him and killed, while he escaped with serious but not necessarily fatal injuries.
~ 070 ~

Survivors of Republic Twice Rescued Within Twenty-Four Hours

It was the wireless, that man-made, air-driven will of the wisps which laces together the currents of ether into tangible form, that gave to the crash of the Republic and Florida in the fog banks its note of sensation. This befell in the first phases of the disaster. It was the lifeboat, that oldest stand-by of the distressed mariner, that furnished the next biggest chapter.

The transfer of a shipload of passengers twice within twenty-four hours is something that steamship men say was never done before. In the first place between 400 and 500 were taken from the Republic to the Florida. To do this the boats of the Republic were used. At the time it was daylight, but the thick fog still held. The sea was smooth, but even under the most favorable condition such a task is a ticklish one.

The Republic had a long gangway, which was really three flights of stairs, having small platforms between, but these stairs were none too steady in the best of weather and with a vessel rolling in the usual swell of the ocean it would be an easy matter to slip into the sea. Moreover, 70 per cent. of the passengers were women, and they had to be helped down the gangway by sailors. On the Florida things were not so comfortable, and swinging rope ladders were used to board that vessel from the boats.

The Florida was disabled, too, and it must have seemed to many of the passengers that they had not bettered their condition. When the Baltic found the Republic early Saturday evening the actions of Capt. Ranson and the presence of a big steamer uninjured greatly reassured the passengers.

The Second Transfer

At first it was planned that the Florida should proceed to New York convoyed by the Baltic. Although the Florida was badly hurt and had her forepeak and No. 1 hold full of water it was decided by the captains of the three vessels, the Baltic, the Republic and the Florida, that it was better to leave the passengers on that vessel for the night and proceed toward this port and then at daylight, if Capt. Ranson thought it advisable, transfer the passengers to the Baltic.

The fog lifted and it grew clear, but a wind began to blow from the east, and an east wind means a sea. The water got rougher, and, according to Capt. Ranson, today there were indications of a storm. Capt. Ranson grew worried. If the wind increased it would be impossible for the passengers to be transferred from the Florida, and if it blew a gale the consequences to that vessel in her crippled condition might be disastrous. It was then that he sent a message to the White Star line explaining the situation. The reply told him to use his best judgment about transferring.

Capt. Ranson at once decided to make the transfer.

The Baltic, being the larger vessel, moved to the windward of the Florida and as near to that vessel as she could safely lie. In quick time the Baltic's ten boats were lowered to the water, each manned by a crew of seamen and with an officer in charge. The Baltic's gangway was lowered, rigged with lifelines, and manned by sailors ready to assist the passengers from the boats as they were brought over. The Baltic's big searchlight was swung on the scene.

It was 8 o'clock on Saturday night when the work of transferring the passengers began. The stewards of the Baltic prepared all the staterooms on that vessel. The first boat in charge of the first officer pulled alongside the Florida and while the sailors held her steadily in position under the ladder, the passengers, women first, were helped down and assisted into the boat. Twenty entered the boat, and then it was shoved off and pulled to the Baltic and another boat, in charge of the second officer, took its place.

Landed on the Baltic

One after another these ten boats took on each its twenty passengers and then bore them to the Baltic. When they reached that vessel hot food was ready for every one, and staterooms and berths were prepared for those who wished to retire. Two men tumbled overboard but were picked up.

The passengers on the Baltic lined the rails of that vessel and watched the operations. They, too, assisted to make the unfortunates comfortable. All through the night the procession of boats passed from one boat to another. Capt. Ranson, standing on the bridge of the Baltic, superintended the work.

Shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday morning the steamship New York drew near and her boats were lowered to assist, if they were needed. All through the night the work was kept up, and at dawn sailors were still toiling bravely. It was just 8 o'clock when the last boatload, the eighty-third, as it happened, was taken to the Baltic.

Then the Baltic headed for New York and Capt. Ranson sent wireless messages telling of the work. He said every one was comfortable and his ship was making rapid time while was the last word heard from him until an Evening World reporter hailed him off Ambrose Light in the second hour after midnight today.

Praise for Republic Crew

One of the most regrettable features of the big disaster in the minds of sailor men at least was the final going down of the stricken Republic, after so splendid a fight by her crew to bring her to land. Steamship people in general were deeply regretful when they heard the news from Nantucket Island that the stove-in liner had finally sunk.

But on every side there was unalloyed praise for the conduct of the crew who, after checking the panic that followed the collision, had stayed by their ship until she lurched to the bottom, literally from under their feet, leaving them clinging to scraps of wreckage until the towing tugs could pick them up.

As daylight came, palish yellow through the mist, a whole fleet of small craft, carrying

newspaper men and friends of passengers of the Republic, gathered under the overhanging sides of the Baltic. As soon as the fog had lifted slightly, she raised anchor and started for Quarantine, where it was certain she would halt only a little time, as the formalities of the medical inspection were to be shortened as much as possible. Long before breakfast time the White Star pier at the foot of Little West Tenth street was black with persons waiting for the arrival of the rescue ship.

DESPERATELY, CREW FIGHTS TO SAVE REPUBLIC AND FORTUNE

The efforts to save the Republic, even after her passengers had been safely taken off, was one of the most desperate and thrilling fights in the history of the sea, in which great personal courage and skill, aided by the latest achievements of the science of shipbuilders, were matched against the ever-menacing element with which the lot of the liner was cast.

After the ship had been rammed early Saturday morning, and her unknown assailant had disappeared in the fog, quick measures were taken to preserve the lives of those aboard. The watertight compartments were clanged to and the men from the stokehole and the engine room, after performing their emergency duties, rushed to the decks to save their lives from the incoming sea.

The crew went to their posts at the lifeboats and stood by while the officers looked after the passengers, awakened from their sleep by the shock of a collision and frightened into a panic. There was a period of frightful suspense while the liner gradually settled, and no living soul could foretell at that time the fate of passengers and ship.

Did Not Know of the Dead

It was a question of whether the great bulkheads of the watertight compartments, put under the tremendous strain of holding the vessel afloat, would be equal to their work, or whether they would give way, and the Republic would dive to the bottom of the sea.

The weight of the water pouring into the great hole in the side of the vessel brought her lower and lower, but before the point of imminent danger was reached, the vessel held her own, and for the time, at least, the passengers were safe. It was not known at this time that any one aboard the ship had perished in the collision.

Closely the officers of the Republic watched every move and tremor of the crippled ship, ready to give the word of command to clear away the boats and take off the passengers. All now depended upon the bulkheads holding out against the sea, and no one could be certain of their strength. The modern science of ship building was being put to its severest test.

After this unforgettable period of suspense the officers of the Republic were thrilled with joy to see looming out of the fog the form of a big steamship. The fate of the vessel which had rammed the Republic was still a mystery, but when the Florida crawled up closer to the Republic and cleared the fog so that her battered and twisted bow could be made out it was known that she had rammed the Republic and had come back in her crippled condition to the work of rescue.

All Safe; Crew Sticks to Ship

No time was lost in transferring the passengers from the Republic to the Florida, but Captain Sealby and his crew stuck to their ship.

The wireless of the Republic almost as soon as she was struck began to flash out to sea and land her calls for aid. Her “C. Q. D.” the new and far reaching signal distress of the seas that was born with the wireless, had not gone out in vain, and answering vessels were soon on their way to the Republic’s side from all points of the compass.

Although the crippled Florida was still able to steam at a fair rate of speed, and there was no

immediate danger in the calm sea, she did not make for port with her freight of human souls, 900 odd of her own passengers, and more than half that number of the Republic. She stood by to aid the many colors and one of the Republic should danger threaten.

Captain Sealby had good reason to stick by his ship. Under him was one of the modern giants of the sea, worth the great fortune of $1,500,000. Independent of the cargo and personal effects of the passengers still aboard the ship. To save her would be a triumph well worth the risk of human life, which he and his men were willing to take.

Relieved of the responsibility of his passengers, Captain Sealby had but his ship and men to look after, a task that men of the sea never shirk. He had no assurance that aid would reach him in time other than the answering messages from his wireless calls that they had been heard and heeded.

The big liners charged through the fog until, by wireless and submarine bells, they learned that they were in the vicinity of the crippled Republic. A fleet of liners answered the general alarm of the wireless, but their haste was to protect human lives. They stood by as long as there seemed to be danger to the lives of the passengers, and then steamed away, leaving but one of their number to look after the lives of the crew which remained aboard the Republic.

It was late in the evening when the United States revenue cutter Gresham found the water-logged Republic, and from that hour the powerful little vessel—the handy man of the sea in an hour of peril—never for a moment deserted the helpless giant in her charge. The Gresham hugged close to the liner despite the rising sea and gale, and the liner New York was also called by wireless when the situation aboard the Republic became very grave.

The New York stood by, and then the Anchor liner Furnessia came up and joined the convoy of the Republic. At this time more serious work was in hand for the Baltic—the transferring of passengers from the overcrowded and staggering Florida to her own stanch decks—and she had no time for her sister ship.

Many had offered to take Captain Sealby and his crew from the seemingly doomed ship, but he had refused. About 2 o’clock yesterday morning, however, the wind became boisterous and the Republic threatened to go down without a moment’s warning. In this hour the crew put off in boats and Captain Sealby was the last soul to leave the decks of the Republic.

After he had entered his gig, however, Captain Sealby was not satisfied to take refuge aboard one of the liners. He remained near the Republic and in hailing distance of the Gresham and did not put a foot aboard other than the wood belonging to his own ship.

Two hours later the danger of a gale abated and Captain Sealby promptly signaled his crew and again they clambered aboard the Republic, and the wireless operator, who had replenished his batteries, sent out calls for aid for the ship.

Wrecking tugs were ordered from different points, and captains of other tugs, with visions of a fortune in salvage in their minds, set out on free landing expeditions to find and succor the Republic. None of them ever reached the doomed ship.

Captain Sealby’s last hope to save his vessel was that she might be towed into shallow waters and grounded on soft bottom until she could be patched up and floated to a dry-dock. He told of this hope to Captain Terry, of the Gresham, and the latter agreed to lend all the aid he could.

Late in the afternoon stout tow ropes from the Gresham had been made fast to the bow of the Republic, and another ropes passed quarteringly from the stern to the bow of the Furnessia, so that she might act as a rudder to the helpless ship. The Gresham began to steam slowly for the Sound, seeking shallow water.

At this time the derelict destroyer Seneca came up and joined the convoy. Hopes ran high that

the bulkheads would stand the strain yet a while longer and that the long fight to save the expensive vessel would result in victory.

But the motion of the Republic under tow added strain to the bulkheads and she had been dragged through the water but a few miles when the officers discovered that the compartments which held the vessel afloat were leaking and that once more she was settling.

A thick fog still prevailed and Captain Sealby, believing that he had taken the last desperate chance in such weather, signalled to the Gresham to cast off and come alongside.

The signal came not a moment too soon. By the time the Gresham came alongside, about 7:25 last night, the Republic was rapidly filling and it was quick and dangerous work to get all hands on the revenue cutter and for her to steam out of the danger zone before the Republic upended and sank in a whirlpool of troubled water.

Both the Furnessia and the Seneca were witnesses to the last act in the thrilling tragedy, and the wireless, which has kept the world informed of every action in this remarkable disaster, told of the last curtain when the sea met over the spot where the Republic had disappeared.

The ship sank in deep water off No Man’s Land, with her full cargo and the effects of her passengers on board, and may lie undisturbed except by the deep sea fishes in that common graveyard on the bottom of the sea upon which rests the hulks of ships of all ages, from the time of primitive man to the great liner of yesterday.
~ 071 ~

CONNOLLY TELLS SHIPWRECK STORY

By James B. Connolly
Writer of Sea Tales Whom President Roosevelt Sent to Join Battle Ship Fleet.

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ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP BALTIC, VIA SANDY HOOK, N.J., MONDAY - It was about twenty minutes to six o’clock Saturday, in a black fog, about one hundred and ninety miles out from New York and fifteen miles south of Nantucket that the Italian emigrant ship, the Florida, of Naples, inbound, and the Republic, outbound, came together.

The bow of the Florida struck the side of the Republic aft of the midship section and kept on grinding toward the stern. When she at last cleared five staterooms on the saloon deck of the Republic and two on the deck below were ripped out.

The rooms on the lower deck which were against the ship’s side were torn out by the flukes of the Florida’s anchor, which finally was wrenched off the bow and found later in one of the wrecked staterooms.

The rooms of the saloon deck were well inboard, protected by a ten foot width of deck, and yet the bow of the Florida cut clear through that deck and splintered everything—bunks, wash basins, trunks, mirrors—left everything in them a mess and the rooms gaping to the outer world.

Mrs. Lynch, in stateroom No. 34, and Mr. Mooney, in No. 28, were killed almost instantly, cut into pieces by the jagged bow. Mr. Lynch, husband of the dead woman, had his leg broken, while in another of the rooms Mrs. Murphy, wife of a South Dakota banker, was badly smashed up, but will live. Neither Mrs. Mooney, in the bunk beneath her husband, nor Mr. Murphy, in a bunk above his wife, was injured.

The plates of the Republic were started below the waterline and so the engine room filled almost immediately. In six minutes, or so, the electric lights went out, which made matters bad for awhile, threatening to bring on a panic with men and women, lightly clad, flying around

dark passageways. The ship brought no emergency lanterns into service and only for frequent match sputterings by passengers and a few candle ends produced by the stewards, nobody could see anything until daylight came.

The Florida, which had her bow mashed in flat to the forward bulkhead, looked worse than the Republic. Three Italian sailors sleeping in the forecastle, were plastered like so much clay against the steel wall, and two more were injured.

After two hours boats were cleared away and the passengers taken to the Florida, which stood by. There was some trouble in disembarking, but all were brought over safely. The sea was smooth and the air not cold.

Passengers remained on board the Florida until eleven o’clock at night and then were transferred to the Baltic, which had come on the scene at seven o’clock. Why the Baltic did not take the passengers off sooner is not made clear.

It took all night in the fog and rain to get off the Republic’s passengers and the crew and the Florida’s immigrants, of which there were 850—1,500, all told, transported to the Baltic.

Many women, possibly fifty in all, collapsed or fainted on reaching the Baltic’s deck. Several boats were allowed to knock around in the sea for half or three-quarters of an hour before the Baltic was made ready to receive them.

One woman went between the boat and the ship’s side, losing her bag of jewels, but was herself hauled in safely. Quite a small sea was on during part of the time of the transfer, with rain and fog. Earlier in the evening, while the Baltic was lying by, the sea was smooth and the sky clear. There seemed to be some difficulty in getting competent men to man the boats, and there was much delay and some risk to passengers in the transfer, which was not completed until daylight in the morning.

The passengers generally behaved well, and of the Florida’s eight hundred and fifty immigrants all behaved splendidly.

The passengers generally are in good condition now. A few are worn out with anxiety, but nobody really is to be feared for.

Captain Ranson and Purser Palmer flatly refused to allow any press messages whatever to be sent regarding the collision.

The Republic was settling in the water when last seen—ten o’clock this morning—but then did not seem to be necessarily doomed. The Florida will proceed to New York under her own steam, with the Romanic standing by for emergencies.

Mr. Lynch, with a broken leg, remains on the Florida, the pain of removal being too great.

Passengers’ baggage was left on the Republic. Barring a general mourning for lost clothes, everybody is in good spirits as the ship nears New York. The passengers generally behaved well.

Both ships were in luck to have the accident in a smooth sea and on a remarkably mild day for this time of year.

Also it was good to have that wireless at hand, otherwise it would have been a terrible calamity.

HERALD-TELEGRAM TUG MEETS THE BALTIC

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING TELEGRAM]
SANDY HOOK, N.J., MONDAY - The Baltic with 1900 survivors of the Republic’s shipwreck disaster

came up to the Sandy Hook Lightship at five minutes past one o’clock this morning. The pilot boat New Jersey and the Herald-Telegram news boat, the ocean tug Eugene F. Moran, came alongside the Baltic together.

As the big steamship, ablaze with light, loomed up out of the fog it was seen that most of the passengers, including the women, were on deck. As the Baltic stopped to receive Dennis J. Ringhan, a pilot, the passengers crowded to the rail. Among the first passengers to hail the news boat was James B. Connolly. The Herald had obtained Mr. Connolly’s consent to write the story of the collision which he as a passenger on the Republic had seen. As the Herald-Telegram boat came alongside the Baltic Mr. Connolly shouted down that permission to send a wireless message from the Baltic had been refused to him, but that he had written the story of the wreck.

The boat was brought close to the Baltic’s side and Mr. Connolly threw to the deck his written account of the disaster. He had his manuscript wrapped in newspaper folders and canvas. This improvised envelope was weighted with a block of wood.

“A ship’s officer is at my side,” said Mr. Connolly. “He has followed me since you came in sight. It isn’t against marine regulations to talk from this ship, is it?”

WRECKED CREW HERE TO-NIGHT

WOODS HOLL, Mass., Monday - The revenue cutter Gresham, Captain Perry, which had been in constant attention on the steamship Republic, which sank last night in Nantucket Sound, arrived in this harbor at eleven o’clock to-day. The crew of the Gresham, though tired out, told of the thrilling experiences in succoring the passengers and crew of the ill-fated steamship.

The hours after the crash of the Florida had been of intense anxiety to all of the people who had hurried out there, but the last few seconds were the climax, for, within two minutes after the first real suspicion that the government cutters were not going to be able to save the ship, the magnificent hull and cargo sank into the sea at a depth which precludes the possibility of ever saving her or the cargo, which, included with the ship, will cause a loss of more than $1,750,000.

The final plunge of this floating palace nearly carried to their death the faithful commander, Captain Sealby, who had absolutely refused to part from the vessel so long as there remained the least possible chance of saving her, and the first and second officers, who were the only ones of the entire crew who had cared to remain on board while the effort was being made to tow the Republic in.

Captain Sealby, true to his charge, went down with his ship so far that only by the extreme exertions of the Gresham’s crew was he finally saved from a piece of flotsam that had washed off the deck. The first officer was also picked out of the water and the second officer, in jumping from the rail to the water, was seriously injured, but he, too, was safely caught up just before the awful suction caused by the sinking ship could pull him to his death.

Loyal to Captain.

Probably never before has any more loyalty been shown a captain in trouble than that accorded by his first and second officers in this disaster, and the almost broken hearted Captain Sealby was scarcely more affected when his ship finally plunged than when he grasped the hands of his men in congratulating them on their rescue.

That part of the scene, as witnessed by the Gresham’s sailors, was more touching than any they had seen throughout the ordeal. The Gresham’s officers say that the final loss of the ship was a great surprise to all concerned, as, when they began towing her yesterday, Captain Perry, who has had large experience in towing disabled ships, said the trip would probably end successfully. But the end came suddenly and cut out all calculations. At no time during the

disaster was there any sign of a panic or fear among the passengers. Captain Perry, of the Gresham, learned of one woman sitting calmly in her stateroom playing a game of cards and awaiting her turn to be transferred.

Another instance was of a man who calmly asked the sailors who were lifting a woman into the boat to handle her gently, as she was suffering with both legs broken and that she was his wife.

While it was generally believed that the Republic would be safely towed in by the Gresham, both Captain Sealby, of the Republic, and Captain Perry, of the Gresham, decided not to take any undue chances for life and other property. So, when the hawser was run on board at seven o'clock last night, all but the two officers of the crew were sent aboard the cutters. It was agreed that a blue light displayed from the Republic would indicate great danger, and that those on board the Gresham should immediately cut the big towing hawser and hasten to the rescue of those on board the steamship.

At about seven o'clock, in the pitchy darkness, made even more dense by the heavy bank of fog, the doomed ship started for New York.

Signal Is Displayed.

It had been decided to steer to the south of Block Island to avoid the narrow sound channels and then proceed up along the Long Island shore so that, if necessary, the ship could be beached, but when off No Man's Land, a little island south of Martha's Vineyard, Captain Perry and the Gresham's crew, who were steadily watching the Republic's movements, were horrified when they saw the ominous signal—the blue light—flare from the steamship's mast.

Not an instant was lost, nor was there a hesitating movement, and the fateful blue light had barely a chance to flitter before an axe in the hands of a brawny sailor had descended, cutting the cable. In another instant the long boat which had been lashed alongside in case of emergency was cut loose and four men of the Gresham's crew and four of the Republic's had jumped aboard and were speeding astern to succor Captain Sealby and his two officers.

That they were not a moment too soon was illustrated later when the bruised and beaten bodies were taken on board just before the awful suction caused by the sinking steamship would have pulled all beneath the waves.

Those on board the Gresham say they do not think either of the men was seriously hurt. After the Republic sank, the hawsers were coiled in and the little procession filed up for an anchorage off Gay Head, where, from sheer exhaustion, all were willing to remain for the night. This morning the sailors on the Gresham were transferred to the Seneca to proceed to New York, and the Gresham came here, where she is now tied up at the docks.

THE BENEFICENT WIRELESS.

The rescue of the passengers and crew of the Republic, rammed by the Florida on Saturday, is the marvelous result of one of the greatest inventions of the twentieth century—the wireless telegraphy. To the uninitiated, this is one of the greatest mysteries; the power of communication across miles of space with no visible means of carrying a communicating force; and, truly, it all but puts to nought the wonders of the genii of Arabian story tellers and their feats of magic. The author of Aladdin might have startled his hearers with a tale of the telephone in Aladdin's enchanted palace; but even that mystery is simple to those who do not understand it, compared with the Marconi's invention which may be said to have robbed the sea of its final terror by putting those who sail upon its bosom within reach of swift and sure succor when needed, at all times and places.
~ 072 ~

CAPTAIN'S STORY OF SINKING SHIP

SEALBY STUCK TO LINER IN HER DEATH THROES

In the pilot house of the revenue cutter Manhattan, as he was coming ashore to-day, Captain Sealby, of the Republic, gave what he said was his first account of the happenings immediately following the collision between his ship and the Florida. He said:

"There was a rumble and a crash. Of course everything was in more or less confusion. It is pretty hard to keep your wits about you under such circumstances. I am sure that all of the officers, all of the men and all of the women, as well, behaved nobly.

"Everything was done to quiet the fears of the more timorous. We did everything we could to keep up the spirits of everyone. What happened directly after the collision, the settling of the boat, the brave action of the men who helped the women get away, the fine spirit exhibited by all concerned, you already know.

“We Arranged to Stick to the Ship.”

"I don’t want to say anything about the collision itself or the happenings after except in a general way. Others have told those things. But I can tell just what happened on board the Republic as she went down.

"Mr. Williams and I had arranged to stick to the ship until she should sink or be beached. The derelict destroyer Seneca, the revenue cutter Gresham, the steamship Furnessia and the tug Scully were standing by—the Seneca and Gresham towing. All four vessels had their searchlights trained on the Republic. It was very dark and somewhat foggy.

"Mr. Williams and I were on the bridge. We were quite comfortable with our overcoats and blankets and really did not think the Republic was going down so soon. Both of us were tired out and somewhat stupefied from loss of sleep. There was some wind and quite a little sea.

"Suddenly we heard a terrible rumble and crack aft and below. The stern began to go down rapidly. Then, I think, I turned to Mr. Williams and asked him what he thought about it.

"‘Well, Captain,’ he replied, ‘I don’t think it will be a long run. Let’s make a sprint for it.’

"‘All right,’ said I. ‘When you are ready, let her go.’

"‘Let us burn a blue light,’ said Williams. This I did. Then I fired five shots from my six-chamber revolver to attract the attention of those on the neighboring vessels in case they should not see the blue light.

"Then Mr. Williams and I ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, making for the Gresham. We carried our blue lights and a lantern. I suggested making for the foyrerigging.

Water at Our Heels.

"When we got to the saloon deck forward, the water was just creeping up on the deck aft and the stern was sinking rapidly. The incline of the deck was so steep that it was like climbing a steep hill to make our way forward, and we had all we could do to keep from slipping back. The water climbed up right after us at our heels.

"I saw Mr. Williams catch at the port rail and hang on, half over the side. I took to the rigging and climbed up as far as the masthead light—about 160 feet. The ship was standing with her nose out of the water and the foremast was at such an angle that if I had dropped I would have landed about midships of the deck.

"I rested at the masthead light a moment; while, I took another blue light from my pocket and tried to light it. The light was wet. Then I fired the last shot from my revolver just as the water swelled up and caught me under the armpits.

“A few minutes later a boat from the Gresham picked me up. I found they had already rescued Mr. Williams, who shook hands quite gayly with me as I was dragged aboard.”

“I’m No Hero,” Says Modest “Jack” Binns

“Jack” Binns, the heroic wireless operator of the lost liner Republic, whose grit saved hundreds after the crash with the Florida, made the following modest statement as he came ashore to-day:

“It’s a treat to me, y’know, to get a good smoke. While I was going through that inferno on the Republic I did not have a single cigarette.

"A heavy fog hung everywhere as we were passing Nantucket, and I was wearied by my long vigil. For almost twenty hours I had had no sleep, and I had just turned in for a little nap when the crash came. The sound awakened me.

“I dressed in a hurry and when I realized the seriousness of the accident, I sent out an appeal for help. I don’t know how long I remained on duty, but it seemed an age. I am ready now for a good, long sleep.

“I don’t see why they call me a hero. What I did was only in the way of duty, and any other man in my place would have done the same thing.”

16 STOKERS REAL HEROES OF DISASTER By JOHN A. MOROSO.

Enveloped in the dirty yellow folds of the velvet of the fog, aboard a rapidly sinking ship, passengers and crew of the White Star liner Republic found their only hope spoken in the crackling of the spark of the Marconi wireless apparatus as the call “C.Q.D.” was sent out in every direction along the ether waves asking for help.

A great, gaping wound in the very vitals of the ship, penetrating and ripping open its very heart, the engine room, let in great gouts of the green sea, which were met with clouds of steam from the boilers and hot cylinders. The chief engineer and his assistants faced the ragged, torn nose of the Italian ship Florida. And with it came the sea.

This was a desperate corner, a veritable blind alley, but the engineers and his men wriggled out of it.

Far below the engine room slaved sixteen stark men, the sweat pouring out of their red cuticles, shovels in their hands and their brows black with the grime of the coal. They were the stokers of the wounded liner. They heard the crash and then the slow grinding of the sharp steel prow of the Italian. Then came shooting from the engine room above the hiss of the gas.

Admiral “Bob” Evans and other admirals have said that the stokers of the battleships were the real heroes in a fight at sea. “They feed the grub to the ship,” one of these sea fighters said.

English Stokers Heroes.

But there was no longer need of feeding grub to the Republic. The Republic’s vitals had been pierced. The ship was dead and settling in its grave. The ordinary man would have taken heed of his own particular case, and would have scampered for a life preserver or a spar in the hope of getting out of the terrible affair with his life.

These stokers—all Englishmen—have been drilled every morning to jump from the flaming mouths of the furnaces to the great steel doors of the air-tight compartments and close them and bar them at the sound of a gong. There was no sound of gong for the faithful sixteen, only the heavy gluck, gluck, gluck of the sea pouring in overhead.

As modestly as a man ever told of the least of his efforts, as shame-facedly as a boy admitting some trivial offense, George Chadwick, the head of the stoker band, told me on the Baltic just what he and his fellows did.

“When we saw the sea coming in, sir,” he said, “we just jumped for the compartment doors. We work them by hand, y’know, sir. We screw them fast and tight. Each of us had his post for drill and each man jumped to it. In some ways, we beat all drill records, sir. We did that. Why, we had them blasted doors screwed fast in eleven seconds. Now that’s the record time in drills, but I say we did it in eleven seconds during the collision to be sure that we don’t get the time wrong.”

Chadwick didn’t seem to think that he and his fellows had done anything remarkable. I asked him if the quick work in closing the compartments did not mean that the Republic was kept afloat until every soul was off.

“Oh, yes, sir,” he said, “I knew she couldn’t ‘ave floated for any time if we ‘adn’t shut them doors.”

Heroes Lost in the Shuffle.

When the stokers came up to the chill of the deck, stripped naked and still beaded with sweat, they found coats, turned up the collars and mingled with the rest of the crew and with the frightened and terrified passengers. They were heroes lost in the shuffle and stood around awaiting orders, ready to go down with the ship at the command of the captain, ready to rip the superstructure apart and build a giant raft, ready to minister in their rough way to the wounded or to put the dead in caskets and slip them overboard.

Their simple fidelity to duty, their lack of the fear of the death of rats cornered in a stoke hole rapidly flooding, their power of muscle in wielding the iron bars at the compartment doors, their celerity in reaching their posts—these things saved a thousand human beings from dropping to the bottom of the sea in forty-five fathoms of water.

And in those eleven seconds of heroic labor from stem to stern of the Republic, there shivered men, women and children in the pitch black of night at sea in a heavy fog. Every light there was in that black hour buried dawn a nightly fear in the hearts of every one.

General Brayton Ives, well on in years and prominent in the finance of New York and America, laughed a tiny laugh of nervous pleasure as he told me about the joy he got in remembering a little waxed candle a friend had sent him as a Christmas gift. The General had kept it, the humblest of his Christmas gifts, but cherished because of his fond affection for the donor. All that was wanted was a flicker of light to break through the gravelike gloom of his stateroom. He groped for the little candle, found a match and softly shone the yellow light from the wick of the taper.

Used Christmas Candle.

“I was never so pleased at a Christmas gift in my life,” he said. “With the little light I made my way about and with the others soon reached the top deck, where we were to await whatever fate was in store for us.”

Riot on the Florida.

The thousand people aboard the Republic were loaded into small boats and sent clambering up the

sides of the Florida. Aboard this latter ship were 850 Italian emigrants. They, with the few cabin passengers and the crew, did not look with any great degree of hospitality on this invading host. But the officers of the Florida drew their revolvers when the ignorant emigrants became ugly, and finally the people of the first-class cabins of the Republic, and the fashion of New York, were stowed aboard, rubbing elbows with the poor and the ignorant newcomers to America.

Known as a third-class ship, the Florida did not prove any too comfortable a place for the refugees from the sinking Republic, the people who had started out to idle for a part of the year in the Mediterranean waters.

“Although the smell was awful,” said one handsome woman to me in the saloon of the Baltic, “we were mighty glad to be in the steerage class at the time. Some of them frightened us, for they got ugly and showed their knives, but anything was better than a first-class ship on its way to the bottom.”

Then, finally, came the Baltic, and once more the travelers of wealth and high tastes were shipped to their own proper place of pleasure. Aboard the Baltic they found staterooms and dinners and entertainment. The emigrants followed them, packing the steerage of the rescuing craft. While they had made room for the first-class passengers when they took refuge on the Florida, they, when themselves rescued, found that on the receiving ship was that strong line of social demarcation which kept them by themselves and their bedfellows of the day before in their snug and comfortable quarters.

So the Baltic, finely equipped, came along, stored with dainty things to eat and with some people hungry and other people glutted with food and things to drink, steamed for New York.

The Republic, as if disgusted, lifted her nose high in the air and slid to the bottom, so far down under the sea that never a gewgaw or a bit of finery of the rich will ever be given back from it.

And aboard the Baltic loafed the sixteen stokers, taking it easy and enjoying the holiday as the trip to this port was made. Life was all beer and skittles to them, then. Today they are looking for jobs.
~ 073 ~

SEALBY HAILED AS SEA HERO

Enthusiastic Broadway Crowd Carrying Captain Sealby Into White Star Offices

Captain William I. Sealby, of the liner Republic, wrecked at sea by the Florida and lost, was twice hailed as a sea hero by enthusiastic crowds to-day. First, he was greeted at the White Star Line docks, at Eleventh street and the North River, when he and Chief Wireless Operator “Jack” Binns landed from the revenue cutter Manhattan, which brought them over from the derelict destroyer Seneca.

More than two thousand persons were crowded on the dock and as the gallant captain appeared he was first kissed by women admirers and then picked up by the men and carried on their shoulders out into West street.

“You’re all right!” yelled a dozen men. “Who’s all right?” chorused another crowd.

“SEALBY!” was the deafening response, roared from masculine throats and shrilled by feminine voices.

Binns also was lauded as a hero and was kissed by the women, while the men grasped the hand that had sent the wireless flashes which saved the hundreds of souls on the Republic.

The wild and joyous demonstration lasted for half an hour, when Captain Sealby and Binns escaped from the crowd, went on board the Baltic, bathed, donned new clothes and proceeded to the White Star offices at No. 9 Broadway, whither they had been summoned to testify at an investigation into the collision.

Here they were met by hundreds of persons in the financial district, and again the captain and the wireless operator were cheered. Captain Sealby was practically carried into the offices by the great crowd and there compelled to mount a chair and make a little speech.

After this he and Binns appeared before the officers of the White Star line and told secrets of the collision which they have kept to themselves ever since the Republic sank off No Man's Land. At the conclusion of the investigation it was stated that a public report would be given out to-morrow.

Suit for Millions Over Republic Wreck

Following the investigation by the officials of the White Star Line, it was stated that the White Star Company is considering a suit against the Lloyd-Italiano Line that will involve millions.

Statements made at the investigation by Captain Sealby and Wireless Operator Binns are said to have indicated that the responsibility for the collision did not rest with the crew of the Republic.

The value of the Republic was placed at $1,500,000. Besides this, there is $1,000,000, which will figure in the suit. Captain Ruspini, of the Florida, was cautioned to-day by a lawyer representing his company not to make any statements concerning the crash.

The allegation was made to-day that an elderly man, well-known in the best society of New York, had acted in a cowardly manner while the passengers were being transferred from the Florida to the Baltic after the wreck of the Republic.

This charge was made by L. G. Phelps, a wealthy ranch owner of Neepeepe, Wyoming, at a meeting of the Republic's passenger committee of five, which was held at the Waldorf Astoria this afternoon.

"I was delegated by the captain to assist in the task of lining up the women of the steerage on the Florida for removal to the Baltic. The women of the first cabins were lined up on one side of the ship and the steerage women on the other.

"When the last of the women from the first-class cabins had been removed from the Florida this man stepped forward to get into a boat.

"I stopped him and told him the women of the steerage had to go ahead of the men. He was very much miffed and said to me: 'Why shouldn't the first-class passengers leave first?' I told him that whether they were immigrants or not, they were women, and they were going first.

"This man then got out of the way, because he saw that I was determined, and we loaded the steerage women into the boats until the last one had been sent to the Baltic."

Mr. Phelps then turned to M. B. Baskerville, of Watertown, S.D., who was standing near, for confirmation of his charge.

"That is true. I saw it all. The man certainly tried to use class distinction in a very trying time," said Mr. Baskerville.

"Yes, and the Rev. Mr. Snively saw it, too," added Mr. Phelps.

There was a meeting at the Waldorf of the committee of five passengers from the Republic composed of W.P. Deverun, of Minneapolis; A.L. Clark, of Winsted, Conn.; L.G. Phelps, of Wyoming; William Snider, of Watertown, N.Y.; and J. J. Gilfillan, of St. Paul, Minn.

They discussed ways and means of recovering for the baggage lost on the Republic, which was valued at several hundred thousand dollars, and the conclusion was arrived at that it would be best for every passenger to take up his own claim.

Passengers Deny Charge Against Connolly

Practically all of the passengers who attended the meeting at the Waldorf declared that there was any truth in the accusations made against Connolly. William P. Devereux, a grain dealer, of Minneapolis, characterized the charge as “a blow below the belt.”

“From the time the work of transferring the passengers to the Baltic was begun,” said Mr. Devereux, “until the last woman had left the ship. I stood at the place where the work was being done. During all that time I did not once see Mr. Connolly. If he had done the things which he is said to have done, I would have seen him.”

F.J. Gilfillan, of St. Paul, Minn., who was Connolly’s roommate, also defended the writer.

Connolly’s criticism of the behavior of the Republic’s stewards after the collision, according to Mr. Gilfillan, was responsible for all of the troubles.

“It was not until after he got into a fight with one of the Baltic’s stewards,” said Mr. Gilfillan, "that I heard anything of his alleged cowardly conduct. I was with him from the time of the accident until the passengers were transferred and I did not see him do any of the things it is charged he did.

"The whole story is a downright falsehood. It is a contemptible attempt on the part of the Republic’s crew to get even for the attack Mr. Connolly made on them. I did not know Mr. Connolly before I met him on the liner, and I think that the whole truth should be known.

Government Also Begins an Inquiry

Inquiry is also being made by the Government into charges that the life saving apparatus on the Republic was inadequate, and that while the liner had a certificate to carry 2,411 persons, its life-saving equipment could have cared for only 1,872 persons—about one-half of the boat’s carrying capacity.

In the charges laid before the Government officials it is set forth that, while every one on board the Republic was properly cared for while the boat was sinking, the successful rescues were due to the fact that no sea was running. Had there been a high sea at the time of the disaster, it is charged, it would have been impossible to have transferred all the passengers.

The bodies of the three who were killed on the Florida were recovered from the wreckage of the boat’s bow to-day. They were Bargello Martuscielli, sixteen years old; Salvatore D’Amico, a fourteen-year-old cabin boy, and Pasquale La Valle. All but D’Amico were from Naples. D’Amico came from the earthquake region near Messina.

Count Di Massiglia, Italian consul-general at New York, visited the Florida today.

Florida’s Captain Tells How He Sank Republic.

Captain Angelo M. Ruspini, of the Florida, has prepared a statement in which he says the collision was unavoidable and that no blame could be attached to either crew. This statement he submitted to the Italian Consul in New York today. It is as follows:

"We were bound from Naples for New York with a passenger list of 14 first class and 824 third class. My crew numbered 99 men. The Florida, built in 1905, at Riva Trigosa, near Genoa, is of 5,800 tons burden, has 2,000 horsepower and a speed of 16 knots.

"At the time of the collision with the Republic I was standing on the bridge with my first officer, Amielle Garguile. It was then 5:45 o’clock on Saturday morning, January 23. The weather was very thick. We had encountered heavy fog banks several hours previously, and because of the fog we were running at quarter speed. We were on our correct course, making for this port.

"We have no wireless outfit on the Florida, but we were blowing our fog whistle at regular intervals. Suddenly I thought I heard whistling to the starboard. I asked Lieutenant Garguile if he had heard the fog signals, and he told me that he had. I gave orders to sound the fog whistle in sharp and repeated blasts to warn off the other vessel that I knew must be in close proximity.

"I appreciated the danger, but the wind was blowing in such a way that the whistling from the other vessel could not be heard clearly enough to warn us how near it was.

"Suddenly, out of the dense fog, I saw the huge mass of a big steamship. The vessel was crossing our bows from starboard to port, and as she appeared in the gloom, I heard my two lookouts shout their warning: ‘Ship ahead.’

"Instantly I shouted to my steersman to jam his helm hard aport, but it was too late. Before the vessel ahead had passed half her length across my bow, the keen steel prow of the Florida crashed into the port side of the ship that later proved to be the Republic.

"There was a hissing of steam, mingled with the crash. The prow of my vessel was literally shoved back into the forward section of the other ship. Immediately I had ordered my engineer to reverse, and I believe that within less than five minutes’ time, we had backed away from the damaged steamship. Orders were at once given to get in communication with her by means of blasts from our fog whistle.

"My first duty was to see what injury had been inflicted on my own ship. A hasty investigation showed that the first bulkhead, which extended thirty feet back from the prow, had been destroyed and that the water had rushed in as far as the second bulkhead, thirty feet farther aft, which stood firm. The other seven water-tight compartments were intact, and so the Florida was in no danger of sinking.

The Dead in the Forcastle

"But we had not escaped unscathed. In the forecastle slept some thirty-five men. Of this number three poor fellows met death, crushed by the terrific impact and probably instantly killed. The remains of two of them are still in the wreck of the forward part of my vessel. Two boys were also caught in the wreckage, but were extricated.

"Seeing that my own ship was comparatively safe, I headed away to a reasonable distance, and then lay to, waiting to render assistance. The fog whistle of the other steamer kept blowing distress signals, and I responded in kind in order that my location might be determined. Lifeboats were manned and awaited the signal to be lowered from the davits.

"Within thirty minutes from the crash, a lifeboat came out of the gloom where we lay to, and the first officer of the Republic boarded us, stated that his ship was sinking, and asked immediate assistance. He said that there was no immediate danger of the Republic going down, but that Captain Sealby asked that I take his passengers aboard my ship. I at once told the officer that my vessel was at the disposal of the captain of the Republic.

Sent Out Four Lifeboats

"I then sent my first officer, in command of four of my lifeboats, to the rescue of the passengers of the Republic. The first boatload of women began arriving at about 7 o’clock. There was some difficulty in taking the women aboard, but as the sea was not heavy, there was no great danger. Our two passenger ladders were lowered at both port and starboard sides of the Florida, and in this way the work of taking the distressed people aboard was facilitated.

"This work continued until 9 o’clock Saturday morning, when all of the passengers of the Republic were safe and sound on the Florida.

"Our greatest difficulty was experienced in the transfer of Mr. Eugene Lynch. He was badly hurt, and it was necessary to tie him in a bag and then have him lifted by the davits. He was at once removed to the infirmary, where our doctor rendered every medical assistance possible.

"The fog impeded the transfer of passengers to a great degree. Every accommodation that we had was gladly given to the sufferers. Naturally, as our first-class quarters are limited and our steerage was full, it was necessary for many of the shipwrecked people to remain on deck. Blankets were supplied to them, and we did all that was possible.

"I resent any allegation that members of my crew attempted any liberty in any way with the women passengers of the Republic. My officers and quartermasters were everywhere about and did not sleep while the passengers of the Republic were aboard.

"It was a great relief to me when the Republic’s passengers were transferred to the Baltic early Sunday morning. I felt that my ship was seaworthy, but it involved a tremendous responsibility.

"I do not believe that the wireless could have prevented the collision. Had we been going at full speed the Republic probably would have been sunk immediately.

“I shall make my full report to the Italian Consul in this port. I am positive that the collision was not the fault of my ship. It was most regrettable, but in my opinion was one of the unavoidable accidents of the sea, for which the fog alone must be blamed.”

‘TO RAISE REPUBLIC IS IMPRACTICABLE,’ DECLARES MR. MERRITT

The sunken steamship Republic, with her cargo and baggage of passengers, which will aggregate a value of $2,500,000, seems destined to join the great fleet which strews the bottom of the Atlantic. She is a total loss.

“An attempt to raise the Republic is an impracticable project,” said Mr. Merritt, head of the wrecking firm of Merritt, Chapman & Co., “and it is unlikely that such attempt will be made.”

The main obstacle in the way of raising the vessel is her location. Reports received by the various wrecking firms is that the Republic is resting on an even keel in thirty fathoms of water, ten miles south of Nantucket Island. She is in the open sea.

“The depth of water could be easily overcome,” said Mr. Merritt, "But as yet no man has discovered a method by which a sunken vessel can be raised at sea. If she were in a good location—in a body of sheltered water, for instance—we could tackle the job with some assurance of success. We have raised a boat in eighty fathoms of water, but in this case everything is against us.

“If the saving of boats was so easy,” continued Mr. Merritt, "the sea, even the harbors, would not be lacking in opportunities. Right here in New York waters there are two sunken vessels, but nobody is making an attempt to raise them. The Finance, of the Panama Line, is lying directly in the main channel of Sandy Hook, but no attempt has been made to raise her. The English freighter Daguesan is not far away, but yet nobody is trying to lift her.

“As yet we haven’t the exact location of the Republic, though I understand she is lying ten miles south of Nantucket. That part of the sea is unprotected from rough water and we might work on her for a month and then have everything knocked to smithereens by heavy seas.”
~ 074 ~

FLASHES TO SIASCONSET

DISASTER’S STORY AS HEARD BY WIRELESS MAN ASHORE.

Short Bulletins that Came to Him from Vessels Which Sped Toward the Rammed Republic After Saturday’s “C. Q. D.” Call—A Code in Which the Ship Is Known as “He.”

Of the many versions of the crash between the Republic and the Florida, one story that remained to be told to-day was that of the operator at the Siasconset wireless station, on the outermost tip of a sandspit, sticking out into the waters from the Nantucket beach. The narrative was taken from the official log of the operator. He turns in a log weekly to the head offices of the wireless company in this city.

It was at 5:40 o’clock on Saturday morning when the cry for help flashed out of the fog. Before that, during the hours that came after midnight, a few trivial jottings marked communication established with one ship or another, steaming aimlessly through the murk that covered all the coast. It is easy to imagine how the operator straightened up in his seat when his receiver began to buzz faintly, ever so faintly, because in the stricken Republic, miles away out to sea, the water was creeping into the engine room and flooding the dynamos and drowning out the current:

“SC, SC (Siasconset, Siasconset). This is MKC (White Star Republic). CQD.”

Stuttering, pausing, as if for breath, the message continued:

“We have been run down and we are sinking rapidly. Send assistance rapidly. Our position is 175 miles northeast of Ambrose Light Vessel. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70.”

A WOMAN AT THE KEY.

“I immediately got busy,” said the Siasconset operator, in his report, “and asked Woods Hole to inform the revenue cutter, lying in harbor, which she did.” The operator at Woods Hole is a woman, a Miss Wright, and she proved herself level-headed in that time when quickness of decision was absolutely necessary. “Then I called CQD, and, getting LL (La Lorraine), informed him of the distance. He said he was speeding to the scene. Then I got MBC (White Star Baltic), and he was doing the same. At this time I began to get a very strong signal, from some unknown foreign ship, signed F. Gave him news. He is full-speed to the rescue.”

There was a break in communication after this, until 8:04 o’clock. Then:

“Received captain’s message from KC, saying he was rammed by unknown ship and is sinking. Twenty-five south of Nantucket, and is in no danger.”

There is something peculiarly typical of the reckless courage of the Republic’s commander in that message. He was sinking, but he would not admit he was in danger.

Messages came thick and fast in the next two hours.

8:20—“Cannot hear KC; probably out of business,” wrote the Siasconset man.

8:35—“Two messages from BC.”

8:42—“Hear KC calling to BC.”

8:45—“Had KC; told KC that BC and LL are rushing to his assistance.”

A WORD FROM THE FRENCHMAN.

The next message was from the Frenchman. At 9:12 La Lorraine flashed through the miles of fog:

“We are coming; our boilers are nearly bursting.”

9:15—“KC says his passengers are OK on steamship Florida.”

9:35—“Hear revenue cutter stations working.”

9:42—“LL calling KC.”

9:47—“LL gets KC and asks what depth of water they are in and what kind of ground over, to direct his steering.”

Evidently, at this stage of the game, the Frenchman was feeling nervous as to his bearings. He wanted to know what depth he might expect under his keel.

“Thick fog with LL,” the Siasconset operator went on. “KC said to him, ‘Tell your captain to look for our rockets.’”

9:58. “BC calling KC.”

10:12. “I started KC traffic to BC.”

This meant that communication between Siasconset and the two White Star ships, the lamed and the rescuer, was fully established.

10:25. “Cleared BC. Sent six; received none.”

The man at Siasconset meant by this that he had finished communication with the Baltic; he had sent her six messages and had received none from her.

10:28. “BC and KC exchange MSGs (captains’ messages).”

10:49. “BC sending messages.”

10:51. “Sent six and received ten.”

The Baltic had become loquacious by this time. The next few entries in the log have to do with the sending and receiving of messages. At 11:19 the Siasconset operator wrote:

“Sent KC biz to BC.”

Translated into plain English, this means that he had transmitted the Republic’s messages and pleas for help to the Baltic, now coming up to her aid. He added:

“BC gives by now. PC and RCG talking.”

“BY NOW”—KEEP QUIET.

“By now” is a slang term of the wireless service. It means “keep quiet.” The Baltic was flashing it so that she could have quiet, to enable her to make out the faint sputters from the key that “Jack” Binns was manipulating in the operating-room of the rammed ship. PC was the

Portsmouth navy yard and RCG was the revenue cutter Gresham, likewise steaming to the scene of the mishap.

For the next few minutes there was merely an interchange of messages between Siasconset and the various ships that were steaming across the great circle of fog-hung sea, toward its centre, the Republic. At noon, the operator jotted down, querulously:

“LA (Lucania) starts captain’s message, but BC stands us off.”

The Lucania had received word of the accident, and was rushing northward toward the converging circle of rescuing ships. “Stands us off” may be construed as meaning that the wireless of the Baltic was interrupting conversation.

12:30—“Cleared LA. BC repeats (relays) that KC will take only MSGs.”

1:59—“Cleared LL.”

2:05—“RCG kicking up about not getting information sooner.”

This, it may be remarked, was a slur on the wireless operator at the Portsmouth yard, which doubtless caused the lonely man in the hut on the Nantucket sand-dunes to chuckle as he wrote.

2:30—“Cleared BC.”

LONG MESSAGE FROM BALTIC.

3:05—“BC sends to LA—Republic expected to sink; has been in collision. Passengers are on board Florida. Am searching for both ships. Position KC, latitude 40.17. Longitude 70. Assistance required to take passengers off disabled Florida.”

3:30—“BC and KC busy. Am piled up here for KC. Biz here, also, for LA, LL, and BC.”

It was about this time that the messages began to pour in for the shipwrecked passengers of the Republic. The operator was getting worried as to his ability to handle the pile, under the circumstances.

4:00—“BC asks all to stand by. LL traffic here yet.”

This last meant that the operator had not been able to get off his messages for La Lorraine.

4:35—“BC and KC trying to locate each other. KC hears BC’s bombs to westward. Am standing by (keeping quiet) here, to give BC a chance to find KC. Gresham, Mohawk, and Acushnet, all jamming.”

“Jamming” is another word of wireless opprobrium. The Siasconset man inferred by it that the revenue cutters were interfering with his signals. If there is anything that makes an operator “hopping mad,” it is to have someone else flashing out a current so powerfully that it interrupts the direct transmission of his message.

THE CUTTER REPROVED.

“BC is striving to read KC,” continued the log. “Gresham calls me and asks if Republic has apparatus, and what is his call. I told him: ‘Stand off. You will only increase jam if you start calling him. BC, LL, and LA are most important boats, and should have way made for them, if possible.’”

All of which amounted to telling the cocky little revenue cutter that, while her assistance was appreciated, she had better give room to her bigger sisters.

5:54. “BC gives by call and calls KC.”

6:03. “BC says: ‘Think I can find you. Give me plenty of warning when I get near you.’”

6:14. “BC sends captain’s message to LA—’Florida in bad way. Needs convoying in. Don’t know position. She is blowing four blasts!’”

6:55. “BC sending to LA—’Stand by Florida, fifteen miles due south of Nantucket!’”

6:55. “BC sending to LA—’Stand by Florida.’”

7:21. “BC has found KC, at last.”

So the long search was over. The remaining entries in the log tell of the final happenings on the day of peril and suffering and bravery.

7:45. “Am clearing now. LA asks BC if he can proceed now and leave BC to escort Florida.”

8:30. “BC sending captain’s message to LA. Am trying to take it, although it is not easy on account of jamming of revenue cutters and shore stations using up air.”

Certainly one gets the impression that the Siasconset operator has a deeply-seated “grouch” against the navy.

12 P.M. “BC to NK (New York)—Am taking passengers aboard and escorting Florida. Have left captain and boat’s crew alongside Republic. He is still afloat. Wind is freshening.”

That was the end of the Siasconset man’s log.
~ 075 ~

REPUBLIC 38 FATHOMS DEEP

CAPTAIN ON THE FOREMAST AS SHE DIVED STERN FIRST.

Had Made a Gallant Fight to Save Her—He and His Second Officer Picked Up From the Water—Wreck Lies Too Deep to Be Dangerous to Navigation.

Wood’s Hole, Mass., Jan. 25.—The White Star steamship Republic lies at the bottom of the ocean in thirty-eight fathoms of water about forty-eight miles south of the Island of Nantucket, in longitude 69.23, latitude 40.52. That is the location of the wreck as given by Capt. K. W. Perry of the revenue cutter Gresham, which went to the Republic’s assistance from Boston.

The water at the place where the Republic lies is so deep that the vessel is not regarded as a menace to navigation, as her mastheads are fully ninety-six feet below sea level at mean low water. The Gresham reached here at 10:30 o’clock this morning. She had transferred during the night Capt. Sealby and forty-seven of the Republic’s crew to the derelict destroyer Seneca. This transfer was made when the vessels were off the Vineyard South Lightship. The Seneca started for New York, while the Gresham went through Vineyard Sound and touched here.

The Republic went down at 8:10 o’clock on Sunday night while she was being towed by the Gresham and the Seneca. Capt. Sealby was the last man to leave his ship. When she took her final dive stern first into the deep he had climbed up the foremast, declaring that he would stand by the ship until there was not a spar left above the water. Capt. Sealby was picked out of the water. He was floating on a hatch. Just before he was found Second Officer Williams of the Republic had been taken out of the water. Both men were pretty badly used up, but they recovered soon after they were taken on board the Gresham.

Capt. Perry told of the gallant fight that Capt. Sealby, his officers and his men had made to save the Republic, and how, even until the vessel took her final plunge, he was still sure that he would be able to get her to some port where she could be repaired, and in these efforts he was supported by his officers to a man.

The Gresham was at anchor off Provincetown on Saturday morning, and at 5 o’clock a wireless message was received from the Wellfleet station on Cape Cod which said that the Republic was in distress about twenty-five miles southwest of Nantucket light vessel. The fog at that time was as thick as a wool blanket, but Capt. Perry at once put to sea.

He took the bridge himself and very slowly the vessel groped her way, making her course by dead reckoning and using the wireless freely to find out more about the disabled steamship. Some of the messages received said that vessel was in one place and some in another.

All day and all night the Gresham hurried as fast as possible and in the night Capt. Perry was vainly trying to get some trace of the Republic. Coston signals were burned, but nothing could be found of the Republic. On Sunday morning Capt. Perry got word by wireless to take a position four miles south of the Nantucket Shoals light vessel and then steer north, and at 10 o’clock he made out two vessels through the mist.

One was the Republic and the other the Anchor Line steamer Furnessia. The Republic was very low in the water. Her main deck was almost awash. A large hole had been torn in her port side and she had a heavy list to starboard. This often happens on a vessel. She will list away from the side that is injured.

The Republic was then nine miles southeast of the light vessel and Capt. Sealby, Second Officer Williams and the members of the crew were in boats alongside the crippled steamship. The Republic as well as having a list to starboard had settled somewhat by the stern.

The fog was thinning out somewhat, but a northeasterly wind was kicking up a nasty sea. Capt. Barry signaled the Republic and Capt. Sealby replied that he thought that if the sea went down his ship could be towed to some port or to some shoal spot and beached. Capt. Sealby and the crew of the Republic climbed back on board that vessel soon after they had been sighted by the Gresham, and then lines were sent to the Republic from the Furnessia and from the Gresham at 12:30 o’clock, and efforts were made to tow the disabled steamship toward New York.

It was hard towing. The Republic was unmanageable. She would not steer and continually swung around. The wind increased and kicked up quite a sea and at 3 o’clock, when it was impossible to make any headway, Capt. Perry signaled to Capt. Sealby that he thought it would be well to abandon the vessel, but Capt. Sealby refused, declaring he would stick by his ship until she went down. Capt. Sealby said he would let Capt. Perry know when he thought it advisable to take the crew off. The Republic had settled much more in the water.

Shortly after this Capt. Sealby signaled that he would send his crew to the Gresham, but he and his second officer remained by the ship, Second Officer Williams declaring that he would stand by his captain.

Then the derelict destroyer Seneca arrived and another hawser was stretched to the Republic. The Furnessia took a line astern in order to try and steer the Republic, while the Gresham and Seneca did the towing.

Late in the afternoon the Furnessia cut her hawser, fearing that the Republic might founder at any moment and possibly drag that vessel down. When this was done the hawsers of the Gresham and Seneca were paid out to 150 fathoms.

The Republic was plunging in the seas, sometimes dipping so heavily that those who were watching her feared she would not rise again. Capt. Sealby and his plucky officer stuck to their posts on the bridge. As night closed down Capt. Sealby signaled that he would burn a blue

light when he thought the end had come, and a boat was kept in readiness on the Gresham to be sent to rescue the captain and his officer.

Sealby and Williams had been up all through the previous night. They had worked hard and under a most severe strain to save the lives of the passengers and were almost exhausted. The weather got thicker and a drenching shower made things more uncomfortable. The Gresham and Seneca stuck pluckily to their hard work, and astern of them could be made out through the mist the ghostly outline of the Republic. About 7 o'clock the tug Mary J. Scully, which had been chartered by the White Star Line, arrived from Providence and as the Gresham and the Seneca turned their searchlights on the Republic she too used hers and steamed slowly along in company with the others. With these lights Capt. Sealby could be seen standing on the bridge. His officer was on the deck just below. Capt. Perry tells what followed:

"The Republic was filled with water, was in fact waterlogged, and was plunging in the water like a porpoise, first, nose down, and then stern. With every lurch the tons of water in her seemed to roll backward and forward with a tremendous force which must have played havoc within her.

"I was watching the swirl about her and finally when things looked bad made another appeal to the captain and his officer to come away before it was too late.

"Shouting through his hands used as a megaphone, Capt. Sealby replied, 'I shall not leave the ship as long as a spar is above water. Never mind how hard it blows or how hard the sea runs. Look out for the other boys, but my place is here, and here I shall stay until the last minute.' The words came out of the fog with an emphasis which lacked the slightest tremor or fear, nor had it the ring of bravado. Rather it was the final decision of a brave ship's master who realized his duty in the face of great peril and had the pluck to face it.

"Then the rolling swell became choppy on top and the water leaped high about the steamship, whose port side was plugged with collision pads, showing where the Florida had rammed her. We could see that the end was near. At one roll of the Republic Second Officer Williams was thrown the whole width of the vessel; at the next lurch Capt. Sealby was forced to climb further on the bridge. Every dive she made her rail went lower into the water. A big wave, formed partly by the vessel's swirl, struck her broadside. There was a heavy lurch aft and we could almost see her forefoot. Then she quivered and settled down again. The end was near.

"We could see Capt. Sealby climb into the fore rigging. Nothing could be seen of Officer Williams and we thought he had been washed overboard. The vessel gave another plunge, then her bow lifted. Two pistol shots sounded and a blue light blazed in the rigging and with one final plunge the Republic went down stern first. As she settled Capt. Sealby climbed higher and higher on the mast, still sticking to his ship until every spar had disappeared.

"A boat had been in readiness on the Gresham but a heavy sea had washed this away and another was in its place. The hawsers were cut as the steamship went down and Gunner Johannsen, with four other rescuers, Hanson, who acted as coxswain, Becker, Mattson and Smeltzer, all of the Gresham's crew, manned the boat. Gunner Johannsen with his sheath knife cut the painter and in an instant the men were pulling hard to find Sealby and his officer.

"The boat disappeared in the fog. Minutes rolled by and nothing was seen or heard of her. The searchlights of the Gresham, Seneca and tug Scully were kept playing over the water where the Republic had settled. On the Gresham the men of the Republic's crew who had been taken off in the afternoon lined the rails and each man was eagerly scanning the waters trying to see the bobbing heads of the men swimming. First the lifeboat found Officer Williams. He was clinging to small pieces of wreckage. He was quickly dragged on board and the boat started to return to the Gresham. Williams gasped: 'Don't mind me, boys; keep after the captain. He must be about there somewhere. I'm all right.'

"Again the lifeboat headed out into the fog and although the boat could not be seen from the

three vessels on which the searchlights were being operated those lights helped the men in the boat and they were able to see through the fog and right in the midst of the wreckage they found Capt. Sealby clinging to a hatch.

"The lifeboat returned as quickly as possible to the Gresham, and when those on board the Gresham saw that both men were in the lifeboat the sixty-nine men in the Gresham's crew and the forty-seven men of the Republic, who were lined up, gave a cheer and a tiger for Capt. Sealby, another for Officer Williams and then another for Gunner Johannsen and his four assistants which must have been carried for miles across the sea that had but a few minutes before swallowed up the fine steamship Republic.

"Capt. Sealby and Officer Williams were carried down a long way with the Republic and were exhausted when they came to the surface. Williams had jumped from the deck and been hurt when he struck the water. Both were rubbed down and put to bed and were soon feeling better.

"The last thing that I noticed on the Republic was that as she settled she flew the British Naval Reserve flag from her main peak.

"As I look back at it I don't see how our boys ever saved Capt. Sealby and his second officer. It was one of the most thrilling spectacles I ever witnessed. Capt. Sealby is a young fellow—he can't be more than 37 or 40—and his conduct out there when things happened fast showed that he had sand. He didn't risk the lives of his men and he even wanted his second officer to join them and leave the ship, but Williams stuck fast, showing a loyalty to his commander stronger than life itself."

BROKEN FLORIDA CREEPS IN

SEEMINGLY READY TO DIVE TO THE BOTTOM.

Her Wounds Show Clearly Why the Baltic Took Off Her Passengers and the Republic's—No Explanation of the Collision Until Other Side Is Heard From.

With her flag at half mast and two black cones swinging dismally and funereally from her foremast as a warning to harbor craft that she was not under control the Florida came out of the haze that hung over the harbor entrance yesterday afternoon, a ship so badly crippled that it seemed a marvel that she kept afloat.

It was really only part of a ship that the marine observers described just about noon making her way slowly toward the lightship, and it looked even then, with the harbor for which she had been making close at hand, that she was about to dive to the bottom. As she steamed slowly along, her stern high in the air and her bow completely gone, she told more eloquently than words of the blow which had sent the Republic to the bottom.

For thirty feet back of where her figurehead formerly used to ride the waves yacht-like, the bow of the Italian had been pushed in, plates and all. Only her bulkhead and the watertight compartments just a few feet behind the mass of tangled and twisted iron, had kept her afloat, and the margin of safety seemed perilously small. Had any sea been running after the collision not even this bulwark could have saved her, probably.

It was apparent from the condition of the Florida that she had hit the Republic no glancing blow but had rammed the bigger ship squarely. And as she pushed her way through the other ship her own prow had been pushed back clear to the bottom of the companionway leading to the forecastle, where many of her crew were asleep.

As one looked down those stairs there was nothing but a jumble of beams, iron plates, part of bunks and furnishings to be seen, and from the outside it looked like some of the buildings at Messina whence some of the Florida's passengers had fled. Only the FLO of her name was left on her bows.

The Florida, with these injuries, came into the harbor like a man trying to cover up his face after being hit, for over her mashed up prow her crew had let down an old sail. It wasn't quite big enough to cover the cross-section left. As she came head on, deep down at the bow and her stern poked up high, the effect was weird. People came running down to the docks all along the Brooklyn shore to see her and scores of hurrying tugs and miscellaneous harbor craft went out of their way to look her over.

To those who looked the Florida over both from the outside and inside it was small wonder that it had been thought best to transfer her own passengers and those of the Republic to the Baltic after they had spent an entire day on board of her.

Only the Florida's crew and Eugene Lynch, the Boston man wounded on the Republic and too sick to undertake the second sea transfer, made the trip of 190 miles from the scene of the collision. They were not saying much, these Italians, when their ship finally tied up to her pier, and the little they did say the line officials didn't want them to say. Some of the Italian sailors when the lines were made fast did a sort of war dance on the deck, while some of the officers were being kissed on both cheeks by friends who had rushed aboard.

One of those to board the Florida down the Bay was Count Massiglia, the Italian Consul. It seemed somewhat venturesome to him, as it did to others, to climb aboard even with the shore within swimming distance. Oscar L. Richard, Alfred E. Berner and several other representatives of the agents climbed aboard about the same time and made their way toward a young man with a little blond mustache who stood on the bridge smoking a cigarette and giving orders. When they reached this boyish looking person they didn't do a thing, these Italians. They grabbed his hand and they kissed him and they said things in Italian all the while.

The boyish looking person was Capt. Rospino, who had been on the bridge almost continuously since his ship hit the Republic. The captain is only 29 years old, and this is his second trip as a full fledged skipper. He had brought his ship unassisted from the scene of the wreck and had saved some salvage.

It was not until 6 o'clock that the Florida reached her pier at the foot of Forty-second street, Brooklyn. It had taken her nearly six hours to come from the Sandy Hook lightship. She had come along the Long Island coast at the rate of about six miles an hour, but she went a little faster as she came through the channel.

As soon as the ship had docked preparations were made immediately to remove Mr. Lynch, who was in a serious condition, so serious in fact that he had begged to be left on board at the time they took off the other passengers.

"I believe I'm going to die and I might as well die here," Mr. Lynch said when they asked him if he thought he could be moved again. His leg and thigh are broken and yesterday peritonitis set in. His temperature and pulse were both very high when the ship docked.

About the first to board the ship at the pier were a party of his friends who had seen him and his wife off. In the party were the Rev. James Lee, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Revere, Mass.; James McGinnes, Mr. Lynch's cousin; James H. Casey and Willie Turtle of Boston. A Norwegian Hospital ambulance was waiting at the pier, but they said that they wanted Mr. Lynch to go in a private ambulance which they sent for.

It was after 7 o'clock when the ambulance arrived. Mr. Lynch was in the ship's hospital and it was pretty hard work getting the stretcher up to the deck. He was conscious and moaning. Just before being put into the ambulance he asked for some brandy and ice. Despite his condition Mr. Lynch didn't forget the crew of the ship. He told one of his clerks who was in the party to see that they were remembered. Mr. Lynch was taken to the Long Island College Hospital. Father Lee rode in the ambulance with him. Mr. Lynch was able to tell his friends something about the accident.

“I was sleeping in the berth and my wife was on the couch opposite,” he said. “I wanted her to sleep in the berth, but she insisted upon my taking it. I heard the whistling and was wondering if we were in any danger when there was an awful noise, the whole side of the stateroom gave way and I saw my wife being carried past me on the prow of the vessel which had run into us. I never can forget it. I was picked up and knocked to one side. Then it seemed as if my whole cabin fell on top of me. I felt the other ship back away, but I couldn’t move. I knew my wife was dead. I called with all my strength, but nobody heard me. There was no way I could get aid and I lay there in awful agony for four hours, all the time believing that we were sinking and that I was to be drowned. From time to time I tried to call, but I felt it was useless. I believe I should have died very soon if they had not found me when they did.”

Up in the mass of wood and iron that once formed part of the forecastle were the bodies of two of the crew, crushed in their bunks while they slept. They were La Valle Piagnale and Mortusalli Arctogero. Another seaman, D. Amico Salvatore, was also crushed in his bunk. They managed to get him out and he died in the ship’s hospital.

As soon as the ship got in a gang of longshoremen went to work chopping the wreckage away trying to get the two bodies. They were got out at 11 o’clock last night.

Capt. Rospino didn’t have a great deal to say about the accident, and it was very evident that one of the purposes of the agents in meeting him down the bay was to caution him against telling his story, for the present day at any rate. All the officers were likewise cautioned and reporters were followed about the ship and finally ordered off by a lawyer who said that he represented the company.

Before this had happened the reporters had had a short talk with the captain.

“I do not care to say much as to the accident,” said the captain through an interpreter, "until the captain of the Republic has made his report. All I care to say is that we were going along at half speed in a thick fog and were blowing our whistle all the time. Suddenly we heard a blast from the starboard and almost the next second it seemed to come over our port bow. The next moment we saw a big ship directly ahead of us crossing our bow from starboard. Then we struck. Right after we hit we backed away and lost each other.

“After the accident I saw the fire signal and we kept on whistling. All the time I was maneuvering trying to locate the other vessel. In about two hours we saw a small boat with an officer in it coming toward us. He told us that the Republic had been badly damaged and asked us if we were in such condition that we could take her passengers. I told him that we were and then the transfer began. Everything was orderly and there was no confusion. I shall make my report later.”

The purser of the Florida said that the Florida had used seven of her boats and that all told they had made twenty-two trips.

“I was in charge of the first boat to put off to the Republic,” said the purser. “We had no trouble getting the passengers into the boats, except in the case of Mr. Lynch. Our own passengers did not get excited except at first. We went around quieting them but there was nothing like a riot or panic among them. When they saw the others coming over to our boat they felt sure we were all right.”

It was denied on the Florida that Capt. Rospino knocked over the quartermaster and injured him at the time of the collision because he had disobeyed orders.

“That story is an absolute lie!” said the Italian immigration officer on the ship who came off for a few moments after the reporters had been barred. “The quartermaster was on duty at the time and was asleep in his bunk forward. He was cut about the head in the accident. That is probably how such a story got around. As for our captain, he is a perfect seaman.”

Richard & Co., the agents, put the lid on very tight last evening. Reporters were not only barred from the ship but also from the pier. All of the crew were watched to see that they did not get away.

The Florida came in in tow of two tugs from Fire Island. They were sent out by the agents. The Florida and cargo, Mr. Richard said, were worth about $1,000,000, which would have meant some salvage if Capt. Rospino had taken a line from anybody else.
~ 076 ~

REPUBLIC MEN ARE WELCOMED

Demonstration as Last Survivors Land

CHEERS FOR CAPTAIN

Binns, the Wireless Operator, Also Central Figure

A great welcome was accorded Capt. Inman Sealby of the ill-fated liner Republic when the skipper and his officers arrived at the White Star office at noon today. With the group of ruddy-faced seamen who came to the headquarters of the line on lower Broadway was Jack Binns, the hero of the wireless room of the Republic, a young, boyish chap who smiled bashfully at the congratulations and cheering.

A crowd of 300 persons, mostly clerks and business men, was waiting to get a peek at the man who wouldn’t give up the ship. The crowd stretched out into Bowling Green. It completely blocked the steps of the office and Capt. Sealby, who came along with Third Officer Stubbs, got into the building before the crowd realized who he was. Binns would say nothing, however, until he had seen the officers of his company.

The Marconi man wore an old raincoat and a heavy pair of seamen’s shoes. He wore a White Star service cap and appeared to be a much embarrassed young man. Stubbs wore a heavy marine coat. His left foot was covered with an old shoe, the toes of which had been cut away.

“I jammed it up a bit on the night of the second transfer,” he said in an apologetic way.

Capt. Sealby was greeted by Mrs. J.P. Weyland, the wife of a lawyer, living at 48 East Fifty-third Street, who invited him to stay at their home. The Weylands are old friends of the Sealby family.

When all the ship’s officers had arrived they were taken into the private offices of the officers of the line and thanked personally for the way in which they had carried themselves.

“I’m all right,” said Sealby when he landed from the revenue cutter Manhattan at the White Star pier at the foot of West Eleventh Street this morning. “Never felt better in my life.” The skipper smiled readily and strode along with the confident step of a man equal to all emergencies. He is about 40 years old.

Many of the stewards and fireroom crew of the Republic were waiting at the pier to get a look at the “old man,” and a rousing cheer went up as he left the cutter, followed by his officers and seamen. The skipper wore the same heavy overcoat he had on when he jumped from the rigging of the Republic as she surged downward for the last time. He never managed to get free of the coat altogether.

The stewards and firemen caught sight of Boatswain Charley Barrow and carried him up the steps.

On each side of the door stood a burly negro porter. They held aloft the red house flag of the company, and while the Captain fought his way through the crowd they waved the flag vigorously.

Everybody yelled and cheer after cheer went up for the Republic's commander. Redfaced, smiling and keen eyed, the Captain was stopped in the middle of his progress while a snapshot was taken.

Then he managed to get through the revolving door and was instantly stormed by the crowd inside. Everybody wanted to shake hands with him, it seemed. There were many passengers who had been on board the Republic and with the officers of the line they joined in the uproarious welcome. Capt. Sealby was speedily hoisted to a table and a speech demanded of him. He seemed quite overcome but said in a quiet voice:

"I am glad to be here and to see you all again. I think there is little more to be said just now."

Replacing the brown cap loaned him by Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, Capt. Sealby went immediately into the private offices of the company for a conference. Wear- ing the cap and a dark overcoat, also borrowed from Capt. Ranson, and carrying a cane, the bronzed skipper looked unlike a sailor.

In the office of Supt. Pennell at the pier the captain met some of the women stewards of the Republic, who crowded about him and shook hands. He asked if they were all well and comfortable. All the old crew of the Republic are quartered aboard the Baltic.

After a final talk with his officers Capt. Sealby left to go on board the Baltic for a hot bath in Capt. Ranson's bathtub. He passed through lines of cheering stewards and sailors, saluting them every few steps. As he went up the gangplank a bugler gave a call and the officers of the Baltic all saluted.

In the companionway of the Baltic stood Binns, the 25-year-old wireless operator who saved the situation. He was loath to talk, being reticent about his own great work.

"There's the chap that saved my life," said Binns, pointing to a young steward in a white jacket. This was 16-year-old Jack Douglas of Liverpool, who kept Binns supplied with food and carried his messages while the Republic was sinking. Douglas is added to the hero list. It was no easy matter climbing over the wreckage to and from the wireless room, but young Douglas stuck to the task until ordered from the ship.

Binns hails from Peterborough, England, and has been in the employ of the Marconi concern for about five years. He was on board the Hamburg-American liner Bluecher at Kingston, Jamaica, at the time of the earthquake there, but did little wireless work at that time.

Also a warm welcome was extended to Second Officer Williams, who stuck to the ship with Capt. Sealby. He is a youthful looking officer, but tall and strongly built. He is 34 years old and comes from Liverpool. Fourth Officer Morrow of the Republic had his foot jammed in clearing away one of the boats and went to the offices in a cab.

Among the Republic's passengers who were at the White Star offices to welcome Capt. Sealby and Binns were Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bourgeois of this city, who brought their 6-month-old baby. This was the only infant in the Republic's saloon. When Capt. Sealby was hoisted to the table in the office the French woman held up the baby, declaring the captain had saved its life.

SAVED THE BIRDS

Feathered Survivors in the Republic Disaster

Some members of the last section of the Republic's crew to be landed at the White Star Line's pier, at the foot of West Eleventh Street this morning brought with them other things than the bundles and packages of personal effects that they had managed to scrape together before the liner was abandoned. Two bird cages, well swathed in bedding against the cold wind, and

containing one green parrot and three canaries were among them.

The birds are the property of J.F. Stanger, the ship’s chief steward, and they were naturally overlooked in the first rush of the departure from the Republic when it was feared that she might sink suddenly. Later volunteers brought them off in safety.

The quartet looked none the worse for their experience this morning, but Fred, the parrot, was remarked by his custodian to be still a trifle less voluble than usual. The men who went to find the birds and who took care of them to shore were stewards, George Allendennon, Robert Greenslade and John Grant, and Robert Bostock, one of the ship’s cooks.

The Glorious Work of Science—

Saving Men, Not Killing Them, Will Be Scientific Humanity’s Task.

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Does anybody say that science IS DULL? He who says so is dull indeed. Was ever a fairy story more wonderful, more exciting than that marvellous tale of the two great ships saved by wireless telegraphy? In the fog and the blackness those ships and more than a thousand human beings were in peril, destined, apparently, to destruction. Above one of the ships there towered a thin mast. From the mast’s tip there streamed forth over the vast ocean’s surface an inaudible, invisible call for help. Over and over again the wireless operator flashed out over the ocean the three letters, “Q D,” the international signal for help from a ship in distress.

The message that goes on a telegraph wire goes from one spot to another spot only. That marvellous message without wires spread out over that ocean as the sunlight and the fog spread, going everywhere.

From half a dozen different points came answering signals and help. Wireless stations on shore heard the signal, got the exact location of the ships on the ocean’s surface, and sent out boats. Five ships at sea, some more than a hundred miles away, received the message and hurried to the wreck, sending wireless messages of comfort as they raced. More than a thousand human beings were brought safely to shore.

Is not that wonderful and beautiful? Does it not inspire within men pride, self-respect, GLORY IN THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THEIR RACE, unbounded belief in the accomplishments of the future?

Over and over again we have emphasized the fact that men MUST WORK OUT THEIR OWN SALVATION HERE ON EARTH. They must look for help to THEMSELVES, to THEIR own brains that nature has given them. They are doing that every day, working, planning, adding new conquests to the victories of science.

That was a striking instance, out in the blackness and the fog on the ocean. Ten years ago, of the sixteen hundred human beings on those two ships, some would have jumped into the ocean, others would have knelt in prayer, and others would have fought savagely for the lifeboats.

One man’s brain works, and wireless telegraphy is added to the intangible treasures of the human intellect. Passengers are calmed by men that know their resources; the message goes out through the blackness. WITHIN A FRACTION OF A SECOND IT HAS REACHED SEVEN DIFFERENT SPOTS CAPABLE OF SENDING HELP, and all of those lives are saved.

How pale is the romance of olden times! THIS IS THE DAY OF ROMANCE, THIS IS THE DAY OF FAIRY STORIES AND WONDERFUL ACCOMPLISHMENTS! This is the day for men to be proud and hopeful for the future as they have never been.

The science, the brain power that saved those human beings from death at sea WILL EVENTUALLY SAVE THOUSANDS OF MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS FROM THE SLOW DEATH OF POVERTY ON LAND. The flash

that went across the water signalling for help and proclaiming the dominion of the brain of man is the flash that sentences to extinction the power of superstition, and the quarrelling and bickering of vile, intolerant ignorance.

That flash above the ocean lights up the future, a glorious future, in which men, owners of this earth, masters of the earth and of their own destinies, will indeed be MEN, worthy of their place in this wonderful universe and of their home in the light of our glorious flying sun.

Compare this use of electricity with another use, and then with sadness you see how far men have yet to travel before the mind of the mass, and the laws that express our animal past, shall become worthy of the greatness already achieved.

That same wonderful power of electricity that saved the ships and the lives at sea is used in America almost every week to kill unfortunate, ignorant, degraded murderers in prison.

How shameful that the chained lightning which frightened brutal savages should be used by the men that chain it as brutally as the savage ever used his club or poisoned spear!

How degrading that human thought, piercing universal space, conquering distance, facing and solving cosmic problems, should be degraded and prostituted to murder, even though the murder be committed in the name of the State and of law!

A race that has progressed as we have progressed should be beyond the electric chair and the gallows, beyond the brutal revenge that ruled ten thousand years ago and that should have vanished with those dark ages when the stake and the rack and the boot were “religious arguments.”

Hail, glorious science, and man, earth’s free ruler, master of himself and his destiny, real captain of this earth-ship that sails the ether.

The rats and bats of superstition will not be here long.
~ 077 ~

DEAD IN FLORIDA WRECKAGE

Bodies Taken Out After Liner Arrives.

CAPTAIN IS RETICENT

Says Little Preparatory to Making Formal Report.

VESSEL BADLY SMASHED

Bow Plates Crumpled for Distance of Thirty Feet.

The Florida, with her bows stove in and crumpled up like a pasteboard box, lay at pier 42, Brooklyn, this morning waiting till her owners could decide where to send her for repairs. The pier was the centre of attraction for a crowd that blocked the waterfront at times and sought to get a glimpse of the injured ship.

Capt. Rospino spent some time this morning in conference with the agents of the Lloyd-Italiano line. He could not be seen in regard to the happenings of the ill-fated cruise.

The bodies of the three dead of the Florida’s crew were taken ashore today. Two of the victims were mere boys: Balogero Martuscilli, 16 years old, and Salvatore D’Amico, the 14-year-old cabin-boy. The third, Pasquale La Valle, was 23 years old. All but D’Amico were from Naples. He was from the region of the earthquake near Messina, and, driven out from his home by that

disaster, was just starting in to work in the transatlantic trade.

D’Amico’s body was recovered from the wreckage of the forecastle by the crew on the way into port. The two other bodies were not pried loose until last night, after the Florida had reached her pier. All were disfigured beyond recognition from the frightful crushing in of the forecastle.

The Florida’s bow, which once ended in an overhanging, arched yacht stem, is reduced to a tangle of twisted steel beams and crumpled plates, all the way from somewhere below the water line up and back for thirty feet. The whole forward end of the ship sloped steeply down into the water, in a rough descent of wreckage. The real bow of the Florida is no longer her wrecked stem portion, but the watertight forward bulkhead just aft. Against this bulkhead rests some of the wreckage. It is thought, but the partition has held tight since the hour of the collision. With her bow reduced to a bouquet of scrap iron and nothing but an inner bulkhead between her and the deep sea, the Florida does not look like a safe traveler under present conditions.

There was a throng of Italian authorities and shipping men to greet the plucky little ship on her arrival yesterday evening after her limping trip back to port from the scene of the disaster off the Nantucket shoals. Count di Massiglia, Italian Consul-General at New York, was the first visitor to climb aboard the Florida when she cast anchor down the bay. He made his way up to Capt. Rospino on the bridge and embraced him, after the Italian fashion.

Oscar L. Richard, the agent of the line, came aboard while the Florida lay at anchor, with Alfred E. Berner and Albert Egelhoff. All greeted the captain with warm congratulations. The general opinion seemed to be that he had acquitted himself very well in taking the passengers from the sinking Republic, retransferring them to the Baltic and finally bringing his own badly damaged ship into port unassisted.

The Florida’s record after Saturday night was briefly told by Capt. Rospino, as she came up the bay. She started out Sunday morning, leaving the Republic in charge of the towers. The Florida was down by the bow at this time, from water taken in at the time of the collision, before the shutting of the bulkhead. The American liner New York started westward with the Florida to convoy her and give assistance in case she found herself in distress. After a few miles, Capt. Rospino convinced himself that his ship was still seaworthy and signalled that he needed no help. Then the New York steamed ahead and left him to find his own way.

Later in the day on Sunday the Florida met with some bad weather, with some sea and a bitter snow squall. Fortunately the weather came from abaft. The injured bows were not exposed. The weather moderated in the end, and finally Capt. Rospino found it possible to make as much as ten miles an hour without breaking anything. Shortly before 11 o’clock yesterday morning the Florida was picked up by the tug John J. Timmins off Fire Island. At that time she was running in unwieldy style and somewhat off her course, but was making in a general way for the Ambrose Channel lightship. She carried the signal “Not under control” and her ensign was at halfmast because of the three dead in her crew.

Capt. Rospino, it is said, took no rest and scarcely left the bridge from some time before the collision until the ship reached port yesterday. He showed little of the effects of hardship when the first visitors reached his vessel during the afternoon. He was on the bridge, perfectly collected and self-possessed, smoking Italian cigarettes. He had been without sleep for nearly seventy hours.

The crew of the Florida did its part of the work as creditably as her captain. The men did not hesitate, though they knew that the bulkhead was slim protection against the sea and that the whole ocean might break in without a moment’s warning. The engineers and stokers especially, who had to tend the furnaces and ship’s engines far down on the ship’s bottom, where there would have been no chance of reaching the open air again, worked unconcernedly at the foot of the long dark iron ladders, without any certainty of seeing the sky again.

Owing to the policy of the owners of the line, it was impossible to get any account of the collision itself, either yesterday or today, from those aboard the Florida. The captain was cautioned yesterday to stop talking by a man representing himself as a lawyer acting for the company. Capt. Rospino, who had begun to give his accounts of the matter immediately stopped talking, and said nothing further, either yesterday or today. It is supposed that the owners are in dread of a lawsuit to result from the collision and have made up their minds to let as little information leak out from their side concerning the facts as possible.

But a few words were obtained from Capt. Rospino before he fell under the restraint of the supposed silence order. “I do not care to say much as to the accident,” said the Captain through an interpreter, "until the captain of the Republic has made his report. All I care to say is that we were going along at half speed in a thick fog and were blowing our whistle all the time. Suddenly we heard a blast from the starboard and almost the next second it seemed to come over our port bow. The next moment we saw a big ship directly ahead of us crossing our bow from starboard. Then we struck. Right after we hit we backed away and lost each other.

“After the accident I saw the fire signal and we kept on whistling. All the time I was maneuvering trying to locate the other vessel. In about two hours we saw a small boat with an officer in it coming toward us. He told us that the Republic had been badly damaged and asked us if we were in such condition that we could take her passengers. I told him that we were and then the transfer began. Everything was orderly and there was no confusion. I shall make my report later.”

The same evidences of attempts to hide the facts of the case were to be seen this morning about the pier of the Florida. Her small cargo was being rapidly unloaded that she might be sent away for repairs, but none save those employed by the company was admitted to the dock. A heavy guard of watchmen barred the way. These men and those going in and coming out said that they were under directions not to answer any questions.

Capt. Rospino, who brought the Florida in after taking her through the collision, is one of the youngest men of his grade in the profession. He is 29 years old, and had made but one previous voyage as chief in command of the vessel. Capt. Rospino’s owners highly commend his action in bringing the vessel in without taking a line from another ship. He thus saved them, it is said, salvage claims upon the estimated value of the ship and her cargo.

LOSSES IN REPUBLIC.

White Star Line Bears Nearly All the Burden.

The chances of raising the Republic are now considered very slight. The depth at which she lies is variously estimated at from thirty to forty fathoms. No vessel has ever been raised from such a depth, and her exposed position in the ocean makes any attempt doubly hopeless. In any event, the cargo, which was of a perishable nature, would be a total loss. None of the passengers seems to have carried insurance on baggage, and the company is only liable to the extent of $100 for each, except when a special declaration is made.

Many of the passengers carried complete summer and winter wardrobes, to be prepared for the Mediterranean climate as well as for that of the North Atlantic, and, as some of them attested, they had lost all the clothing they had in the world. Seventy percent of the passengers were women, and many of them had three or four trunks apiece.

Most of the insurance for the Republic was carried by the White Star Company itself, so that if no blame is attached to the Italian line the White Star will bear almost all of the loss. The company carried $1,000,000 worth of the Republic’s insurance, which is considered about equivalent to the value of the vessel itself. The loss of the cargo falls on the United States Government, for the only freight aboard the Republic was supplies for the fleet, to take the place of provisions dispensed in Sicily for the relief of the earthquake sufferers. These supplies were to be taken to Gibraltar, and were not insured by the Government. This

consignment was worth about $50,000.

At Gibraltar the provisions were to have been taken in charge by the refrigerator ship Culgoa.

A remarkable indication of the safeness of crossing the Atlantic nowadays is the exceedingly low rates charged for the insurance of baggage. The rate from New York or Boston to any of the principal cities of Great Britain and Ireland is 20 cents on $100, which insures against loss by sea or land, including risk of fire, breakage, theft or pilferage from the time baggage is received by the steamship company or its agents in New York or Boston until it is delivered at its destination. The rate is slightly higher to the cities of the Continent and to Mediterranean ports. Other policies assume the risk for baggage for any entire trip that a tourist may arrange and insure against every possible contingency, including earthquake.

If the Republic could have been reached sooner after the collision by tugs or other steamers, and towed into shallower water, there would have been a good chance of raising her. The White Star line exhausted every possible means to get aid sent to her. It tried to have vessels sent from New York, Providence and Boston, but was unsuccessful.

Capt. Woolsey of the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company, when interviewed, expressed it as very unlikely that anything could be done toward the salvage of the Republic under the existing conditions. The length of time that a diver could remain at a depth of twenty fathoms he gave as twenty minutes, and at greater depths the period is rapidly shortened.

The log of the Baltic shows that she made a run of 409 miles from the time she began to look for the Republic until she brought her passengers to port. On Saturday she steamed from Nantucket lightship to the position of the Republic, covering a distance of 155 miles, steamed sixty miles in looking for the crippled ship, and finally covered 190 miles from the Republic to Ambrose Channel lightship. Marine authorities say that the chances of collision at sea would be greatly diminished if steamships kept to recognized lanes instead of varying on different trips, which is the custom followed on certain lines, so that it is never known where such vessels may be spoken.

LYNCH, REPUBLIC PASSENGER, DEAD

Boston Man Whose Wife Was Killed Succumbs.

Eugene Lynch, the Boston passenger aboard the Republic who was injured in the collision on Saturday morning, died this morning at 4 o’clock in the Long Island College Hospital, twelve hours after reaching land. Lynch is the third victim among the Republic’s passengers. Mrs. Lynch and W. J. Mooney, the other two victims, were instantly killed in the collision.

Mr. Lynch was brought to land on the Florida yesterday. He was transferred safely from the sinking Republic to the hospital of the Florida. He suffered so in the transfer that he declined to be moved again to the Baltic with the others, saying to the surgeon on the Florida that he feared he must die, and would rather take his chances of sinking with the Florida than stand another removal.

On reaching the pier yesterday evening Lynch was very low, but conscious, although unable to speak much, owing to pain. A group of friends from Boston met him and took him in charge, having him removed to the Long Island College Hospital. Lynch told them that he knew that his wife was dead and that he believed that he himself could not live. He asked them to see that some of the members of the Florida’s ship’s company bought themselves tokens as reminders of the gratitude of the man whom they had tried to save.

Near Mr. Lynch when he died were members of the party that had seen him and his wife off on their departure, and had come again to the pier to take charge of him on his return. In the party were Father James Lee of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Revere, Mass.; James McGinnen, a cousin of Lynch’s; James H. Casey and William Tuttle of Boston.

Mr. Lynch’s leg and thigh were hopelessly broken and crushed in the accident. In addition to this he was so bruised and hurt about the rest of his body as to suffer severely from shock. Internal injuries of a serious nature had been inflicted, and when he was brought to the hospital yesterday afternoon it was found that peritonitis had set in.

On the way to the hospital yesterday the dying man gave one of his friends, who rode beside him, a brief account of the calamity as it came upon him and his wife in their stateroom.

“I was sleeping in the berth and my wife was on the couch opposite,” he said. “I wanted her to sleep in the berth, but she insisted upon my taking it. I heard the whistling and was wondering if we were in any danger, when there was an awful noise, the whole side of the stateroom gave way and I saw my wife being carried past me on the prow of the vessel which had run into us. I never can forget it. I was picked up and knocked to one side. Then it seemed as if my whole cabin fell on top of me. I felt the other ship back away, but I couldn’t move. I knew my wife was dead. I called with all my strength, but nobody heard me. There was no way I could get aid, and I lay there in awful agony for four hours, all the time believing that we were sinking and that I was to be drowned. From time to time I tried to call, but I felt it was useless. I believe I should have died very soon if they had not found me when they did.”

The body of Eugene Lynch will be removed to Boston this afternoon. Mr. D. H. Curley, an intimate friend of the dead man, is directing the whole proceedings, and said that the funeral services would be held on Friday at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Boston. Following that the burial will take place at the cemetery in Springfield, Mass., in the family plot.
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SEALBY’S RECORD.

Commander of the Republic Was Known for His Bravery.

Vineland, N. J., Jan. 26. - Capt. Inman Sealby of the Republic lives five miles from Vineland and has been a familiar figure in this section since he was a little boy. Capt. Sealby was born in Maryport, Cumberland county, England, forty-six years ago. His father was a merchant. He came to Vineland when he was 10 years old and now lives in The Old Homestead, a fine estate of eighty-seven acres on the Menantico road. Until he was 15 years old Capt. Sealby worked as a farm boy. Then he became an apprentice on sailing ships of the White Star line, and since then he has been all over the world and has made a record for bravery.

In 1897 he was placed in command of the steamship Coptic, sailing between San Francisco and China. Later he commanded the Persic and Suevic, from England to Australia; next the Corinthic, from England to New Zealand, and after that the Cretic and Canopic, from Boston to the Mediterranean. He received command of the Republic last July.

While in charge of the Coptic, going to China, Capt. Sealby is credited with saving the ship from destruction. The vessel was struck by a tidal wave and would have gone to the bottom, it is thought, but for the example he set for the crew.

When the Sandwich Islands were annexed to the United States on July 3, 1898, Capt. Sealby carried the news to the residents of the islands. The people wanted to make him the first Governor, but he could not accept the offer, and they gave him a silver and gold loving cup.

On Oct. 26, 1900, Capt. Sealby was in command of the steamship Persic, plying from England to Australia. That morning before daylight he saw something that looked like a burning ship. He headed for it and found the steamship Madura on fire. The ship was abandoned and the crew of twenty-five men were clinging to the wreckage. Capt. Sealby plunged into the sea and personally rescued two of the seamen, while his crew saved the remainder. For this feat Capt. Sealby received a diploma from the Liverpool Shipwreck & Humane Society.

Shortly after Admiral Dewey annihilated the Spanish fleet at Manila, Capt. Sealby was passing the bay. He offered his services to Admiral Dewey. The Admiral declined them, but gave the captain a piece of the Spanish cable he had cut. The memento now forms an interesting part of Capt. Sealby's large collection of medals and curiosities. In the Boer War Capt. Sealby carried troops to South Africa.

DENY DISASTER WAS DUE TO THE MAN AT WHEEL

Serafino Romale, the quartermaster of the steamship Florida, who was said to have been at the wheel when the liner rammed the Republic was among those brought into port by the Baltic. To-day, when seen had a much bruised head which was wrapped in bandages. He and a steward were the only ones members of the Florida's crew on the Baltic, the others sticking to their ship.

There was a published report that this quartermaster was at the wheel when the collision occurred and had been struck on the head by Captain Rospino for making a blunder in steering the ship.

Vigorous denial was made of this report today by the Italian Royal Emigrant Commissioner, who was on duty on the Florida. He said that Serafino was not at the wheel and had not been struck by the captain.

This particular quartermaster had been in his bunk at the time. The shock of the collision threw him out, battering his head, hence the bandages. The man had been put on board the Baltic to reach New York earlier for treatment. The purser of the Florida when questioned made similar answer, declaring that there had been no error of steering to cause the collision.

It was impossible, however, to obtain from the representatives of the company any statement of the ship's course at the time of the accident, or details of how the two vessels chanced to meet at right angles instead of head on. They were supposed to be on directly opposite courses and if each was in the proper path they would have met bow to bow.

Stewards of the Republic told a graphic tale of an Italian quartermaster named Serafino Romolo, who, they said, had been at the wheel of the Florida just before the crash. Seeing that collision was inevitable, the quartermaster had dropped his wheel and ran away. The captain of the Florida, seizing a marlinspike, had felled the quartermaster to the bridge and almost killed him.

Romolo had seen, they said, that it was then impossible to hold his ship away. If he had not deserted his wheel, Steward Langham said, the Republic might have been hit further aft.

SAYS THE FLORIDA WAS NOT AT FAULT

Statement from Agent of Steamship That Rammed the Republic.

The following statement was given out to-day by O. L. Richards, agent for the Lloyds-Italiano line, whose steamship Florida rammed the Republic:

"The officers of the Florida are in no way to blame for the collision. On the bridge at the time were Capt. Rustini, First Officer Rafaello Garguile and a quartermaster. They were proceeding cautiously in their course, sounding the fog signal frequently. They first heard the Republic's fog whistle at a distance of probably a mile and a half to the northwest. They held their course. No signal was given them by the Republic indicating that they should go to starboard or port.

"The sound of the Republic's whistle became plainer. Capt. Rustini reduced the speed of his boat to five miles an hour. Suddenly the Republic, which had turned to the southeast from the course she held when her fog signals were first heard, loomed up right in front of the Florida.

The collision was unavoidable.”

BINNS TELLS BY WIRELESS HOW HE BROUGHT AID

By J. R. BINNS. Marconi Wireless Operator on the Republic.

Wireless Operator Binns was transferred to the derelict destroyer Seneca, which arrived at Tompkinsville, having also on board the heroic Captain Sealby. The following message from Mr. Binns to the New York Evening Journal was received by wireless, via Sea Gate:

"That I suffered greatly because of the cold is the main recollection I have of the disaster. When I went upon the Baltic I felt the effects of the strain and of the cold combined, and it was some time before I felt thawed out.

"At the time of the accident the fog was so thick around us that we could not tell what boat had struck us, as she immediately backed away from us and was lost in the blackness of the early morning.

With the crash the whole ship was in darkness, as the engine room had been flooded. I tried the power and found it was cut off. But I was able to switch to my accumulator storage batteries and thus call for assistance.

"I was not in the wireless room when the collision occurred. The tiny apartment had been badly wrecked. My first concern was for the apparatus. The drawing of the furnaces and the shutting off of the boilers had stopped the dynamos. I found the apparatus intact.

“Soon after the collision I commenced sending messages. I was exposed to the elements and was sending almost constantly. There was no one to relieve me, and I had to work continuously. On Sunday morning I was compelled to swim through the cabin for food, obtaining two biscuits and some salted almonds.”

$2,000,000 IN CLAIMS RESULT OF COLLISION

Upon the question as to whether or not there was any element of negligence in the manoeuvring of the ill-fated Republic or the Florida during the fog of Friday, when they collided, hinges the settlement of claims aggregating at least two millions of dollars.

This vast fortune is at stake in possible suits that may ensue after some tangible idea is had as to just what circumstances or set of circumstances the accident was due. The claims of which this aggregate sum is made up are roughly considered the following:

First—Damages for the deaths of passengers. Second—Damages for the deaths of employees. Third—Losses to passengers—jewels, money, clothing, trinkets and the like. Fourth—Loss of the Republic. Fifth—Loss of the Republic’s cargo. Sixth—Salvage money for standing by the Republic.

The answers to these questions depend upon a state of facts. These facts are not yet known nor can they be determined until a court of inquiry sits and sifts the evidence. There are certain conditions, however, that will be controlling against whichever ship was at fault, if either was at fault. Those conditions will apply to the case no matter whether it was the Republic that fouled the Florida or vice versa.

Admiralty lawyers give answers to these enumerated questions thus: First—There can be no recovery for loss of life, as there is no law controlling or actionable for the loss of life upon the high seas. Second—Relatives of employees of vessels have no recourse, no help, except such as the charity of the steamship company interested may give. Third—Recovery limited to $100, upon all baggage, as each passenger, in purchasing a ticket, accepts the provisions of the ticket to that effect. Fourth—If the Florida fouled the Republic and was responsible for her loss she can be libelled only to the amount of the Florida’s cargo receipts and passenger

receipts are the only amounts that can be touched by the White Star Line to compensate the passengers on the Republic and the company for the loss of the ship. Fifth—The loss of the Republic's cargo, where it was insured will be paid by insurance companies. Where not insured it will get a pro rata share of damage money collected against the Florida, if the Florida was at fault. The insurance money going to the White Star Line for the loss of the Republic will not be an offset against claims of passengers. Such insurance money is a "personal" claim of the White Star Company and cannot be touched by passengers of the Republic, nor may it be used to offset claims against the White Star Company by the Florida or the Florida's passengers, either for loss or damage to the Florida, or loss or damage to the Florida's passengers. Sixth—There is no question of salvage loss to be considered, as the Republic is a loss and will continue to be such until she is floated and docked safely in some port.

WOMEN JOKED AND CHATTED DONNING LIFE PRESERVERS

Professor John M. Coulter, head of the department of botany in the University of Chicago, told a connected and graphic story of all that occurred on the Republic.

"It was an experience no one could ever forget," Professor Coulter said.

"As I recall, it was about 5:30 o'clock Saturday morning when we were awakened by the report and the fearful jar of the collision. We all realized that something serious had happened to the ship. We sprang out of our beds and began to fumble about for the lights, but discovered that something had happened to the electric apparatus and that the whole ship was in total darkness.

"But through it all there was no panic. I could hear anxious voices here and there calling to friends, but there was no shouting, no hysteria of any sort, even though I suppose every person on the ship felt that a great crisis of some sort was close upon us all.

"The women especially conducted themselves in a manner calculated to make one forever proud of American womanhood. In that moment of great peril, how great we did not know, those courageous women put on the life preservers as coolly as if they were putting on shirtwaists.

"I can never forget how they chatted and joked and helped one another, every one of them knowing what an order to put on life preservers meant, but with too much heroism to reveal their fears, if they felt any.

"It was beautiful; it gave one an understanding of the nobility of woman's nature that does not present itself very often in an ordinary lifetime."

WOMAN PASSENGER'S THIRD WRECK; PRAISES REPUBLIC'S OFFICERS

Miss Agnes Shackelford, of No. 62 West End avenue, this city, said of her experience on the Republic:

"I have been in three sea disasters—once when a ship was on fire and another where a ship ran aground; then this one. The first two were trifling, but there was less disorder and better discipline in the wreck of the Republic than in either of the others.

"There was nothing overlooked, nothing done in hysteria or panic. Why, when we were standing out on decks, many of us almost nude, with nothing but our wet nightgowns clinging about us, those stewards came around and served hot coffee to everybody. Just think of that!

"They were all as cheerful as though no danger threatened, and Captain Sealby made a point of passing among us, in between all of his other duties, every few minutes, heartening everybody up and telling us of the boats that were coming to help us, and that there was not the slightest chance of our not being saved. He was almost jovial about it. I think that he alone saved a lot of people from going crazy."

“Stations!”

The wireless signal of distress from the helpless ship was a necessary factor of safety; so, also, was the modern construction of the ship’s hull, with its swiftly closing steel bulkhead doors, tight and massive as the doors of a bank vault. Without both these helps the Republic, with all the lives she carried, would never have been heard of again. We should not know whether she had gone down where she now lies “in forty fathoms, off ‘No Man’s Land’,” or had laid her bones in the “ocean graveyard” off Sable Island, or had sunk in mid-ocean.

But behind the mechanical appliances came the prime factor of safety, the man whose duty it is to obey orders. At the first shock of the Florida’s ram the order “Stations!” was given and obeyed. Each common sailor, every quartermaster’s man, every “steward with his patty pans,” knew his place and took it. A ship of 15,000 tons is a community to be compared with a big office building, sheltering as many human beings as a little town. Passengers are the most difficult, as well as the most valuable of cargo. They may have intelligence and even coolness in the face of peril seen and understood, but when the sudden danger of death comes crashing aboard through night and fog there is need of all the devotion and nerve possessed by the men whose duty it is to serve the ship.

In the case of the Republic the engine room was flooded immediately and all the men stationed in that heart of the ship were obliged to leave—not, primarily, to save their lives, but because the fires were out and no man could avail anything at that station. If the engines had not been strangled by the first inrush of the sea the stokers would have stayed in their deep pit, awaiting their orders to leave. The engineer and his two or three assistants would have stayed with the stokers. As it was, on every deck, at scores of separate posts, in places which no passenger ever sees or even knows the name of, were men whose simple duty it was to stay below at their appointed stations until their officers should order them to leave. The reports made by rescued passengers tell us that discipline was perfect, there was no confusion.

The captain and second officer stayed by the ship until the bridge dropped down under them into the hungry sea, and they were barely saved. None will grudge the officers of the Republic their full measure of admiration and praise. But—it can be said without flippancy—any man capable of commanding a ship can be depended upon to stand on his bridge until the last life intrusted to his care has been saved. His name is known, his figure is seen, and is an inspiration; his duty is his own honor. But what of the men below-decks, whose names or faces are unknown on the ship except to their officers? Is their heroism less? They don’t think of it as “heroism”; they realize it simply as “duty” and a regular chance in the day’s work. For they do realize it, and they know quite well that at any time death may come straight up to them, and they must stand there and wait for orders before they may turn away from it. The unknown heroes who answer the first order in time of danger deserve the deepest gratitude of the passengers, who, when all goes well aboard the ship, scarcely remember their existence; for without disciplined men no ship is safe for a single instant. No mechanical appliances can of themselves assure any safety at sea.
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First Account from Republic’s Captain.

HOW HE ESCAPED

Was Carried Far Down with Steamship.

VIGIL WITH OFFICER

Captain Climbed the Mast Before End Came.

WILLIAMS MADE SPRINT

How the Two Were Picked Up by Revenue Cutter Boats.

While the revenue tug Manhattan steamed up the bay with the remaining members of the sunken White Star liner Republic's crew this morning—bringing them from the revenue cutter Seneca, on which they arrived last night—Capt. Inman Sealby, the commander of the steamship that was lost, told for the first time his story of the wreck. The captain, who recited his narrative as he stood in the lee of the tug's funnel, began with the time when, with his second officer, R. J. Williams, the only man left with him on the vessel, he felt on Sunday night that it was only a matter of minutes before the shattered Republic would go to the bottom. He told the story of the last few minutes on the vessel, the struggle in the water and the rescue by the men of the revenue cutter Gresham.

"Williams and I were on the bridge together," he said. "The Republic had begun to settle rapidly. Both of us knew that it was very close to the time when she would disappear. She began to rumble and crack and the stern commenced to go down very rapidly. There was a slight tremor.

"'What do you think about it, Williams?' I asked.

"'Captain, I don't think it will be a long race; let's make a sprint of it. When you are ready, let her go,' answered Williams."

Capt. Sealby explained that his second officer had a bit of sporting blood in his veins.

FIRED REVOLVER AS WARNING.

"I directed Williams," he continued, "to burn the blue lights and fired five charges from my revolver to warn the Gresham and the Seneca to cast off as we were sinking. I then shouted to Williams to make for the fore-rigging. We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, burning our blue lights as we went, and carrying a lantern with us. When we got to the saloon deck we found the water rushing in aft and as we ran forward the stern of the ship was sinking so rapidly and the slant of the deck was so acute that it was impossible to keep a foothold.

"By the time we reached the forecastle head we could not keep up. That was the last that I saw of Williams. He caught hold of the port rail and I went up the rigging as far as the forward running light, about 100 feet up the mast. I rested there and groped about for a blue light in my pocket. I found one, but it was wet and would not go off.

COAT ACTED AS LIFE PRESERVER.

"When the blue light refused to go off I fired my last shot from my revolver. Then the water caught up with me. The sweep of the waves spread out my heavy coat and made the air inside of it a sort of life preserver. The weight of my binoculars and the revolver which I had in my pockets held down the skirts of my coat and really helped to keep me afloat.

"It was very dark. All around me swept a boiling mass of water. I was caught in this in a sort of whirlpool and churned around and around. When I came to the surface I tried to pull my coat off, but it stuck. Considerable debris, pieces of broken plank, lengths of spars and odd articles from the ship, littered the sea around me. I managed to get hold of some spars and finally captured a hatch. In spite of the heavy sea which was running I managed to pull myself up on this hatch and make a life raft of it, lying across it spread-eagle fashion.

SEARCHLIGHT FINALLY LOCATED HIM.

"In this way I floated around for some time. The searchlights were playing all over the water, but it seemed to me that they would never find me. The searchlights from the two revenue cutters and the tug Scully concentrated on the spot where the Republic had gone down. But somehow they missed me. I managed to load the chambers of my revolver again and fired several times in an attempt to attract attention. Then I got hold of a towel floating in the wreckage

and waved that when the light flashed on me.

"Then out of the darkness sprang a boat and I was hauled aboard of her. I was weak and finished. I was glad to find safe aboard her my mate, Williams, who had stuck to me to the last. He was pretty well finished, like myself, and both of us suffered acutely from the cold. Although I had saved my strength for the last the shouting at intervals and the energy it took to hang on to the raft had taken all of the strength out of me.

"The boat was in command of gunners-mate Johansen of the Gresham, and I want to say that he handled his boat in a most able and seamanlike manner. It was due to his accuracy in keeping his bearings in the inky darkness that I was picked up. With him were eight men, four from the Gresham's crew and four from the crew of the Republic on board of her.

PRAISE FOR REVENUE CUTTER MEN.

"I want to speak in the highest terms of the United States revenue cutter service. Both the Gresham under Capt. Perry and the Seneca under Capt. Reynolds have proved their necessity in such work as that of the last three days. The Seneca was ready at a moment's notice, and we owe much to her."

Capt. Sealby looked worn and tired as a result of the many hours of strain through which he had passed previous to his sleep last night, which was about the first that he had taken since his ship was rammed by the Florida on Saturday morning. Considering the suspense under which he had labored throughout that time and the anxiety for the safety of his passengers whom he had seen twice transferred on the open sea, he was in wonderfully fine condition. In spite of the fact that he had lost his ship he kept the best of spirits and did much to cheer his officers and the forty-eight members of his crew with him on the Seneca. He wore the same greatcoat which had served him as a life-preserver when the Republic went down.

NOTHING AS TO RESPONSIBILITY FOR COLLISION.

Capt. Sealby declined to discuss the question of where the responsibility lay for the accident, saying that on that point his lips were sealed until he had reported to his company. In regard to Wireless Operator Binns, who stuck to his post in his little station, which had been half-wrecked by the impact of the collision, and who worked through much of the time without food and in darkness, Capt. Sealby could not express himself in warm enough terms.

"During the whole of our time on board," he said, "the wireless proved itself of value, and it was through Mr. Binns, who refused to desert his post to the last, in spite of the fact that one-half of his operating room had been carried away, that we were able to maintain our communication with the various steamers through whom our messages were transmitted to the outside world. Such operators are made of the right sort of stuff."

Capt. Sealby could not praise enough the action and discipline of his men during the period of their trial. In regard to their part in averting one of the greatest tragedies of the sea ever threatened he said:

THE PASSENGER TRANSFER.

"I attribute the successful handling and transferring of the Republic's passengers from one ship to another to that splendid cohesion which existed from the start to the finish between the officers and the crew who helped me. At no time had I any doubt in any man; my confidence was absolute and unshaken. To this confidence I attribute whatever may have been done."

The members of the crew of the Republic who spent the night quartered on the Seneca off Tompkinsville were much worried by the fact that the part they had played in twice transferring the passengers of the Republic had not received the credit that it should. In fact, they felt that in some instances reports had reflected to their discredit. Capt. Sealby stated that

throughout the brunt of the labor of shifting the passengers of the Republic had been borne by his own men and that the transfer had been effected almost entirely in his own boats.

NO CONFUSION, HE SAYS.

“During the time which elapsed between the collision and the time of the passengers leaving the ship there was no confusion whatever,” said Capt. Sealby. “The women behaved themselves remarkably well, and to the men the greatest credit is due for the valuable assistance they rendered in so safely conducting the women and children from under the bridge to the boats. They could not have gone out of a theatre in a more orderly manner.”

The part played throughout the time prior to the sinking of the Republic by the Marconi wireless, the submarine bells and other safety devices were spoken of by the wrecked liner’s captain. Had it not been for the wireless help could not have been called from afar, and after the storage batteries gave out the ship’s submarine bells gave warnings for miles around.

When Capt. Sealby and Lieut. Williams left the bridge they pierced and left to float away with the ship a Holmes distress signal which ignited through the action of the water, as it is devised to do, and directed the boats to the assistance of the captain and his lieutenant who were floundering in the water.

The captain took no time to collect any of his papers or instruments, and the ship’s log and chronometer went down with her.

THE SECOND OFFICER’S STORY.

Hardly less interesting than the captain’s narrative of the last few moments aboard the Republic was the story also told on the revenue tug by his second officer, R. J. Williams.

He said:

"When the Captain and I parted after setting fire to the blue lights I made for the rail. The deck was so steep that I hung onto the rail with my elbows. I saw nothing more of the Captain. The ship was going down fast and seemed to strike the bottom, all at once, stern first.

"It all happened in almost no time. We thought that the end was coming about 8 o’clock. At 8:07 she started to settle finally, and in three minutes it was all over. After she struck bottom she lay easy, what seemed to me for five or ten seconds and then she parted. The break must have been about the engine room where the Florida had hit her, I think.

"I could tell by the feel of her frame that she broke in two. When I felt the ship part I let go and fell to the water, it must have been forty feet. The Republic’s bow was then high in air, and I could see right under her keel where I struck. I fell all in a lump and threw off my overcoat immediately. Then I started to back water and clear the ship. I got about twenty feet clear of her before she sank.

"There couldn’t have been much suction or we wouldn’t be here, but the roar of the water was something terrible. As soon as the Republic’s superstructure sank out of sight the water was white like yeast. Just as the vessel settled finally I saw that her flag was flying as she went down.

CLUNG TO HATCHES.

"A grating hatch struck me in the swirl of the water and I caught hold of it. I tried to get on top of it, but there was a heavy sea and every time I crawled up on top of the hatch a wave capsized it and knocked me back into the water again. After about five minutes of this sort of struggling another hatch came along and I grabbed it. I managed to get between the two with one hand on each and supported myself between them, treading water.

"How long I could have hung on that way I don’t know. I could see all the three steamers but they looked to be a long way off. I lay on the hatches without exerting myself. Faintly over the roaring of the wind and the sea I heard the captain shoot three times. Then I saw the boats and shouted. They saw me and I was safe in a few minutes. After they had dragged me out I found that I had been in the water about twenty minutes; the captain must have been in a little longer.

“As soon as I could get my breath I told them about where I thought Capt. Sealby was. Johansen followed my direction, and a little later they picked the captain up. He was so used up that he didn’t notice that I was in the boat. I reached out and caught his hand. When he knew me he flung both arms around me and cried, ‘Williams, game to the last!’ In a little while we were on board the Gresham.”

Williams is a hale young fellow, several years his captain’s junior and although, like everybody else, he lost everything he had on board, he bore his tough luck with good humor. His chief trouble this morning appeared to be over the absence of his great coat, which he left in the water with the sinking Republic. He complained of the cool breeze that came across the bay, but stuck close for comfort to a well-oiled brier which he had not failed to save whatever else he lost.

Cheerfully, too, he replied to the query of whether he expected to ever be picked up again on such a night as that of Sunday and whether he had ever expected to see Capt. Sealby again. “Well,” he said with a smile, “I knew what a chance we took.” That was all he had to say about having stuck to his ship.

There was no expression of any depression on the part of the Republic’s officers who were on board of the Seneca this morning, but it was clear that they shared with their captain his sorrow over the loss of his ship. While there was no complaining, the tone of the remnant of the stricken ship’s company was subdued, even to the men.

The men seemed to have fared a little more happily in the way of saving their effects, for when they filed down the companionway of the Seneca to take the Manhattan to the White Star line’s pier each man bore a box or a bundle of some kind of personal property.

After the Manhattan cast off the members of the crew of the Republic on board of her, led by Capt. Sealby, gave nine hearty cheers for Capt. Reynolds, the officers and the crew of the Seneca. These were returned in the same sort from aboard the Seneca, with a bugle call as a final farewell.

MEETING THE SENECA.

The tug Edward Dalzell took a party down to the Seneca last night from the Battery. One of those on the tug was G. S. De Sousa, traffic manager of the Marconi Wireless Company, who carried a congratulatory message from the company to Binns.

Down in the Narrows the tug picked up the low-lying Government boat, which was travelling swiftly toward her anchorage, and trailed her to Tompkinsville. There the Seneca put about, and when the rattle of anchor chains told the Dalzell that she was hard and fast the tug drew near. The Seneca’s wireless apparatus sputtered and sizzled away as the visitors from the tug arrived, a blue spark at the masthead showing where the messages left the ship, to be shot through the air toward Manhattan. The Seneca’s operator, Matthew Tierney, sat in a tiny cabin on the bridge with his fingers on the key and the telephone receivers strapped to his ears. Binns was nowhere about. Completely fagged out, he had taken to his stateroom, and Capt. Sealby had issued strict orders that he should not be disturbed. Even Manager De Sousa was not allowed to speak with him, and left the Seneca deeply disappointed. Matthew Tierney, however, told something of Binns’s own story as it had been related to him by the plucky little operator.

OPERATOR’S CABIN WRECKED.

“When the crash came,” said Binns to Tierney, "my little cabin was cut in half and I was left exposed to the cold, the fog and the rain. Everything was in complete darkness.

"Five minutes after the collision the dynamos ceased to work, but I had still my accumulators—my storage batteries—to depend on and I knew where to find them. I was so familiar with my cabin that I needed no light to tell me where each thing was.

"With the aid of my accumulators I sent the messages. After a while I grew conscious of the cold and then I became hungry. My hunger increased to such an extent that I was obliged to go in search of a bite of something. I rummaged about on deck, but there was not a crumb there, so I made for the galley. I found the lower part of the ship submerged and before I had gone far from the shell that was left of my cabin I had to swim for it. Swimming in pitch darkness on a sinking ship is not the most pleasant thing in the world, but I was thinking of food just then. Somehow I bumped into the companionway and after a time I discovered the kitchen. I groped about there in the water, but all I could unearth were a few morsels of biscuits and a handful of almonds. I made what I could of those and struggled back to my post.

“I greatly felt the need of a cigarette then, but all I had laid so carefully away had been lost in the wreck—think of it, Tierney, I lost 500 cigarettes—and all I could grub up was a stub.”

Of Binns Tierney said:

“Binns is surely a game fellow. I have known him for a long time and he’ll be right on the job in any crisis. But I never saw a man look worse than he did when he came aboard. It was easy to see that he had been under a terrific strain. There were rings under his eyes and his face was haggard. He lost everything he had in the collision—didn’t save a nickel’s worth. I don’t think he will be in a condition to work for some time.”

Manager De Sousa said: “Binns has been a wireless operator with us for five years. Before he came to the Marconi Company he was stationed at Crookhaven, Ireland, as an operator. He is a first-class man in every sense of the term. The company has none better and it is proud of him. This was the first maritime disaster in which he has been called upon to show his worth, but he was an eye-witness of the recent Italian earthquake from the decks of the Republic and he saw the Kingston quake from the Hamburg-American liner Bluecher.”
~ 080 ~

THE FLORIDA LIMPS IN

FLAGS AT HALF MAST FOR DEAD ON BOARD.

Officers Stopped from Telling of Collision—Eugene Lynch Taken to Hospital.

Poking what was left of her shattered stem deep into the water, with thirty feet of her bow gone completely, and the gaping wound covered but not concealed by a sail, the Italian Lloyd liner Florida, which sent the Republic to the bottom, crawled into this harbor yesterday afternoon, and finally, helped by two tugs after her perilous voyage from Nantucket, made fast to her pier.

Her flags were at half mast, for among the twisted and tangled mass of wreckage in her forepeak were the mangled bodies of two of her seamen who had been crushed to death in the collision with the Republic, while another lay dead in a cabin, and Eugene Lynch, who escaped instant death in his stateroom on the Republic when his wife was killed, lay in agony on a cot in the little hospital amidships.

From the revenue cutter that had been looking anxiously for her all day, the first sight of the

Florida, down by the head, with her stern lifted high in the water, inspired wonder as to how she had made port at all. Her whole bow was torn off, and even the unpractised eye of a landsman could see that she was a sorely stricken ship. The deck timbers were pushed upward and sprung where they had been splintered and smashed, and every bit of steel work had been twisted and torn beyond recognition.

Probably thirty feet of the Florida's bow had been torn away, and an idea of the force of the destroying blow came when one saw the first three letters of her name, "Flo," with the "o" cut off incomplete. The wreck had stopped just short of a steel bulkhead, and had that gone the Italian inevitably would have gone down.

CAPTAIN'S SECOND VOYAGE.

Experts who saw the Florida limp up the bay said that only calm weather had made her voyage from Nantucket possible, and that Captain Ruspini had accomplished a wonderful feat in getting her here at all under the conditions. He is a young man, and this was his second voyage in command of the Florida. Twenty-nine is his exact age, and every one on the Florida spoke of him in terms of the highest praise.

The Florida carried only one of the Republic's passengers, Eugene Lynch, who had suffered so much in the first transshipment from the Republic to the Florida that he begged to be allowed to remain on the Italian vessel until she reached port rather than undergo the ordeal again. So he made the journey in the dark little hospital of the Florida, in the care of the Italian doctor, to be met by a party of friends in South Brooklyn and taken to the Long Island College Hospital.

Mr. Lynch saw his wife swept through the walls of their stateroom and crushed by the prow of the Florida. He stayed for four hours in the wreckage of his stateroom, and was then swung over the side of the Republic and ferried across to the Italian vessel in a small boat. His leg and thigh were broken, and he was suffering from painful internal injuries.

Still he remained wholly conscious, and about the first request he made of the friends who hurried on board the Florida to help him was for them to see that none of the men who had cared for him were forgotten. A man could hardly have gone through a more terrible experience, and the fact that he was still alive amazed all who saw him.

After the Florida docked there was a long delay in getting Mr. Lynch to a hospital where he could receive proper treatment. An ambulance from the Norwegian Hospital, which is near by, was at the pier about as soon as the Florida, but Mr. Lynch's friends and relatives ordered a private ambulance, which did not come for more than an hour. Then Mr. Lynch was taken to the Long Island College Hospital, the surgeons from the Norwegian having gone away in the mean time, explaining that no one seemed to know what he wanted to have done with Mr. Lynch.

OFFICERS' LIPS SEALED.

Captain Ruspini had begun to give reporters who boarded his ship an account of the collision, but was interrupted by representatives of the line, who apparently forbade him to continue. The purser also started to tell of the disaster, but was shut off in similar fashion, and a few minutes later all newspaper men were compelled to leave the ship, and were told that no statements would be made until Captain Sealby of the Republic had had his say. Every effort of the representatives of the line was directed toward maintaining an absolute silence on the subject of the collision.

One of the first visitors to the Florida was Count Massaglia, the Italian Consul General here, who boarded her at Quarantine to compliment Captain Ruspini on what he called his magnificent achievement in saving the lives of all on board the Republic, as well as on his own vessel. Count Massaglia could find no words of praise warm enough for the captain.

The royal Italian commissioner on board the Florida, charged with supervision of the treatment of Italian immigrants, was as secretive as the ship's officers with regard to the collision. He denied indignantly, however, a story that Captain Ruspini or one of the Florida's officers had attacked the quartermaster, who was at the wheel at the time of the collision. He said that one of the quartermasters had been injured about the head, but said that the man was off duty and asleep in his bunk when the collision occurred, and that his injuries were received then.

Work was begun as soon as the Florida docked for the extrication from the wreckage in the forepeak of the bodies of La Valle Piagnol and Martuscelli Catogero, the seamen. The body of Salvatore d'Amice, the other victim, had been recovered soon after the accident.

Before his tendency to give some information was checked by representatives of C. B. Richard & Co., the agents for the Lloyd Italiano, Captain Ruspini said that the Florida had struck the Republic after both vessels had been sounding their foghorns, the Italian more frequently than the White Star boat. He added that he cruised around for two hours looking for the Republic, keeping in touch with her by her rockets. Stories from the Republic have made the lapse of time between the accident and the reappearance of the Florida, half an hour.

Gino Maravillie, purser of the Florida, said that the passengers of both vessels behaved magnificently. He was in the first boat that passed between the two vessels, he said, and he praised the behavior of those from the Republic in unmeasured terms.

He said also that the immigrants on the Florida behaved splendidly. He, too, was cut off short in his description of the collision and the subsequent work of rescue, and later, on the dock, when urged to amplify his story, threw up his hands, saying, when asked what he had seen, merely that it was "a very bad affair."

STEEL MAN'S STORY

Three Sides of Stateroom Fell on Him—Life Saved by Beams.

Reuben Miller, vice-president of the Crucible Steel Company of America, his wife, daughter and daughter-in-law, who were on the Republic, went directly to the Waldorf yesterday afternoon and retired for much needed rest. Mr. Miller talked with a Tribune reporter in his room there last night, telling of the collision as he saw it.

One of Mr. Miller's first acts on reaching the Waldorf was to send a telegram to Congressman Francis J. Burke, of Pittsburg, urging him to introduce a bill in Congress for an international agreement to compel every seagoing vessel carrying passengers to be fitted with wireless apparatus. Mr. Miller said he would see Senator Knox, whom he hopes to interest in this movement.

"My family and myself were going to Italy to spend the winter," said Mr. Miller. "With our party were J. R. Mellon, of the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburg, and his family. My wife, daughter and daughter-in-law were in Cabin 24 and I was in No. 25. I was asleep in the lower berth of my cabin when I was awakened by the terrific crash, and found myself completely covered with debris.

"The three sides of my stateroom had been knocked down and the upper berth had fallen on me. Only through the lucky intervention of some beams I think I would have been crushed to death. I shouted to my wife and daughter in the next stateroom, and got a reply from them that they were not injured.

"I heard a man in the next stateroom on the other side groaning that he was seriously hurt and that he could not find his wife. I afterward learned that it was Mr. McCooey. A steward came in at this moment and helped me to get out of the pile of wreckage. I found my slippers twenty-five feet from where I had placed them when I went to bed. One of my first acts was to send the steward to ascertain if the boat was sinking. He told us that there was no immediate danger.

"Mr. Mellon and his family then made their way to the deck. The crew of the vessel seemed very cool and collected. They gave us some coffee and later told us we were to be transferred to another ship, but that we could not take our baggage with us.

"We were then transferred to the Florida and forced to sit on the deck, as the ship was already loaded down with her own passengers. The stewards of the Republic managed to get out something to eat, but our position was rendered more uncomfortable when the discovery was made that the Florida was also badly battered and that we might expect to go under any minute.

"I said to my wife, ‘We are going down, but there’s no use getting excited.’ Most of the Americans seemed to take things calmly. The Italians were a little more excited. While on the Florida one of our party overheard two seamen talking about getting at the liquor stores. We immediately informed one of the officers and this plan was nipped in the bud.

"The sweetest song I ever heard in my life and the sweetest that I ever hope to hear was a long, low toot which came through the fog, and which we knew was a ship coming to rescue us from our position of extreme peril. This was the Baltic, and as the sound came nearer and nearer it is impossible for me to describe the scenes of joy and excitement.

“I can truthfully say that the Americans were tolerably calm during the transfer, but the Italians from the steerage of the Florida were greatly excited. They wanted to be taken aboard the Baltic before the Americans, and made so much ado about it that the officers had to maintain severe discipline to control them. I personally overheard one of the officers tell an excited Italian that he had a loaded revolver in his pocket and that he would shoot him dead if he did not keep quiet. I did not, however, see any weapons drawn.”

Mr. Miller spoke in praise of the engineers who worked, he said, in the engine room up to their waists in water. He also spoke highly of J. H. Binns, the wireless operator on the Republic. Mr. Miller intimated that the passengers would get together and present some testimonial to Mr. Binns.

CHEERED FROM BALTIC.

Wives and Mothers Waiting for Loved Ones Brought Forth Tears.

Passengers on the Baltic, from Liverpool and Queenstown, talked of the adventures of the Republic’s passengers on their arrival in lifeboats at the Baltic’s side.

“It was early in the morning that we of the Baltic first got word of the plight of the Republic,” said Arthur Bles, editor of “Automobilia.” "You know pretty well how we made through the fog in her direction. When the green lights of the Florida came in our vision there was a big ‘Hip, hip, hurrah!’ It was a case of ‘All hands to the rails,’ if there is such an order. There we stood, bending way over the rail, when the lifeboats came along with their human cargoes. We were an audience watching a wonderful, real life drama.

“One thing that particularly impressed us was the demeanor of the rescued women, those of them who had husbands or fathers or brothers, as they awaited the arrival of their loved ones. It was a sight that brought tears to the eyes of many of us. There were many women who objected strenuously to going into the lifeboats before their husbands, and we heard that the keeping of the rule that the women and children must be the first rescued was no easy task for the officers in command.”

Henry Savage Landor, well known as a traveller, was a passenger on the Baltic.

“In all my travels in countries throughout the two hemispheres,” said Mr. Landor, "never have I seen displayed a spirit of womanhood that could be better in such an extremity than was that of the women of the Republic. When we of the Baltic met them it was as they were brought to our

vessel in a tossing sea in small boats, after nearly a score of hours spent on the crowded Italian emigrant vessel.

"They had seen, many of them, the mangled bodies of women who had been their fellow passengers. Yet not only nowhere was there a whimper, not only from those who had escaped physical injury but from those who were suffering probably untold injury as well, but they actually came aboard with smiling faces.

“They forgot that all their travelling possessions of any materiality might be doomed, forgot all the ordeal they had encountered, and showed themselves happy and contented, because they thought, most of them, that, in face of disaster, all that the hands of willing men could do to help them had been done.”

A man on the Baltic said the coolness displayed by the crews of the vessels was remarkable. In the thick of the work of transshipping the passengers in heavy seas an officer of the Baltic who had been drenched to the skin said good-naturedly to a subordinate, who was in even worse condition: “It’s rather a bad night, isn’t it?”

“Aye, aye, sir; a wet night,” was the answer given as calmly as if he had been merely without an umbrella in a gentle summer shower.

Remarkable as was the unanimity of report on freedom from any feeling of panic among the men and women on the Republic, even that was overshadowed by the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Robert Johnston, of Edinburgh, who was on the Baltic, coming to this country to be pastor of the Church of the Saviour, in Philadelphia.

Dr. Johnston said that even the babies and the small children forgot to cry.

“You should have seen the babies,” he said, beaming. "They were bonnie little things, and never a peep out of one of them as they were tossed about in the little boat and carried up the ladder of the Baltic.

“I never saw anything to equal it. I was helping at the ladder, and I must say it was the best behaved crowd you could possibly imagine.”

A case that excited general pity was that of Samuel Cupples, of St. Louis. He is seventy years old and was in a very weakened condition. He could not climb up the companion ladder of the Baltic. His daughter, Mrs. William Scudder, also of St. Louis, had preceded him to the deck. It was necessary that a chair be passed down the ladder by the long relay of men. The old man was lifted up with great care from the lifeboat and placed in the chair. Again the chair was relayed along the line to the deck. It was an extremely difficult task.

Mrs. Scudder, with her little girls, watched the odd journey with her face blanched and all her nerves seemingly at strongest tension. When the last of the many stairs had been passed and the chair with its human burden was placed on the deck Mrs. Scudder fell upon her father and had a good, long cry.

SURVIVORS IN HOSPITAL

WESTERN BANKER TALKS

M. S. Murphy Praises Italian Sailors, but Criticises Baltic Officers.

Michael S. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. D., president of the Bankers’ Association of North Dakota, and regent of the State University of North Dakota, and his wife, who were injured on the Republic, are in St. Vincent’s Hospital, being attended by Dr. George W. Stewart. Mr. Murphy for a lacerated face and cut foot and his wife for a compound fracture of the right leg and contusions of the body.

“I am glad,” said Mr. Murphy last night, "to get an opportunity to say a few words of praise for the Italian crew, officers and stewards of the ship Florida. I notice in the statements that have been given out that praise is unstinted for the crews of the Republic and the Baltic, but in my opinion the Italian crew did as valiant work as the crew of either of the other vessels.

"Those who were simply transferred from the Republic to the Florida and were not injured had but little opportunity to judge of the merit of the Italian crew, but I had to take my injured wife on board, and I can truthfully make the statement that our treatment on board the Florida was much better than that we received on either of the other vessels after the accident.

"The first real medical attendance my wife had was that which she received from Dr. Alderio Rinaldi, the ship’s surgeon on the Florida, and when one considers that there were only five persons injured aboard the Republic, two of them, Mr. Lynch and my wife, seriously, it is impossible to enthuse over the efficiency of the medical service aboard the Republic.

"Every one who was taken aboard the Florida received the best that the ship had. ’Cognac flowed like water, and what poor provisions the ship had were liberally distributed. Every attention was shown to Mr. Lynch and to my wife, and the people who were brought aboard received willing preference everywhere from the obliging Italians.

"I believe that this talk of riot is rot, for when I attempted to move my wife for the transfer aboard the Baltic the emigrants made a passage way for us to ascend, and when I got her to the deck I received my first impression of the attentive crew and captain of the Baltic, for an officer of that ship told me positively that his ship would receive no injured person—that was at 5 o’clock on Sunday afternoon, and it was 11 o’clock before by continued and persistent efforts I was able to make arrangements to have my wife taken aboard the Baltic.

"She was strapped to a stretcher and taken across on a lifeboat, and then, although we were first class passengers aboard the Republic, we were assigned to quarters in the steerage of the Baltic and it was almost 2 o’clock in the morning before I could arrange to have my wife again removed to quarters above. This may be chivalry and system, but I am unable to appreciate it.

“The nearest approach to a panic aboard the Florida was while my wife was about to be transferred. Some thoughtless officer from the Baltic stood at the head of the rope ladder thrown from the side of the vessel and said that the first class passengers must come first. A fine looking young Italian fellow sprang up beside the officer, and, drawing a gun, said that he was a man, first, or last class, and that when the women and children had been removed, those who were nearest the rail would go next. This was done, and the incident closed. This young man also insisted that an injured stoker, who was crying below, be removed to where he could receive treatment; this was done, and the injured man is now in this hospital.”

Mrs. Murphy’s condition was improved last night; she was resting quietly, and the physician stated that he had every hope that she would make a satisfactory recovery.
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GEN. BRAYTON IVES, AT OAR, HELPED IN RESCUE

BANKER MADE SEVERAL TRIPS BETWEEN FLORIDA AND BALTIC—TELLS STORY OF REPUBLIC CRASH.

General Brayton Ives, president of the Metropolitan Trust Company, looked none the worse for wear, in spite of his thrilling experience on the Republic, as he stood on the saloon deck of the White Star liner Baltic yesterday morning, as she steamed slowly up from Quarantine. The financier had lost his personal baggage and had pulled an oar in one of the rescue boats until his arms ached.

“I was sleeping soundly,” said General Ives, "when the collision occurred at 5:30 o’clock on

Saturday morning. The noise of the impact awoke me, but at first I did not realize what had happened. It seemed like one of the shocks from blasting which we New Yorkers are accustomed to. This was followed by a boring, cutting sound, like a gigantic buzz saw in operation.

"Thoroughly awakened by this time, I jumped up and attempted to turn on the electric light, but found that it failed to work. I soon learned that the whole ship was in inky darkness, the dynamos having been flooded. Lighting a candle which I fortunately had with me, I dressed as rapidly as possible and made my way on deck.

Here I found men and women in all stages of undress.

"The officers were calling orders in quick, sharp tones, and, while the excitement was intense, there was no panic or actual disorder or riot. Indeed, from the moment of the crash until the passengers were safe upon the Baltic, the behavior of the passengers and crew was admirable. The women were especially heroic and deserve the greatest commendation.

HOPE BUOYED BY WIRELESS.

"No one knew exactly what had happened, except that the Republic had been hit, and mighty hard hit, by some powerful force, presumably another liner. It was pitch dark, of course, and the heavy fog which enveloped everything made the situation still more trying. Nothing was to be seen of land or rock or sister ship. In a brief time, however, the officers were in full command of the situation and began to assure the passengers that there was no immediate danger. As fast as a man or woman came on deck, however, a life preserver was strapped around his or her waist.

"The officers allowed no one who had once come on deck to return to his or her stateroom, and this, of course, meant that many were only ill clad to face the chill blasts of a winter’s morning off the coast of Nantucket. A surprisingly large proportion of the passengers, however, dressed themselves fully before leaving their staterooms. Some of the braver managed to return for their valuables, despite the efforts of the officers and crew to keep all hands on deck.

"The three hours from 5:30 until 8:30 o’clock were harrowing enough to all of us, the fog delaying the daylight until nearly 8 o’clock. When the light finally appeared it was possible to make out the lines of another steamship not far away on our port side. This ship turned out to be the Florida, of the Lloyd-Italiano, our destroyer and fellow cripple.

"Ever since the collision our own fog horn and whistles and those of the Florida had been sounding incessantly. We also had the consolation of knowing that ‘Jack’ Binns, the Republic’s gallant wireless operator, was sending big calls for help to every point of the compass. The wireless certainly gave us a feeling of security and hope, which helped greatly to buoy us all up.

TRANSFER TO THE FLORIDA.

"It was nearly 9 o’clock, I think, when the word was passed that we were to be transferred to the Florida, which was said to be in much better condition than the Republic. A rope ladder was stretched over the port side of the Republic and the work of transfer began, the women and children of course, going first. The water was fortunately smooth. It was a novel and thrilling experience, and one not to be forgotten.

"The passengers were lifted over the rail, turned face about and told to climb as speedily as possible down the fragile, swinging rope ladder. As they approached the water they were grasped by the officer in charge of the waiting boat and seated. As soon as a boat was filled it pulled off into the fog toward the Florida.

"The officers and crew of the Republic worked like beavers, and with never a hitch or falter, and by noon every one of the Republic’s passengers was safe on board the Florida. The

conditions found there, however, were not ideal, as the Florida is much smaller than the Republic and carries nothing but third class emigrants.

"She had a pretty big passenger list, and when the eight hundred passengers from the Republic had clambered aboard it was far too crowded for comfort. It was also far from clean enough to be enjoyable, but the officers and crew of the Florida did all they could, and there was never a murmur from the rescued passengers of the Republic.

"At noon the fog turned into a drizzling rain, which made it pretty hard for those who were forced to sit out on the Florida's deck with only scant and insufficient clothing. Many a brave woman wound a blanket about her and sat and shivered in the rain through that long and harrowing afternoon. Twelve or fifteen of the Republic's women were accommodated in the captain's cabin, but these constituted a favored minority.

"Only the cheering news brought by the Republic's ever faithful wireless operator—that the mighty Baltic was speeding to our rescue—made the dreary hours bearable. We knew that the Florida was in bad shape, as her bows were badly stove in, but we were told that she was well able to keep afloat for many hours to come. Of food we had little or none, and few there were who gave a thought to it.

"Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon the good news was flashed to us that the Baltic was close at hand, and soon after 6 o'clock the big greyhound came up and anchored less than a mile away. All were eager to leave the Florida, for the conditions were very bad. No move was made to take us off, however, and herein is the only criticism I have to make of the whole affair.

"All through that long evening we remained huddled together on the malodorous Florida, while the sea rose and the fog shut in thicker than ever. The officers hated to make the transfer in the night, with the crew of the Republic tired out by its herculean exertions and not knowing how much dependence could be placed on the Florida's sailors.

"Finally, at midnight, Captain Ranson, of the Baltic, determined that the shift must be made, and preparations were put under way. It was plain to all that the task ahead was a far different one from the transfer of the Republic's passengers to the Florida. The night was pitchy black, the sea was running high and there were eight hundred badly scared emigrants, the passengers of the Florida, to be taken into consideration. The distance was longer and the chance of mishap far greater.

"Instead of the rope ladder which was used in leaving the Republic and boarding the Florida, a companion way was lowered and manned by four of the Republic's most trustworthy stewards. Spencer and Barker stood at the head of the companionway, and each proved himself of the stuff from which heroes are made. There was a terrible jam as the Italian emigrants made a rush for the ladder and had to be forced back. For a moment, but only a moment, it looked as if there might be a panic.

"The emigrants did not like the idea of the women going first, and it was necessary for the men passengers of the Republic to take a hand in straightening out the situation. Finally the frightened emigrants were herded back away from the companionway, and the disembarkation began.

"Too many wanted to get on the ladder at once. The sailors of the Republic were tired out, and passengers willingly volunteered to take an oar where it became necessary. I pulled an oar for the first time since my college days. I was not exactly in practice, but I did my best." A person who saw General Ives at the oar said that he handled it like a 'varsity stroke.

"I made several trips between the Florida and the Baltic, and I want to say again that the American women behaved like the Trojan women of old. Never before did I see such a splendid exhibition or was I ever so proud of my countrywomen. Slowly and laboriously the little boats plied back and forth between the two ships all through the long and cheerless night. Before dawn broke all the women were safe on the Baltic, but it was nearly noon on Sunday before the

last of the men had made the trip.

"From the moment that we reached the Baltic everything possible was done to make us comfortable. It was as if we had never been in a wreck. The Baltic is so roomy that she was not badly crowded, even with all the passengers of the Republic and the Florida. When the order came to abandon the Republic and the Florida and proceed to New York with all speed, we were not exactly sorry, but we all hated to leave to her cruel fate the gallant ship which had borne us so gaily on our way until the fatal crash off Nantucket.

“The trip to Sandy Hook was expeditious and uneventful. It was an experience on which none of us had reckoned, and I believe that few of us would care to repeat it. That two of the passengers of the Republic and three of the crew of the Florida were killed just as deeply. Without this we would have borne the troubles and vicissitudes with more fortitude.”

General Ives was not ready to say whether he would start again on his Mediterranean trip or abandon it for the present.

SEA WRITER IN RAGE.

James B. Connolly Resents Imputation of Bad Conduct on Wreck.

While the Republic survivors on the Baltic and the latter’s passengers were preparing to leave the latter vessel there was enacted in the saloon a scene that came near ending in a fist fight.

James B. Connolly, of Boston, a writer of sea stories, who had been a passenger on the Republic, resented the imputation of Mr. Spencer, second steward of the Republic, that he had tried to push aside women and children in an endeavor to be one of the first off the doomed vessel. During the dispute a friend of Connolly’s suddenly grabbed a steward by the collar, saying: “Here’s the man that said it.” But before Connolly could get to him half a dozen other stewards had stepped in and saved their comrade. At the same time they threatened bodily harm to the writer. Somebody summoned Mr. Spencer, second steward of the Republic. Connolly, shaking with indignation, faced him and asked whether it was true that Spencer had circulated the story.

“I said,” replied the steward, “that you tried to get off and that I prevented you.”

By this time a dozen more employees of the steamer had gathered about Connolly. Somebody shouted “Kill him!” while others said “Put him out” and “You’ll get what’s coming to you if you don’t hurry away.”

At this point Mr. Farly, of the White Star Line, led Connolly aft. The latter complained that he could not get wireless messages through to newspapers for whom he had written the story of the wreck. He explained that his only desire to get past the line drawn by the officers of the Republic was to investigate the situation for professional purposes. As a matter of fact, Connolly said he was one of the last men to leave the Republic.

TO SAFEGUARD SHIPS.

Arctic Club Secretary Advocates Longitudinal Bulkheads.

Moved by the wreck of the Republic, Captain B. S. Osbon, secretary of the Arctic Club, expressed yesterday the conviction that longitudinal as well as transverse bulkheads should be required by law in all steamships. This is what he had to say on the subject:

“The sinking of the White Star liner Republic, the narrow escape of nearly a thousand persons from a watery grave and the loss of a valuable ship emphasizes the positive demand that all passenger vessels of every class be fitted with longitudinal bulkheads, in addition to the

transverse bulkheads now in use, and which have served a good purpose, but which are almost always injured seriously in case of collision. In the Republic two of these cross bulkheads were ruptured, and as a consequence her reserve buoyancy was lost, and it was impossible for her to float when the three compartments were flooded.

“Since 1871 I have been a constant advocate of the system of longitudinal bulkheads and have brought the matter up repeatedly to the notice of the Board of United States Steamboat Inspectors, and on May 20, 1907, wrote a long communication to the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who referred the matter to the Supervising Inspector General of Steam Vessels, but nothing was done.

“A year later I wrote to Captain Adolf Marix, U. S. N., chairman of the commission to examine the laws of the United States for the better security of the lives of passengers and crews on board of vessels of the United States, with a view to their revision. Yet so far nothing has been done. The only real security for the traveller by steamers, be they by ocean, lake or river, is the compulsory application of longitudinal bulkheads. It is true that it means an increased cost in construction of the vessels, but it would be insignificant in comparison to cost of lives and property in daily danger from the lack of them. By the adoption of the longitudinal bulkheads the vessel becomes practically unsinkable and safe in event of collision.

“The problem of the non-sinkable vessel is easily solved, and it is a mere matter of application of needed reserve buoyancy to the vessel to keep her afloat, no matter how severe the wounding. It means almost absolute protection to millions of lives and hundreds of millions of property annually. It is the duty of Congress to at once take up this subject and enact laws that will make it compulsory that all ships carrying passengers shall be provided with longitudinal bulkheads that shall render such vessel virtually non-sinkable and safe.

“Had it not been for the wireless telegraph system, with its glorious work, the Republic would have gone to the bottom of the sea with her living cargo of over a thousand souls. Her transverse bulkheads would not have saved them.”

LAST OF THE REPUBLIC

CAPTAIN STUCK TO POST.

He and Second Officer Picked Out of Whirlpool by Rescue Party.

Wood’s Hole, Mass., Jan. 25.—The thrilling scene which marked the closing hours of the White Star Line steamer Republic, after her passengers and most of the crew were on their way to New York, the grim determination of Captain Sealby to go down with his beloved ship, the loyalty of Second Officer Williams in refusing to leave the side of his commander, the death throes of the ocean liner and the miraculous rescue of the two officers were told to-day in crisp, vivid language by the officers of the United States revenue cutter Gresham, which was towing the Republic when she sank.

The officers and crew of the Republic were transferred to the derelict destroyer Seneca and taken to New York, while the Gresham came here. After the Gresham came up with the sinking Republic yesterday, forenoon preparations were made to tow the steamer to the nearest land for beaching, as Captain Sealby thought she could be saved. But the steamer’s bulkheads were unable to stand the pressure, and at 7 o’clock Sunday night Captain Sealby ordered every man off the ship. He himself refused to leave, and the second officer remained by his commander’s side.

An hour later, while the searchlights of the tug Mary F. Scully were playing on the scene, two shots were heard from the bridge of the Republic, two blue lights were burned, and then the bow of the doomed steamer shot up in the air and the great liner sank, stern first. Just before she went down Captain Sealby climbed the mast, while his second officer jumped from the raft. They were rescued by one of the Gresham’s lifeboats, in command of Gunner Johnson.

On the after deck of the Republic as she went down rested two coffins, containing the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, of Langdon, N. D., who were killed in the collision between the Republic and the Italian steamer Florida.

The Republic rests on the bottom of the Atlantic, with thirty-eight fathoms of water over her, at a spot fifteen miles west-southwest of Nantucket South Shoal Lightship, and there she will probably remain forever.

The following is the story of the sinking of the Republic, as told by Lieutenant Philip H. Scott, executive officer of the revenue cutter Gresham:

The following is the story of the sinking of the Republic, as told by Lieutenant Philip H. Scott, executive officer of the revenue cutter Gresham:

The Gresham found the Republic at 10 a. m. Sunday. The passengers and all but two officers and the deck crew had been transferred to the Baltic. Captain Sealby, the second officer of the Republic and thirty-five men, who had volunteered to stay by their chief, in boats were lying alongside the Republic, which had a big list to starboard and was down somewhat by the stern. The Republic at this time was about nine miles southeast of Nantucket Lightship.

A British passenger steamer was standing by, but there was no other boat in sight. Shortly before noon on Sunday Captain Sealby and his second officer, followed by the crew of the Republic, climbed back on board and the Gresham sent a line on board the Republic, which was taken in over the bow. The captain of the Gresham offered to tow the Republic or to stand by and pick up the crew if anything happened. At the same time the British passenger steamer sent two lines aboard over the starboard quarter to assist in steering the Republic. The little fleet started up at 12:30, but the Republic proved unmanageable and could not be steered as the northeast wind continually swung her around.

The captain of the Gresham tried to head northwest, but only did a little better than westerly. At 3 o’clock the derelict destroyer Seneca arrived and took a line ahead of the Gresham.

At this time very little progress was being made and it was reported from the Republic that she was making water fast, especially by the stern. About dark another government boat arrived on the scene, whose identity could not be learned. She proved very useful in turning her searchlights on to the Republic.

At 7 o’clock last night the entire crew of the Republic were ordered by Captain Sealby to abandon the ship, and getting into their lifeboat, easily overtook the Gresham.

The men said that they could not persuade Captain Sealby to leave his vessel, and the second officer of the Republic refused to leave the side of his commanding officer.

At 8 o’clock last night the bow of the Republic, illuminated by the rays of the searchlight, was seen rising fast. Five minutes later two pistol shots were heard and two blue lights were burned. At 8:10 o’clock the Republic’s bow shot up high in the air and she sank in thirty-eight fathoms of water in a position fifteen miles west-southwest of Nantucket South Shoals Lightship.

A lifeboat was dropped from the side of the Gresham and a crew, under command of Gunner Carl Johnson, was sent off. The boat returned in three-quarters of an hour with both the captain and the second officer on board. They had been picked up clinging to some wreckage. Neither had on a life preserver.

When the Republic began to sink Captain Sealby climbed the foremast and reached the masthead light as his boat went down. The second officer jumped from the rail to the sea and said that he fell some distance and sustained slight bruises in striking the surface of the water.

Captain Sealby was unhurt.

The Republic was struck on the port side a little more than two-thirds of the way aft. A large hole was torn in her side which was clearly visible. What sometimes happens in such cases, she had a big list to starboard.

When the Republic's crew, at the command of Captain Sealby, left the steamer he said that he would signal before the final plunge of his ship in order that the towing hawser might be cut and the possibility of the Gresham being drawn under avoided. Those on the Gresham were watching for the signal, and when at length it flashed out, accompanied by two pistol shots, the connecting hawser was severed with an axe. At the same instant …
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… the Gresham's lifeboat was lowered, and Gunner Johanson, with four of the Gresham's men and four from the Republic, pulled swiftly toward the whirlpool made by the sinking liner. Once, as Gunner Johanson was peering into the darkness, a small spar—possibly a flagstaff—shot up and struck him in the face, causing a bad bruise. The boat came by accident upon Second Officer Williams as he was swimming. Although he was hampered by his heavy overcoat, he had managed to keep afloat.

A few moments later, steering toward a faint cry which came out of the darkness, the boat ran up to a floating grating to which Captain Sealby, almost exhausted, was clinging.

The boat's crew then were guided back to the Gresham by signals. As they drew up alongside and those on board the cutter learned that the two officers of the Republic were safe, both American and British sailors tried to outdo each other in cheering, but many of the Republic's men wept as they helped their captain to the deck.

After being furnished with warm and dry clothing Captain Sealby and Second Officer Williams rapidly recovered from their experiences.

SHIP'S OFFICE CLOSES.

Many of Republic's Passengers to Continue Trip on Other Steamers.

Following the suspense and anxiety caused by the Republic disaster, the officials of the White Star Line, after seeing that all of the passengers on the Baltic had been safely landed and everything possible done for their comfort, closed up their office early last evening, and went in search of much-needed rest. All of the officials and office force had been on duty almost continuously from the time the news reached them Saturday morning until yesterday afternoon, and they bore up under the strain with difficulty.

Many of the passengers on the Republic have informed the White Star agents in this city that they will continue their trip on Saturday, either going on the Minneapolis, of the Atlantic Transport Line; the Koenig Albert, of the North German Lloyd Line; the Baltic, of the White Star Line, or the New York, of the American Line.

The Vaderland will leave here to-morrow for Antwerp, and several of the Republic's passengers obtained accommodations at the last minute and will sail on her. The White Star people telegraphed to Boston yesterday and reserved all of the accommodations on their steamer Romanic, which will sail from that port for Naples on Saturday. Many of the Republic's passengers had reserved accommodations at the various hotels by wireless, and representatives from the hotels were at the piers to meet them.

The loss of the Republic, if she proves a total loss, as is now expected, will fall heavily on several marine insurance companies. The ship was valued at more than $1,500,000, and the insurance was carried in several companies, no one company having a policy for more than $500,000. Most of the ships of the White Star Line are insured by the company itself, but the

Republic was one of the exceptions to the rule. No one seems to know exactly the loss from the cargo carried by the Republic, but it will have to be borne by the various companies in which the shippers themselves had insured their goods. As for the luggage, it is probable that the passengers will have to bear their own losses unless it is proven that the officers of the Republic were at fault.

ABSENCE OF PANIC ON THE REPUBLIC

PASSENGERS PRAISE OFFICERS AND CREW.

Brooklyn Woman Goes Overboard During Transfer—Both Fog Horns Sounding, One Says.

Without exception the passengers of the Republic upon their arrival here yesterday called attention to the total absence of panic on that ship following the crash and later during the transfer to the Florida, referring to it as one of the most remarkable circumstances of the disaster and rescue. The behavior of all was spoken of as entirely lacking in any violence or disorder.

The Republic’s passengers praised the crews and the crews praised the passengers. The officers of all the ships playing a part in the accident and dramatic rescue were said to have shown courage and extreme courtesy.

There were those who shrank from recalling the terrors of that time of suspense and unknown danger immediately following the crash. Others talked freely, but with a calm and serious mien which showed the intensity of the suffering in mind and spirit which their narrow escape had caused. They spoke as those who, having looked a fearful form of death squarely in the face would carry with them henceforth the marks of a wonderful though dearly purchased knowledge.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, a writer, who lives at No. 242 Henry street, Brooklyn, was too badly shaken by the double shock of being on the Republic at the time of the collision and afterward falling into the water when she and her sister, Miss Frances Clara Morse, of Worcester, Mass., were being transferred in the lifeboat of the Baltic from the Florida, to talk to any one. She was also suffering from a painful contusion. Their experiences were told by Miss Morse.

“I was wide awake when the thing happened—the hideous thing,” she said, shuddering.

“The fog horns of both vessels were blowing just before the thing occurred. I heard both of them distinctly, as they were entirely different in tone. I am willing to go upon the stand anywhere and testify to the fact that both fog horns were sounding with mechanical regularity.

“We were suddenly thrown into the greatest fright and confusion and inky blackness. There was not a candle to be found in the ship. I blame nobody; I simply state the deplorable fact that when the electric lights were knocked out there were no substitutes forthcoming or possible to secure.

“We could not find our clothes. We did not spend long in hunting for them. And now, neither my sister nor I have a dress, waist, skirt or hat. We were going to spend a month at Cairo, so we took both winter and summer clothes, and all we had. Our jewelry is in the sunken ship, also.

“We hurried into the cabin and then hurried to the upper deck and nearly froze. But there was no whimpering by any one. There was no panic. The gravity was felt, but fears were not cried out. We were told to get our life preservers; we got them, and put them on. And then we waited on that wind swept upper deck with nearly nothing to clothe us—waited, not knowing when we would be rescued, or whether help could reach us before it would be too late.

“We were taken off in a little boat. I was transferred without incident, but just as my sister, Mrs. Earle, was stepping from the lifeboat to the steamer she missed her footing, or the Italian who was helping missed her—anyway, she fell into the water and again my heart almost

stopped.

“It seemed almost too much, that last touch. The man jumped in after her, and when she came up for the second time he seized her by the hair and dragged her to the ladder. Mrs. Earle made no outcry; she was the bravest person I ever saw. After I had nursed her back to the point where she could speak she whispered: ‘Sister, I want you to know that I am not dead.’”

“Yes,” interjected a man, who was a passenger from Liverpool, on the Baltic. “I saw that whole affair. And I want to say something about that Italian, who is, I believe, a subordinate officer on this boat. After he had rescued Mrs. Earle one of the passengers offered three cheers for him, and we gave him a hearty hand. He looked up and smiled, and I said to him that he had lost his hat. I said it in jest. He jumped right in after the hat, got it, and, springing again to his position on the ladder, shouted: ‘You can’t drown a sailor!’ and resumed his duties, wet clothes and all.”

L. S. Phelps, a wealthy ranchman of Zee-Bar-Tee, Wyo., was taking his wife on their first trip abroad.

“When the time came for the men and women to be separated in obedience to the law of ‘women first’ in boarding the lifeboats from the Republic,” he said, “I saw sights that brought tears to my eyes. I had stood the rest of it fairly well. All of us had, as far as that is concerned, although it was a terrible time. But everybody was brave, and although we were staggering about on a slippery deck, half clothed and less and in the dark, the best of order was observed.

“The time came. My wife had to leave me. We didn’t know whether we would ever see each other again. She kissed me, she kissed the boy here, and we saw her go to the lifeboats—didn’t we, boy? She was crying, but she is made of grit. It wasn’t until we joined her on the Florida and she could see us again, that she nearly fell over in a faint.

“The moment of reunion was unmanning to the best of us. The tears were plenty on both sides when it was realized that the strain was over and that we had all been saved, almost by a miracle.”

Dr. M. E. Waldstein, of South Orange, N. J., caused considerable mirth among his fellow passengers on the Baltic by his costume. When it came time to leave the Republic for the Florida he found himself clad in pajamas, a fur overcoat, one tan shoe and one black one. He was wearing the same costume when the Baltic reached her pier.

“It cannot be said that there was a panic at the time of the retransfer,” said Dr. Waldstein; “but conditions were very different from those that had prevailed when we left the Republic. The Italians were far less able to cope with the situation than the men of the Republic had been, and it became necessary, in sending the passengers from the Florida, for the men of the Republic to take an active part in directing matters.

“This time there was no lowering of boats from the davits. We walked down a ladder to the boats. It was a fairly sturdy ladder, but it was evident that there were too many people anxious to be on it at the same time, should such be necessary in getting off with speed. The jam was fearful. It was hard to get one’s breath in the mass of humanity. The Florida was black with people, and there probably were not very many who cared to wait long before getting off.

“Barker stood on one side at the head of the ladder that led down to the small boats and Spencer stood at the other. One Italian drew a knife on Spencer. Spencer was not the man, however, to let that interfere with his sense of duty, and, grasping the hand that held the knife with his left hand, he gave the fellow a stinging blow with his right—a manoeuvre that brought exclamations of admiration from several of us, though, to tell you the truth, we were so crushed that it wasn’t an easy job to get expressions of any kind.”

H. A. Hover, of Spokane, Wash., said:

“Mrs. Hover and I, like most of the Republic’s passengers, were awakened by being violently thrown against the side of our bunks. The shock was terrific. Outside, in the passageway, I could hear the sound of running feet. From above on deck, came shouts and the yelling of orders.

"By the time we got to the music room the place was full of men and women, some with nothing over them but the clothes in which they had been asleep, others wrapped in ship’s blankets and steamer rugs, all more or less frantic with fear and shivering with the cold. The women huddled together, some weeping, a few hysterical.

"Most of the men rushed out on deck to ascertain what the trouble was. There we found the crew of the Republic taking the tarpaulins from the lifeboats and standing by, ready to swing out the davits. There was no sign of any other ship anywhere. The foghorn of the Republic was letting out shrill blasts, but there was no answering whistle.

"Every minute brought more of the passengers on deck and to the music room, and the excitement was growing instead of lessening. A great number had put on life belts, and this sight had anything but a reassuring effect. Finally the second officer informed us that there was no danger of the vessel going under. The majority became composed at hearing this, but some of the women were still beside themselves. In less than half an hour, however, mostly everyone had managed to get clothed, after a fashion, and all were in the music room and dining saloon awaiting developments.

"The announcement that we were to be transferred to the Florida caused more terror than had the shock of the collision, but after a while comparative calm was obtained and the transshipment was begun. I shall never forget the scene. The Florida could barely be made out, standing by, less than a cable length away.

“The sight of the first boats pulling off from the Republic was watched with a lump in the throat of everyone. The boats would stand out under the searchlight, and then fade away into the mist, lost to view. The Florida’s boats had also been put over the side, and it was a sort of contest between the crews of the two ships as to which would behave better and take over the greater number of passengers in the least time. When it came to the turn of Captain Sealby and the officers and men of the Republic to abandon the ship, they refused. It was the thing to do, of course, but nevertheless to see it done gave us all the creeps.”

David S. Cowles, president of W. H. Parsons & Co., paper manufacturers, at No. 111 Broadway, was on the Republic with his wife and daughter. The first thing he said was to compliment the officers and crew of the Republic, as well as of all the ships.

“My stateroom, No. 22,” he said, "was only a few doors away from where the greatest damage was done. There was not so bad a shock as you might imagine. When we scrambled to deck we were unable to see the Florida, but we could hear her whistles, not far away.

"The captain informed us through his megaphone that he was in communication with the Baltic and with Nantucket, by wireless, and promised that help would soon arrive. That was reassuring. It didn’t take us long to see that the Florida was as badly damaged as the Republic.

“I can tell you it was a great sight to see the Baltic when she hove in view. Up to then nobody felt safe. We considered the Republic a goner from the start, and the Florida was not much better off.”

Speaking of her experience, Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, who occupied the room on the Republic between the two occupied by the Mooneys and the Lynches, said:

"I had gone to bed about 9 o’clock, but the continual sounding of the fog signals kept me awake. Suddenly there was a crash and the lights went out. The ceiling dropped in, electric

light wires fell on me and any number of pieces of partition as well.

“I had turned on my side, and when the crash came I instinctively put my hands over my eyes. I felt something strike me and hold me against the back of the partition. Later I found it was a mattress that had been driven in from the next room. I pounded on the wall and heard a steward say, ‘There is a woman in that room.’ I kept on pounding, and shortly they forced a way in to me and carried me out through the cut into the next cabin and then into the alleyway and to the saloon.”
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AT KEY FOR 52 HOURS

VIVID TALE OF WIRELESS.

How Baltic’s Operator Caught News of Republic’s Plight.

“Jack” Tattersall, wireless man on the Baltic, threw a vivid side light on the vast drama which culminated in the sinking of the Republic when he told yesterday the story of the wireless room. He sat at his key for fifty-two hours while the work of rescue was proceeding, and yesterday afternoon he strode up and down the dock with quick, nervous step, “beyond sleep,” as he expressed it. He is a little, slim, red-whiskered Englishman.

“Was I excited?” he said, pacing up and down, watching the passengers disembark. "Yes, but only once, when the first message came from the Republic via Siasconset and I realized it was the ‘C. Q. D.’ I didn’t wait for any steward, but bolted for the bridge with it as fast as I could.

"After that things just happened. I don’t even remember their order. It was just hard work being always on the alert. I was pretty groggy last night, I admit. I was about all in, I fancy. But I got over it and am feeling fit now.

"Five minutes after the Republic was struck her lights went out and the dynamos were out of business. After that Binns, her operator, had to rely on his accumulators. They won’t send a spark much more than sixty miles, not more than eighty miles at the outside; and even at sixty miles they are very faint. The worst of it was having to send and get those Republic messages—matters of life and death, every one of them—while all the time the shore stations were jerking out flashes of desperate power.

"It was all I could do to decipher the faint messages from the Republic. They were just buzzes in my receiver for the first few hours, jammed out, as we say, by the powerful messages from the shore stations dinning and crackling in my ears. It’s an awful nervous strain, striving, always striving, to get the message right when half a dozen gigantic batteries are jerking flashes to you at the same time, drowning each other out, pounding in your ears, making the night swarm with sparks before your eyes. God! that’s what gets on a man’s nerves; that’s what makes you next to insane.

"I hardly knew what to do with the Republic signalling me, faintly, so faintly that I could not make out whether they were saying ‘We are sinking’ or ‘All safe.’ Sometimes I cursed Siasconset and Wood’s Hole. It made me furious that they couldn’t realize they were spoiling my receiving. How could I take those flutters from the Republic’s wires when they were crashing out their sparks powerful enough to travel two hundred miles?

"Listen for our horn and bombs,’ I flashed.

"And we set off bombs and rockets, while our horn boomed monotonously all the time.

"Their flashes grew stronger and stronger, and when I started to send one or two private messages to shore Binns was able to break in on me.

"'Do not send private messages,' he tapped. 'May have important message any minute.'

"So I refused to take private messages any longer. We crept on through the fog, feeling our way. Whenever we were about to send off a bomb or rocket I signalled the Republic. I told them, too, to listen for our submarine bell. Just after I had flashed them that we were setting off our last bomb Binns replied that it had been heard. So we found them."

After the transfer of the Republic's passengers from the Florida to the Baltic, while Tattersall was sitting in his office, a man walked in to him and said: "Hello! You're Tattersall, aren't you? I am 'Jack' Binns, the wireless operator on the Republic. We've had a good deal to say, and we've had some trouble saying it. How are you?" And then the two sat down and discussed the interruptions that had handicapped them.

BOUTELL PRAISES BINNS.

Eulogy of Republic's Wireless Operator Applauded in House.

Washington, Jan. 25. — The House of Representatives to-day listened to a eulogy of John R. Binns, the Marconi operator aboard the Republic. Mr. Boutell, of Illinois, said that throughout the critical period "there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized. Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency and that in human life no danger is so great that some, 'Jack' Binns is not ready to face it?"

Mr. Boutell's remarks were loudly applauded.

PRAISE WIRELESS WORK.

Commandant of Revenue Cutter Service Tells of Its Efficiency.

(From The Tribune Bureau.)

Washington, Jan. 25. — Captain Ross, commandant of the revenue cutter service, received a wireless message from the commander of the derelict destroyer Seneca this afternoon, saying that he had on board fifty members of the crew of the steamer Republic, and would bring them into port.

From the very moment of the disaster the wireless on board the various vessels of the revenue cutter fleet has kept the department in Washington informed of every step in the work of rescue. At no time since the system was installed in the service has its value been so signally demonstrated, and Captain Ross, who was responsible for securing the appropriation from Congress which equipped the cutters with the apparatus, is naturally somewhat elated with the showing.

"The first call for assistance from the Republic," said Captain Ross, "was intercepted by the wireless operator on the revenue cutter Gresham at Provincetown, Mass., 110 miles away. That vessel at once started down the outer shore of Cape Cod, around Nantucket Shoals, and soon reached the Republic, standing by the disable steamship, putting lines aboard, and even starting to tow her to harbor or shoal water.

"The derelict destroyer Seneca, another one of the revenue cutter fleet, was far out at sea, three hundred miles to the southward and westward of the wreck when the message was flashed from the Treasury Department at Washington over the land wires to the coast wireless stations, and by them sent out over the waves of the ocean. The Seneca caught the message, and, coming on at full speed, reached the side of the Republic within twenty hours of the collision, fastened a line to the Republic, and, with her sister ship, the Gresham, participated in the wellnigh hopeless task of towing the liner to shore.

"The Mohawk and the Acushnet, other revenue cutters in the vicinity, were in constant wireless communication with the salvors, and kept the shore wireless stations and the department at Washington informed as to the progress made toward land. When it became apparent that all efforts to get the Republic to safe harbor were in vain, the wireless operator on the Gresham sent out to the world the final words announcing that the Republic had gone down, but that her commander and crew were safe on board the revenue cutter.

“Another example of the value of the wireless apparatus on board the revenue cutters came to our notice a few days ago, when the Seneca and the Onondaga were enabled on the same day to find two lumber laden derelicts and tow them safely to port. While removing menaces to navigation they were thus enabled to restore the abandoned vessels to their owners — a feat they could not have accomplished before the invention of the wireless communication.”

“C. Q. D.” TAKES PRECEDENCE.

Though all the wireless messages were crossing one another when the Republic was first hit by the Florida and for twenty-four hours afterward, there was no confusion at the wireless stations, ashore or afloat. When the message “C. Q. D.” is sent out and received every operator ceases any business that may engage him at that time. The powerful shore stations are supposed to reply at once. If they do not respond for any reason, then the operator on a first class station on a ship is supposed to answer. The operator who answers the signal first is permitted to complete his message before any other operator cuts in on him.

FROM BRIDGES OF BALTIC AND FLORIDA

CAPTAINS RANSON AND RUSPINI TELL OF WORK OF RESCUE AND THE FATAL CRASH.

Captain J. B. Ranson of the Baltic described the work of his ship as follows:

"We got notice at 6 o’clock on Saturday morning that the Republic had been in collision and assistance was wanted, and we turned and went back and began to search. This search began at 11 o’clock and continued till 8 p.m.

"She was found finally by the Marconi. The first thing we did was to take off the Republic’s crew, as she seemed to be in a sinking condition. Then we went alongside the Florida and began to transfer passengers.

"First we transferred the Republic’s passengers and then transferred the Florida’s, using the crews of all three ships. We used only the Republic’s boats. We have seven or eight of the Republic’s boats on board the Baltic now. The transfer was made from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m.

"All this time we were transferring passengers. The weather was threatening and very misty, but there were no accidents. For the number you will have to see the purser, but the total was about 1,650. We left the captain of the Republic, its chief officer, the boatswain, the chief steward and a boat crew on board the Republic.

"All the passengers behaved splendidly. Only one person fell into the water, and she was an Italian woman. She fell like a bag of potatoes. Lifebuoys dropped all around and on her.

"After we had finished with the passengers we returned and went back to the Republic, finding her all right at that time. The officers and the steward all went back on the Republic.

"We could not find the Republic for many hours, but there was an American whaleback steamer named the City of Everett and her conduct was grand. She stayed by the Republic all night, and she blew for us until we found her. After we had sent back the officers and crew to the Republic the Furnessia came up.

"This is how the Republic finally got to her. She used our whistle and steered us by the Marconi. As fast as our Marconi operator got a message he rushed with it to me. I have all the copies. For instance, some of them read: 'You are now on our port bow. Can you see us?' Republic: Another message reads: 'You are now very close. Can you see our rockets?' Republic: Another: 'You are too close to us for safety. Republic.'

"The first message of all that we received Saturday morning told us that the Republic was in a dangerous position in latitude 40, longitude 70.

"We went there and she was not there. Then we had to grope, and we went to 40:27 and 69:50. We scouted; we were interfered with by the wireless of other ships, which complicated the situation.

"On Saturday evening the fog lightened somewhat, fortunately. Then it became intermittent. It became thick again Sunday morning and made it very difficult for us.

"Then came messages giving us different steering directions, and in between we caught flashes of other messages. There was one I received that made me very anxious. It read: 'Siasconsett says hear from Republic, says to Baltic to hurry. Sinking fast.'

"I think I received this about 6 p.m. Saturday, just before we found her. Then I got alongside of the Republic. I asked Captain Sealby to come aboard of my ship, but he would not leave. I tried to get him to come, but he stayed by until the last."

Captain Ruspini of the Florida told of the crash as follows:

"We were blowing our whistle constantly. I heard blasts in the fog from another steamship, but they were not so frequent, and this made it hard. Finally, the Republic loomed up before us and we rammed her. We drew back, rebounded, and then cruised around in the fog for two hours. Then we saw a small boat, with an officer of the Republic, who asked us to aid his vessel."
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CHEERING CROWD HAILS REPUBLIC HEROES; CARRIES THEM OFF SHIP AND HOLDS PARADE

Capt. Sealby and Wireless Operator Binns Raised on Shoulders of Admirers at Pier — Another Ovation in Bowling Green at Company's Offices.

CAPTAIN TELLS HIS STORY OF HOW HE FACED DEATH

Williams, His Second Officer, Recounts How He and the Captain Alone on the Ship Ate Plum Cake and Marmalade — Lynch, Whose Wife Was Killed, Dies in Hospital — Florida's Men Search for Bodies.

The men who stood by the sinking Republic and coolly transferred her hundreds of passengers after she had been rammed by the Florida in the bleak fog off Nantucket on Saturday morning, and who climbed from deck to cabin and then to the masts, fell into the arms of hero worshippers when they landed in New York today. Capt. Sealby, who nearly went down with his ship, was carried on the shoulders of hysterical seamen when he started from the revenue cutter Manhattan at the White Star Line pier; Jack Binns, the wireless operator, who had stuck to his post, sending broadcast over the seas calls for help while the water crept upon him, was carried aloft too. Dick Williams, the second officer, who would not leave the sinking vessel even when Capt. Sealby told him he could, was another hero, and Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, who had stood by and taken on board the passengers and crew, got his share of the applause.

Men and women, who rode down on the Ninth avenue elevated with the four men on their way to the offices of the company at 11 Broadway, got up from their seats to shake hands, and before they had reached the Battery Place station they were surrounded by scores of admirers. Their walk to the company's offices around by Bowling Green was a triumphal march. Sealby received an ovation

by the hundreds of employees of the company, who lifted him to a table and demanded a speech.

In the meantime the sailors of the Florida, that steamed battered and half-sunken into her dock at Forty-second street, Brooklyn, last night, were breaking away the debris at her prow to find the bodies of two of the three seamen who were killed on her. They had been buried in the wreckage. Part of the body of one was found, and the search continued for the other.

And the friends of Eugene Lynch, the husband of Mrs. Lynch, whose body is at the bottom of the Atlantic with the wreck of the White Star liner, were at the Long Island College Hospital, preparing to take home his body. For his injuries and the shock had been too much for him. He died a short time after he had been admitted to the hospital.

Capt. Sealby, Binns, Williams, and twenty-eight of the crew, who had stayed on the wreck till the last, had been all night on the Seneca, the derelict destroyer, off Tompkinsville. She had anchored there last night after returning from the scene of the wreck. So worn and exhausted were the men that no one was let aboard to see them. When it became known at the White Star pier among the seamen of the various other vessels of the company that the revenue cutter Manhattan would bring them up hundreds gathered to welcome them.

THE SCENE ON THE PIER.

When the Manhattan reached the pier at 9:30 o’clock the commander of the sunken vessel stepped to the gangplank. But there was a rush of a score of men. Eight of them lifted him high over their heads and rushed down the plank. He spread out his arms about the necks of two, while eager men held his legs, his arms, and his feet, and marched, while hundreds more yelled themselves hoarse. Then those who had brought steamship trumpets began to toot, and they blew and blew till Sealby was almost overcome by the ovation.

Binns had started to leave the cutter right behind him, and those who had failed to get hold of Sealby caught up the wireless operator and carried him as part of the procession. It went on up the pier far out into West street and then turned about and the two heroes were carried to the offices of the company on the pier. Williams and the others of the forty men were surrounded by scores more and were caught in a jam of men who wanted to shake their hands.

Not until the excitement had died down a little did the captain, Binns, Williams and Capt. Ranson of the Baltic start for the main offices of the company at Bowling Green. Hardly had they been seated on the elevated before passengers who saw Binns, Ranson, and Williams in their uniforms, recognized them. They had to stand up and shake hands all the way down. It was one continuous ovation.

The four men went to see the general officers of the company to prepare a statement which was promised. Capt. Sealby had told his story of the experiences since the vessel sank, but he had refused to tell about the collision. As the officials of the company began to prepare a complete statement. Lawyers for the Italian line, Wallace, Butler & Brown, at 54 Wall street, were also busy preparing a statement of their side of the case.

CAPT. SEALBY’S STORY.

Sealby before he left the Seneca talked about the going down of the steamship. He would not talk of the collision itself, but gave a graphic story of the happenings from about 8 o’clock Sunday night, at which time the Republic was found sinking, and only he and Second Officer Williams were on the bridge.**

"There was a rumbling and a cracking at the after end of the boat. The stern was sinking very rapidly and the sea was pretty bad.

"Then I said to Williams, ‘Well, what do you think about it, Williams?’ and Williams answered, ‘I don’t think it will be a long race. Let us sprint for it. When you are ready, let her go,

sir.’

"I looked aft again and saw how fast she was going, and I said to Williams, ‘Burn the blue lights.’ Then I fired my revolver five times to let the boats around me know that we were going off. Then I said to Williams, ‘Let us take to the forward rigging,’ and we ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, burning our blue lights as we went and carrying an ordinary white lantern.

"When we got to the saloon deck the water was coming in a little aft of where we were. As we ran forward the stern of the ship was sinking so rapidly and the incline was so steep that when we got to the fore rigging we began to slip back and could hardly keep on the deck. The last I saw of Williams he had caught the rail and was hanging over the side. I took to the rigging and went up as high as the headlight, a distance of about 100 feet. I rested there while I took out a blue light. It was wet and wouldn’t go off. Then I fired the last shot in my revolver. Then the water caught up to me, went under my great coat, and I floated.

IN THE WHIRLPOOL.

"The revolver and the binocular held my coat down, acting as a sort of ballast. At this time the water was a roaring, seething mass all about me. I was caught in a whirlpool. For some time I was churned about until I came to the surface. I tried to pull my coat off but could not. There was considerable debris about me, and I managed to catch hold of some broken spars. Then I caught a large hatch covering and I pulled myself on it and lay on it spread-eagle fashion. The searchlight had been playing on the ship and was now playing on the spot where she went down. It seemed an interminable time, and they did not see me. I managed to reload my revolver and fired to attract their attention. The bullets had been greased, and that kept the powder dry. I was getting very weak and cold and numb. I just lay on the hatch and saved my strength till the last, shouting at intervals. Then, when the light played on me, I waved a towel I had found floating, and shortly afterward saw a boat coming toward me, and I was picked up and taken on board of the revenue cutter Gresham.

“I found Williams in that lifeboat. He had been picked up before I was. I thought I had seen the last of him.”

According to Capt. Sealby very little was saved. The log book was lost, but he said he understood the purser carried some papers ashore with him.

PRAISES REVENUE MEN.

“There is one matter I want to speak about,” he continued. “It is more important than anything else. Whatever you print, see that the public knows this: I want to speak in the highest terms of the United States revenue cutter service, the Gresham, with Capt. Perry, and the Seneca with Capt. Reynolds. The work of these boats has proved beyond a doubt the necessity for such service they provide.”

Of the Marconi operator Binns, who was sitting in the cabin of the Manhattan as the boat came up the river to the White Star dock, Capt. Sealby said:

“During the whole of our operations on board the wireless was most invaluable. It was with such operators as Mr. Binns, who stuck to his post to the last, despite the fact that half of the Marconi house was carried away, that we were able to maintain our communication with the various steamers.”

The captain also spoke highly of his men, to whose valor he attributed the success with which the passengers were got off both the Republic and the Florida. “I never had a doubt of one man,” he declared; “my confidence that they would all do their duty was absolute and unshakable.” He also uttered his praise of the passengers.

“There was no confusion,” he went on.

“The women behaved themselves remarkably well, and to the men passengers great credit is due for the valuable assistance rendered me in so safely conducting the women and children from under the bridge to the boat. They could not have gone out of a theatre in a more orderly manner.”

Several women who were aboard the Republic at the time of the disaster congratulated the captain, and one woman in particular tried to put her arms around his neck. The captain bashfully avoided her, however.

“Captain, you did splendidly,” she exclaimed.

“And so did every one of you,” replied Sealby.

Second Officer Williams, who was with the captain until the last, was a happy person after he had had his breakfast on the Seneca, which had brought the captain and officers and crew to this port late last night. About 9 o’clock every one was transferred to the revenue cutter Manhattan, Capt. Bradley. Jr.

PLUM CAKE AND MARMALADE.

Williams is witty, and kept every one in good humor. He spoke of the loss of his great coat and said: “I’m sorry I threw it off when I struck the water. I need it now.” When the captain told him to tell his story exclusive of the collision itself, he said to the captain:

“Shall I tell ’em about the plum cake and marmalade, sir?”

Then he told his story from the time the captain saw him hanging to the rail:

"As I hung there I felt the stern of the boat hit the bottom of the ocean. I knew it had hit bottom by the stability of it. But I hung on. The stern was raised up out of the water. I was forty feet in the air. Suddenly I felt her break in the centre, and I let go my hold and dropped into the water. When I came up I pulled my big coat off and threw it away. My hat fell off some time or other. I don’t know exactly. When I came up I backed water to get away from the ship. There was a little suction, but not much. The roar of the water as it filled the ship was terrific. How did it sound? Well, like Niagara Falls at a distance.

"I swam until I was about twenty feet away. I could see her going lower and lower, her keel high out of the water. Then she went faster and away. How long did it take her to sink after I dropped? Well, I should judge about two minutes. The captain and myself left the bridge at 8 o’clock. She had 8 feet of water by 8:07 and at 8:09 she sank out of sight.

WATERS CHURNED WHITE.

"All around me the water was white, being churned about by the sinking of the vessel. Again I swam and a hatch grating struck me. I got hold of it. I tried every way to get on it but the waves would capsize me every time. About five minutes later I saw another hatch and I got that and held on to the two with my arms, one on each side of me. I could see the three steamers and they seemed an awful distance away.

"I held on, and was picked up by one of the Gresham’s boats. I had heard the captain fire his revolver—three shots. His position was to the stern of me. Then the lifeboat went after the captain and pulled him into the boat. He didn’t know I had been saved. He thought I went down with the ship. After a little while I pulled his coat sleeve. He looked around, and when he saw me he stood up in the boat, threw his arms around me, and said: …
~ 085 ~

… “Thank God, Williams. Came to the last.”

Williams said he and the captain had been in the water about twenty minutes, he figured.

“What about the plum cake?”

“Oh, I forgot that,” he said laughingly. “You see everybody but the captain and myself had left the boat at 2 o’clock in the afternoon. About 6 o’clock I found my way below and carried up about sixteen biscuits, some marmalade, and a big hunk of plum cake. On this we had our dinner on the bridge. I also found some blankets and took them to the bridge, because we wanted to have things comfortable if she stood up all night. But that was fine plum cake.”

BOWLING GREEN CHEERS ’EM.

Several thousand enthusiastic New Yorkers gathered in front of the Bowling Green Building, where the White Star offices are situated, and gave cheer after cheer for Sealby, Binns, Third Officer Stubbs, Dr. Marsh, and the purser of the wrecked steamer as they entered the building this afternoon. Somehow the news had spread that Sealby and his men would go to the office of the line to make their report, and an hour before their arrival the sidewalk was crowded with expectant men and women and others gathered on the opposite sidewalk. Many got into the corridors of the building and held positions there. The windows of all the buildings in the vicinity were alive with handkerchief waving men and women.

On nearing the building the captain and his little band walked close together and evidently intended to get into the offices without a demonstration. But some one in the crowd recognized the captain and Binns and shouted: “Three cheers and a tiger for Capt. Sealby and Jack Binns!”

The assembly was responsive and took up the shout, ripping out three tremendous cheers, and some who had been late in taking up the greeting continued with three more. It seemed that every one in the crowd was determined to shake hands with the members of the plucky little band and closed in about the group. Sealby shook the hands extended to him, as did the others, but he steadily made his way through to the door, shouldering a pathway for himself and the men who followed him.

FLAGS DIPPED IN SALUTE.

The Stars and Stripes and the White Star Line flag were suspended over the doorway, and as the captain and the others passed under the flags were dipped in salute. In the office on the first floor the employees of the company were lined up and they let out three cheers and a tiger. After this greeting was roared forth they caught Sealby up bodily and, placing him on a table, shouted, “Speech! Speech!”

Trying to dodge this demand the captain shook his head in the negative, but the cries for a speech continued so long that he was compelled to give in. What he said was as modest as it was short: “I am glad to see you all again,” he said, with a break in his voice. “I am glad we are all here safe.” With that he scrambled from the table and there was another cheer.

Among those in the office were about a dozen of the passengers of the Republic, and many of them wept as they waved handkerchiefs and cheered. Among the passengers were Mr. Baskerville, Dr. M. E. Waldstein, Dr. R. B. Beeson, F. D. Bennett, Samuel Doughty, Robert Friedreichsen, Miss Jackson, J. E. Lilly, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Major John and Mrs. Espey and Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bourgo’s and baby. Their baby is an infant in arms and the only child in the first-class cabin of the wrecked steamer.

LYNCH DEAD IN HOSPITAL.

Eugene Lynch of Roxbury, Boston, whose wife was killed when the Florida rammed the Republic, died early to-day at the Long Island College Hospital from the injuries and shock he had received in the wreck. He had been brought in on the Florida, being too dangerously injured to

be removed with the other passengers to the Baltic, and just as soon as the Italian boat arrived in New York the injured man was hurried to the hospital. Many Boston friends who had seen him and his wife start on their trip to the Mediterranean and had remained in town were at the hospital when he died. They took charge of the body and will forward it to Roxbury for burial.

The body of Mrs. Lynch probably will never be recovered. In its casket it went down with the wreck of the Republic when that vessel sank Sunday evening just after 8 o'clock.

In the crash of the collision, when the Florida's steel bow tore its way into the staterooms of the Republic, Mr. Lynch was terribly injured. His leg and thigh were broken, he was internally injured, and bruised about the head. It was with great difficulty that he was removed from the Republic to the Florida, and when it became necessary to again transfer the passengers from the Florida to the Baltic he expressed a wish to be allowed to stay on the Florida, saying: "If I am to die, let me die here." His condition was then regarded as extremely serious, and the Rev. Father Morris of Trenton, one of the passengers of the Republic, administered the last rites to Mr. Lynch before leaving the Florida. The Italian ship's doctor on board the Florida gave the injured Bostonian constant attention on the way from Nantucket to New York, and the fact that Mrs. Lynch was killed in the collision was concealed from him.

Mr. Lynch was suffering greatly when he was transferred from the Florida to the hospital, but displayed great fortitude, and as he was carried from the ship's side requested that all those on the ship should receive some gift as a remembrance from him. Several of his friends from Boston were present and saw to it that he had every possible care.

Capt. Sealby and Binns, were kept in seclusion last evening. The derelict destroyer anchored off Tompkinsville last night and her commander decided that no one should be permitted to see Sealby or Binns. Both of them were so exhausted from their hard work that they were in no condition to talk to anyone. They needed rest above everything else.

Capt. Sealby's long vigil on his vessel—he had stuck to her from the time she was rammed till she went down, which was more than thirty-six hours—had worn him out. Binns had remained at his keys, working in the dark. Part of his office on the Republic had been carried away, and the wreckage had penned him in so that he had to work in a very narrow space. From the time the vessel was rammed until twelve hours later, when the Baltic reached the scene, he had remained at his office, sending and receiving messages.

THE PLIGHT OF BINNS.

It was impossible for him to get anything to eat for a time. No one would bring anything to him, because of the great excitement and fear on the liner. In fact, the kitchen of the liner was partly submerged, and it was impossible to reach it from his office except to go through the water. On one occasion Binns swam to the kitchen, and there found some almonds and some biscuits, which he ate. Then he had to swim back to his office, where he continued to receive and send messages broadcast over the ocean.

Binns looked worse than any of those brought here to-day on the revenue cutter Seneca. He was pale and washed out alike. He had no story to tell about his work, he said, coming up to Manhattan. But his looks told a tale of great suffering. He is not a seaman by any means, and the rigors of that life, the shipwreck, the being put in open boats and the like seem to have told on him. His face crimsoned, and there was a happy smile on it when he was picked up by the White Star seamen and carried, like Capt. Sealby, along the dock amid the cheering crowds. He reported to the Marconi Wireless office in this city, saying that later he would tell his tale of the call of the wireless, and the answers.

Binns admitted, however, that this was not his first experience amid trying conditions as a wireless operator. He had been at a wireless key in Jamaica during the Kingston earthquake, he said, and altogether had seen considerable of the world for a man of twenty-five years. As for

the credit for what was done on the Republic he said every bit of it was Capt. Sealby's due. His own part had been a small one, Binns declared.

Steward James C. Douglas of the Republic approached the group as Binns was talking.

"There's the man who saved my life," said Binns. "Last night was the first he had slept since the collision. He was with me all the time. He carried my messages back and forth for me, and kept me supplied with food. He didn't desert me once, and if it hadn't been for him I'd have had a hard time of it."

Binns is an Englishman, Peterborough, England, being his birthplace. He declared that he had given out no earlier statement, and didn't know what all the clamor to get one from him meant, anyway. When told about the mention of his name in Congress he seemed pleased.

"I know quite a number of those gentlemen," he said, "and some of them are very good friends of mine."

Disputes and contradictions follow fast on the wreck. With the hotels of New York full of the survivors, who went about in motley clothing waiting to hear from friends and relatives in order to get money to return home, James B. Connolly has prepared for a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria to have some of the survivors back up his assertions that members of the crew of the Republic acted in a cowardly manner when the trouble came.

100 BABIES TOSSED SAFELY TO THE BALTIC BY SAILORS

Preacher Who Was a Passenger Describes the Thrilling Scene.

(Special to The Globe.)

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 26. — Additional light on the heroism displayed on all sides following the wreck of the White Star liner Republic were furnished today by the Rev. Robert Johnson of Edinburgh, who has arrived in this city to take the pulpit of the Episcopal Church of the Saviour.

Dr. Johnson, who was a passenger on the Baltic, says that one of the most striking incidents witnessed by him was the transfer, among other passengers of nearly one hundred infants from the Florida to the Baltic. A heavy sea was running and it was necessary for the sailors in the boats to throw the babies into the arms of sailors on the gangways of the rescuing liner. This thrilling game of catch and toss continued until all of the little ones had been transferred. Not a "miss" was made.

Dr. Johnson is inclined to discredit the construction placed by some of the crew of the Republic on the action of James B. Connolly, the President's friend and nautical writer. It is the opinion of Dr. Johnson that Connolly's newspaper instinct asserted itself, and that charges of cowardice may have arisen from confusing his case with that of another man, either a passenger on the Republic or the Florida, who was said to have offered the officers and crew almost fabulous sums to transfer him to the Baltic.

"I did not see any of the scenes described by the Republic's men," said Dr. Johnson. "But from what I learned I am of the opinion that Connolly's newspaper instinct may have led him to try to reach the Baltic with all speed so that he could file a story by wireless.

"The other man, I was told, declared his life was worth the lives of any three of the Italian women who were being transferred by the boats, and he made a scene which disgusted everybody. Absolutely no attention was paid to his proffer of bribes."

WILL CONTINUE TRIPS ABROAD

Sixty Per Cent. of Republic’s Passengers Undismayed by Loss of the Ship.

About 60 per cent. of the 461 passengers of the ill-fated Republic have not been discouraged by their experience in the wreck, according to David Lindsay, general passenger agent of the White Star Line. Already these are making arrangements to continue their trip abroad. The remainder have been frightened off, and will stay at home. Their passage money, said the general passenger agent, will be returned to them.

The first of the survivors will sail tomorrow on the Vaderland of the Red Star Line. They will go on to Antwerp, and from there they may go on down to the Mediterranean, where they had hoped to go on the Republic. More of them will sail on Saturday on the Baltic for Liverpool, while others will go on the Romanic, which will take them to the Mediterranean and to many of the cities which were to have been covered in the cruise of the Republic.

At the present time, said Mr. Lindsay, the White Star Line is maintaining the passengers who are at New York hotels, and it will continue to care for them till they go aboard some vessel to continue their trip or go back home. Those who will give up their trip will have their passage money returned to them, but they will get nothing for their clothing and valuables which went down in the wreck. The White Star Line is not legally responsible, shipping men declare, for the losses, they being due to “an act of God.”

Though the officials of the White Star do not admit that Capt. Sealby is responsible in any way for the collision, he must be tried for it, and in the meantime his license is suspended. He will go on to Liverpool to be tried before the British Board of Trade, and it is, of course, expected that he will be cleared of all responsibility there.

The lawyers for both the White Star Line and the Italian Line have become active in the case. Wallace, Butler & Brown, counsel for the Italian Line, had begun an investigation last night to obtain facts on which they might base a statement in behalf of their company, while the lawyers of the White Star began the preparation of another statement explaining the facts from their point of view.

A meeting of a committee of five of the survivors was held at the Waldorf-Astoria. One of the members of the committee, James B. Connolly, writer of nautical tales, did not appear. The committee was appointed on the trip on the Baltic to this city because some of the passengers seemed to have minor complaints against the White Star Line officials because of the handling of the boats and other things. The committee decided, however, that the White Star Line men had acted magnificently, and will leave everything to the line officials. William P. Devereaux of Minneapolis was chairman of the meeting.

SAILORS OF THE REPUBLIC IN NEED OF CLOTHING

More than 100 sailors of the sunken steamship Republic, who lost their clothing and other effects as a result of the disaster, are quartered to-day at the Seamen’s Institute, 507 West street, where they were placed by the White Star Company. They will be well cared for in the matter of food and shelter, but they will be without even a change of underwear till they reach the other side—unless the plans of the American Seamen’s Friend Society are successful.

The managers of this society have undertaken to provide the men with clothing and shoes, and request all who are willing to help in the good work to send checks or clothing to the headquarters of the society, 76 Wall street.

JACK R. BINNS, WIRELESS OPERATOR, WHO PROVED HIMSELF A HERO ON THE REPUBLIC

“Jack” Binns, the Marconi operator who sat in his half-broken room on the Republic and flashed out the cry for help, the “C. Q. D.” wireless call for assistance, looked worse than any of those brought here to-day on the wreck destroyer Seneca. He was pale and washed out like. He had no story to tell about his work, he said, coming up to Manhattan. But his looks told a tale

of great suffering. He is not a seaman by any means, and the rigors of that life, the shipwreck, the being put in open boats and the like seem to have told on him. His face crimsoned and there was a happy smile on it when he was picked up by the White Star seamen and carried, like Capt. Sealby, along the dock amid the cheering crowds. He reported to the Marconi Wireless office in this city, saying that later he might tell his tale of the call of the wireless, and the answers.

THE NEED OF THE WIRELESS.

The Republic and the Florida for an appreciable time tooted to each other through the fogbank, and yet did not avoid collision. The foghorn does not give adequate warning when two vessels are in dangerous proximity. The sound seems to come from all ways at once, and with no help from the eye to correct the ear approaching courses may be steered when there is frantic desire to separate.

But if there was warning of another vessel when several miles distant, and time and machinery for mutually transmitting intelligence as to course, location, speed, etc., it would be almost impossible for the two vessels to come together. The rescue of the passengers from the Republic is properly hailed as a great victory for the wireless. But, the collision itself, whatever other causes may have contributed, was primarily due to the fact that one of the vessels was not equipped with the wireless and, thus muffled, was able to approach within the danger zone. It is hardly necessary to enlarge on the point that the accident emphasizes the need of compelling every vessel to have either the wireless telegraph or the wireless telephone.

The United States has few ships on the sea bearing her flag, and it may be urged that we must leave it to the countries with large merchant marines to adopt legislation forcing the adoption of precautions. Yet it is our business and our interest to see that something is done for our people on the greatest travelers. The power of congress over vessels entering our ports in some respects is plenary. If congress should enact a law declaring that no vessel without wireless equipment could enter our harbors it would not be necessary to wait until the merchant marine nations drew up regulations. On the same principle that the carrying of lights can be ordered by domestic law, so can the carrying of other signaling apparatus be ordered.
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CAPT. SEALBY’S DRAMATIC STORY

Capt. Wm. A. Sealby, the commander of the sunken White Star liner Republic, to-day, aboard the derelict destroyer Seneca, told the story of his long vigil on his sinking steamship and his rescue from the waters that swallowed up his ship.

The captain told of their standing by the derelict too long and then making a dash for the forward rigging up the almost vertical deck. Sealby got to the rigging, but his mate was swept over to the rail. The waters seemed to follow the captain as he climbed, and he was soon afloat, buoyed up by his spreading overcoat, till he climbed aboard a floating hatch and waited anxiously for the Gresham’s men to locate him with the searchlight.

Williams Saved from the Suction.

Second Officer R. J. Williams, R. N., took up the story at the point where he and the captain were separated in their desperate run for the rigging.

He worked his way up as the water engulfed the ship and felt the hull ground and part. Then he let go and fell forty feet into the water, and struck out to get away from the suction of the sinking craft.

This he managed to do, and was floating between two hatches when a Gresham crew picked him up.

The Seneca had taken aboard the captain and forty-two of his officers and crew and anchored off

Tompkinsville last night. To-day the Republic’s men were transferred to the Baltic at her pier.

Sealby’s License Suspended.

Technically, Capt. Sealby is under suspension, his certificate as master being taken away from him pending investigation of the disaster, as a matter of form, though not a shadow of blame attaches to him in the opinion of marine men.

The captain will remain here for several days, perhaps a week, and then will proceed to Liverpool, where he will be cited to appear before the Board of Trade for examination as to the cause of the sinking of the Republic.

If, as a result of the examination, the Board of Trade exonerates the captain from responsibility for the collision, his license will at once be restored, but should they find him to blame the revocation will stand.

The White Star line officials here were confident today that the Republic’s commander will be held blameless.

Conference at White Star Office.

Capt. Sealby and the officers of the Republic had a three-hour conference with Vice-Presidents Lee and Franklin and General Passenger Agent Thomas, of the International Mercantile Marine.

Capt. Sealby had a chart of the waters where the accident occurred and went over the incidents carefully. It was announced that no official statement would be given out by the company until tomorrow.

When Capt. Sealby left the conference he said he was not yet free to make a statement as to the actual causes of the collision.

Captain’s Desperate Race for Life on Sinking Ship

Capt. William A. Sealby, coming up to the White Star pier to-day, told the dramatic story of his daring attempt to stay by the Republic, of his race for life along the deck of the sinking ship, and of his rescue from a floating hatch.

The captain looked drawn and haggard. He is about thirty-eight years old, of ordinary height, of slight build, and unusually pale for one who follows the sea.

He wore borrowed light trousers that contrasted with the rest of the uniform which he wore when taken from the water.

Capt. Sealby said:

"We were on the bridge waiting for the time when our ship would disappear. By we, I mean Williams, the second officer, and myself. All the others had gone away at between 2 and 3 o’clock, and we were alone. Towards 8 o’clock the vessel began to rumble and break at the after end. The stern commenced to go down very rapidly. Then I turned to Williams and I said:

"‘Well, what do you think about it, Williams?’

"The answer was:

"‘Captain, I don’t think it will be a long race. Let us make a sprint for it.’

Signaled for Help.

"Williams is a bit of a sporting cuss, and instinctively he had reference to making a good finish. So I said to him, ‘When you are ready, let her go,’ meaning for him to ignite the blue light, which was an arranged signal for the lifeboats of the revenue cutter Gresham to come to our aid.

"With a blue light in one hand raised above my head, I drew my revolver from my pocket and fired five of the six charges that were in it.

"This, too, was a prearranged signal, because the fog was still bad. I had scarcely finished firing when we noticed that the ship was going down faster than we supposed, so Williams shouted to me, ‘Let us make for the forward rigging.’

Ran for the Rigging.

"We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, carrying the blue lights above our heads as we ran. I also had in one of my hands a lantern such as car conductors use to show us the way along the deck.

"When we got to the saloon deck the water was coming in the after end, rushing and roaring like a whirlpool. As we ran forward the stern of the ship was shaking so rapidly that the incline of the deck was so steep that when we got to the forecastle head we began to slip back along the deck, unable to keep our footing.

"The last thing I saw of Williams aboard the Republic was when he had hold of the rail, hanging on to the port side.

Climbed the Mast.

"I took to the rigging and went up as far as the masthead light, which was about 100 feet from the deck. I rested at the masthead light for a second, while I took out another blue light from an inner pocket. It was wet and would not go off. Then I fired what I supposed was my last shot.

"The water at this time had caught up to me, but the air got under my overcoat and formed a sort of life preserver. You see, I had a pair of binoculars in one of my overcoat pockets and a revolver and some cartridges on the other side. These acted as a sort of ballast to the overcoat, which made a perfect life preserver.

Found by the Searchlight.

"By this time there was a roaring, seething mass of water all about me. I was caught in the whirlpool and for some little time was churned around. I was dragged down a considerable distance, but finally came to the surface and tried to pull my overcoat off. It was water soaked, however, and I could not budge it.

"There were considerable debris floating around me, but I managed to get hold of some broken spars. Finally I took hold of a large hatch and pulled myself on it. I was so exhausted, however, that I could not draw myself up right upon it, so I lay on it spread-eagle fashion.

"The searchlights were playing on the ship as she was going down, and after being in the water some considerable time the two revenue cutters and a tug, which I think was the Scully, concentrated their lights on the spot where our vessel had gone down.

Rescued from Floating Hatch.

"It seemed an interminable time that I lay there on the hatch and they did not see me. I had some grease-covered cartridges in my pockets, and I managed, after a great effort, to load my revolver again and I fired to attract attention. I was getting very weak and numb from the

cold. I just lay on the hatch and saved my strength for what I thought would be the last. Every now and then I shouted in the direction of where the lights were playing on the water.

"I had found a towel floating on the water, so I picked it up and waved it in the air. It was this piece of white that first attracted the attention of the Gresham's people. Shortly afterward I saw a boat coming toward me. They picked me up and took me aboard of the Gresham. The lifeboat was in charge of Gunner Johnansen, who handled it in a very able and seamanship manner. When I got in the boat I found Williams there. I was overjoyed, because I feared that he was gone.

Praises Revenue Cutter Service.

"We did not save the logbook of the ship or any of the nautical instruments, but I understand that Purser Barker saved some papers. What they are I do not know. I wish to speak in the highest terms for the United States revenue service. The Gresham, under Capt. Perry, and the Seneca, under Capt. Reynolds, have proved beyond any doubt, in this instance, the necessity for such a service as the Seneca provides. She is ready at a moment's notice.

"Before we abandoned the Republic I left and pierced, to float away with the ship, a Holmes distress signal, which I have since been told ignited properly with the action of the water and floated on the surface and was seen by the boat's crew who rescued us.

Can't Say Too Much for Binns.

"I cannot say too much in behalf of the work of Mr. Binns, the wireless operator. During the whole of our operations on board the wireless was more or less invaluable, and it is to such operators as Mr. Binns, who stuck to his post to the last, in spite of the fact that half of the operating room had been carried away, that we were able to maintain our communications with the various steamers.

Praises Crew and Passengers.

"I attribute the successful handling and transferring of passengers from the ship to that splendid cohesion which existed from the start to the finish between my officers and crew. At no time had I any doubt in any man. My confidence was absolute and unshaken. To that I attribute what may have been done.

"During the time which elapsed between the collision and the time of the passengers leaving the ship there was no confusion whatever. The women behaved remarkably well, and to the men passengers great praise is due for the valuable assistance they rendered me in safely conducting the women and children from under the bridge to the lifeboats. They could not have gone out of a theatre in a more orderly manner.

The Crew of the Republic.

The Seneca brought in these officers and members of the crew of the Republic:

Capt. William A. Sealby, Chief Officer J. Cowland, First Officer J. Fellows, Second Officer R. Williams, Third Officer S. E. Stidds, Fourth Officer J. M. Morrow, Chief Steward J. Stabyer, Boatswain C. Barrow, Boatswain's Mate A. Smith, Carpenter A. Evans, Storekeeper W. Nohlan, Trimmer C. Buttons, Saloon Deck Room E. Williams, Quartermaster T. Crowley. Members of the crew, T. Rodley, J. Ryan, M. Ryan, T. Davis, J. Wheelan and Lookouts T. McGahm, E. Hendrick, W. Hamilton, C. Grant, I. Ryan, T. Cochran, T. Nunn, W. Legg, T. Sullivan, J. Taylor, J. Smith, H. Nelson, J. Cassidy, T. Brown, R. Riley, R. Valentine, F. Francis, C. Stewardson, E. Blackwell, and two boys, F. Williamson and R. Gore. Saloon Steward H. Ibbotson, Second Class Steward H. Lloyd, Cook N. Bostock, and Stewards J. Grant, R. Williamson, R. Greenslade and S. Glendenice.
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ALL SURVIVORS OF SEA DISASTER NOW HERE

Joyous Meetings When Baltic Lands 1,600 Sufferers from Saturday’s Collision at Sea.

ONLY FIVE MET DEATH IN CRASH

Crippled Florida Crawls Over to Brooklyn Pier—Women Showed Great Bravery—Passengers Tell of Experiences—Wonderful Work with Wireless.

The derelict destroyer Seneca, which, with the revenue cutter Gresham and the Anchor Line steamship Furnessia, was acting as convoy for the Republic when the latter sank, arrived last night and anchored off Tompkinsville, having on board Captain Sealby, of the Republic, that ship’s second officer and some thirty-three members of the crew, who remained with the ship to the last. They were all asleep, resting from the nervous strain of the tragedy and from the exhausting labor of rescue. They will land to-day.

Abandoned by all except her two dead passengers and Captain Sealby and her second officer, the big White Star liner Republic poked her nose in the air and sank from sight at 8:10 o’clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantucket Lightship. Two pistol shots and the burning of two blue lights gave the warning to her convoy. A boat was immediately lowered from the revenue cutter Gresham, and the captain and second officer were picked up uninjured. The captain had climbed the foremast to the masthead light as his ship sank, and the second officer had leaped from the rail. The big boat, with the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch and W. J. Mooney, in hermetically sealed coffins, on her deck, lie in thirty-seven fathoms of water, the tips of her masts some hundred feet below the surface.

The Baltic, carrying 1,650 survivors of her wrecked sister ship, the Republic, and of the battered Italian liner Florida, steamed up to her pier yesterday morning at 11:30 o’clock, while five thousand relatives and friends of the rescued shouted and cheered a passionate welcome. The steamship officials and crew, assisted by the police, had their hands full keeping the crowd on the pier from storming the ship when the gangplanks were let down. Women wept in each other’s arms and men embraced each other. The survivors drew up a set of resolutions praising the conduct of Captain Ranson of the Baltic. They also raised several purses to be distributed among the crew of the Republic, the Florida and the Baltic and arranged to have medals presented to the captains of the three steamships.

With thirty feet of her bow chopped off as if by some gigantic axe, the Florida, of the Lloyd-Italiana, crept into her dock, still able to take care of herself after sinking the Republic. Her passengers were disembarking at the time from the Baltic, but the maimed liner retained all except two of her crew, including the twice injured Captain Rosko. Besides Eugene Lynch, the Republic passenger whose wife was crushed to death when the Florida’s bow cut through their stateroom, Mr. Lynch was suffering so severely from fractures and internal injuries that there seemed little hope of his recovery. His condition had prevented his being transshipped to the Baltic in the tossing boats with the rest of the survivors. The officers of the Italian boat were prevented from giving their explanations of the collision by the agents of the line.

The passengers, officers and crew of the Republic were unanimous in calling attention to the total absence of panic on board that vessel when the crash came and later when the transfers were made, first to the Florida and then from the Florida to the Baltic. The crew of the Florida came in for its share of praise from the Republic’s passengers, who were in turn lauded by the crews of all three steamships, whose work was made easy by the cool spirit in which their charges faced the entire situation. All the baggage belonging to the passengers on the Republic had to be abandoned and has gone to a watery grave with the vessel. Most of them, however, undaunted by their perilous experiences and loss of money and effects, will take passage again to-morrow or Saturday for their destinations abroad.

LYNCH, REPUBLIC PASSENGER, DIES IN HOSPITAL

Eugene Lynch, of Boston, whose wife was killed in the collision between the White Star liner Republic and the Italian liner Florida, and who himself was badly injured, died at 4 a.m. to-day in the Long Island College hospital, Brooklyn, without knowing that his wife had been crushed to death.

Mrs. Lynch's body, which had been placed in a hermetically sealed coffin soon after the Florida had rammed the Republic, went down when the ship sank. The body of W. J. Mooney, the only other passenger killed in the wreck, also is at the bottom of the sea.

When the passengers of the Republic were transferred to the Florida Mr. Lynch and the others injured were also taken aboard the Italian ship. Mr. Lynch's condition was too serious to permit of his removal from the Florida to the Baltic when the second transfer was made, and he came in here yesterday in the Florida and was taken in an ambulance to the Long Island College hospital. He sank steadily during the night.

The Lynches, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Mooney and Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Murphy occupied adjoining staterooms in the Republic in the section which received the full force of the Florida's impact. Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were crushed to death.

The condition of Mrs. M. J. Murphy, who was very severely injured during the collision, was said to-day by her husband, who was at her bedside in St. Vincent's hospital, to be promising, though serious.

THRILLING STORIES TOLD BY SURVIVORS

Stories of survivors, who were taken on board the Florida and afterward transferred to the Baltic, contradicted some of Captain Ruspini's statements.

George B. Winship, owner of the Grand Forks Herald, South Dakota, who with his wife made up a party of six from Grand Forks, said to-day:

"The immigrants on board the Florida took precedence of the Americans by force during the transfer from the immigrant ship to the Baltic. I saw some of the men draw their stilettos in their panic and haste."

"The conditions on board the Florida," continued Mr. Winship, "were indescribable. It was absolutely filthy, and the women passengers from the Republic were all huddled together on the dirty decks all day Saturday and half of the night. There was little to eat or drink on board, which fact caused great suffering. I had a cup of coffee and a cracker during the whole eighteen hours we were on board the Florida.

"The immigrants behaved very badly when the time came for us all to be transferred to the Baltic. Most of the men and women became panic stricken, and we all had to stand aside and let them off. The men fought among themselves to get off, and the stilettos flashed in the dim glow of the ship's lights. In all my experiences, the day and night spent on board the Florida was the most terrible. It was terrible for the women. There on the decks 1,650 of us were packed together like animals. All the time the foghorn of the Florida was sounding. Several times I tried to make my way forward to see the extent of the damage on the Florida, but I was kept back by the immigrants, who surged like cattle fore and aft, pushing everybody aside and frightening the women."

"Mrs. M. J. Murphy, of our party, left the Republic clad only in her night clothes, with a blanket wrapped around her, and once on board the Florida the other women passengers made contributions to her wardrobe.

"Mrs. Murphy exhibited remarkable heroism, being patient and cheerful all the time. Mr. Murphy's face was cut considerably by glass, and we tried to make them both as comfortable as we could under the circumstances."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Seymour S. Titus, who were with the Winships, also told their experiences. Mrs. Titus said:

“Somehow I was very calm and I took time in dressing after the collision. Then, when I came on deck, I found that I would not be allowed to return to my stateroom.

“But while the passengers were being transferred to the Baltic, I managed to slip down into the ship. There wasn’t a soul left there and it was as still as death. I groped around awhile and finally located my glasses and my husband’s scarf in which was a diamond pin and his gold watch. I then snatched up my handbag and made my way to the deck just in time to join a party of women in one of the lifeboats.

“The captain, when he gave the order to man the lifeboats, shouted that the women and children should go first. ‘I know you are all gentlemen,’ he said, ‘and I will depend upon your acting as such.’

“Everything was orderly on leaving the Republic, and there was no panic like that on board the Florida.”

Mr. Titus was also strong in denunciation of the conditions on board the Florida.

Mrs. Waldstein, wife of Dr. M. E. Waldstein, of South Orange, N. J., was traveling with her husband. His was one of the funny situations which aroused the risibilities of the shipwrecked scores despite their troubles. When it came time to leave the Republic, he found himself clad in pajamas, minus a shirt, with a fur overcoat over all, and with a tan shoe on one foot and black one on the other. He was thus attired on arrival in port.

Dr. Waldstein praised Purser Barker and Second Steward Spencer, of the Republic, for their cool courage during the transfer of the people from the Florida to the Baltic. He said:

“Barker stood on one side at the head of the ladder that led down to the small boats and Spencer stood at the other. They proved towers of strength. They had little trouble with the American passengers, but they found it necessary several times to use rough hands on the foreigners.”

Says One Foreigner Tried to Use Knife.

“One Italian drew a knife on Spencer. Grasping the hand that held the knife, the steward hit the fellow a stinging blow—a manoeuvre that brought exclamations of admiration from several of us, though to tell you the truth, we were so crushed that it wasn’t an easy job to get expressions of any kind out of one’s being.”

The arrival of the first small boat from the Florida, according to the passengers of the Baltic, was marked by exciting scenes.

Arthur Bliss, editor of the Automobilia, who was also on the Baltic, said:

“One thing that particularly impressed us was the demeanor of the rescued women as they waited on the Baltic for the arrival of their loved ones. It was a sight that brought tears to the eyes of many. There were many women who objected strenuously to going into the lifeboats before their husbands, but the people of the Republic tell me, and the keeping of the rule that women and children must be the first rescued was no easy task for the officers in command.

“A case that excited general pity was that of Samuel Cupples, a St. Louis millionaire. He is seventy years old and was in a weakened condition. It was far beyond him to get himself up the companion ladder. His daughter, Mrs. William Scudder, had preceded him to the deck. It was necessary that a chair be passed down the ladder by the long relay of men that lined the very

narrow passage. The old man was lifted up with great care from the lifeboat and placed in the chair. Then the chair was relayed along the line to the deck."

Tells of the Last Moments of Dying.

The Rev. John W. Norris, rector of St. Mary's Catholic Church, at Deal, N. J., tells as follows of the last moments of the only two cabin passengers killed on the Republic. They were Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, of Langdon, N. D.:

"I was thrown from my bunk by the impact," said Father Norris, "and had on only my pajamas when I reached the deck. I was the first passenger on deck. A moment later a steward came up and told an officer that several passengers were apparently badly injured in their staterooms. I started for these staterooms where the crash had occurred. Just then the lights went out. I had to feel my way, and soon I had to fight against the stream of passengers in the corridor.

"When I got near the rent in the vessel I could hear the water gushing in. It was necessary to use much strength in removing splintered woodwork and other obstacles, but I reached Mrs. Lynch before she died and administered to her. She seemed to be conscious.

"In getting to the adjoining stateroom I had to swing myself across a chasm which had been made in the side of the vessel, as though a pie-cut had been taken from it. In doing so the cold sea water caught my legs and nearly carried me away, but I held on, and a moment later I was able to swing myself into what had been a part of Mr. Mooney's stateroom.

"I was compelled to hold myself with one hand while I pried out a bunk which had been crushed against the wall. There I found Mr. Mooney in frightful condition. He was almost dead. Both he and Mrs. Lynch were dead before I left them.

"When I had completed my religious errand I had just as thrilling an experience in regaining the deck. Then it was too late for me to reach my own stateroom for clothing, and I was compelled to come into port in my own pajamas and a borrowed overcoat. All the women on board were very brave."

Woman Author Falls Into the Sea.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, a well-known author, had the most thrilling experience among the hundreds of passengers transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. She said:

"My sister, Mrs. Frances Clara Morse, and myself were in the same room near where the Florida tore into the Republic. The fog was dense and the whistle of the Republic was blowing signals continually. We both heard the whistle of the Florida, too.

"I had fallen into a doze, and had awakened when suddenly we felt a jar and then a terrifying grinding noise. In less than ten minutes the lights all went out and we were in complete darkness.

"We hurried from our room and up two flights of stairs to another deck. Everything was in commotion. I want to say, however, that there was no panic and scarcely a whimper on the part of any of the passengers. We heard a couple of steerage passengers sobbing.

"We were told to put on life preservers and await orders. When daylight came we were put in lifeboats and rowed to the Florida.

"After much suspense, the Baltic was sighted. It was long after dark when the boat I was in, together with my sister, after drifting about nearly an hour, awaiting the landing of those ahead of us, approached the Baltic's ladder. Several had gotten up and it came my turn.

"A sailor grasped my arm, and at the critical moment ordered me to jump. I knew it was not the

right instant, but I obeyed orders, and the next thing I knew I was struggling in the water. I felt myself rise to the surface and sink again, but I was powerless. Then I felt the boat hook thrust against my back, and the next thing I knew the sailor's hands were entangled in my hair. I never lost consciousness, and when all were out of the boat I got up and made my way, this time safely, to the Baltic's deck."
~ 088 ~

Wife of Italian Inventor Thrilled by Achievements of the "Wireless."

When news of the triumph of wireless telegraphy was flashed about the world, telling how every living creature on the Republic had been saved from drowning owing to an Italian's invention, not even the man who made possible this epoch-making incident felt a greater thrill of exultation than his beautiful wife. Last Saturday, when successful tests were made from a speeding railroad train on the Lake Shore, the possibility of another such a rescue on land appeared. Who knows but that Mrs. Marconi may at no distant day again be thrilled with further proof of her husband's contribution to civilization?

As the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, daughter of the fourteenth Baron Inchiquin, Mrs. Marconi was wed three years ago. One of seven sisters, she led a happy, simple girlhood, devoted to outdoor life. She is a niece of Lord Annaly through her mother.

Seamen Carry Sealby Ashore on Shoulders

Capt. Sealby and his officers and members of the crew from the Republic, when they were landed at the pier of the White Star line from the revenue cutter Manhattan, which transferred them from the Seneca, received a remarkable greeting from the great throng of officers and seamen of the steamships of the White Star line and several hundred spectators.

When Capt. Sealby and his mates stepped down the gangplank there was a rush for the commander of the Republic, and lifting him to their shoulders, six men carried him the whole length of the pier to the street, while the crowd yelled itself hoarse, and stewards on the steamships blew trumpets.

Binns Carried on Men's Shoulders.

Behind the captain others carried Binns, the wireless telegraph operator. Capt. Sealby was then carried upstairs to the offices of the steamship company on the second floor of the pier, where only on his earnest protest would the crowd cease its demonstration.

Capt. Sealby went into the private office of the company, and when he emerged half an hour later four women who had been passengers on the Republic had joined the crowd. They rushed up to the captain and embraced the blushing seaman. One of them said:

"We want to thank you so much, captain. We can never forget it nor you. You thought of us first and all the time, and we can never thank you enough. And we want to congratulate you, too."

Demand a Speech from Sealby.

Then the crowd cheered, and clearing his throat, as if struggling with emotion, Capt. Sealby replied:

"I think I ought to congratulate you, too. And I ought to thank you for your goodness. I never saw such a cool-headed lot of passengers. You helped me by your courage and self-possession. But for that there might not have been so happy a conclusion of the accident."

Again the crowd cheered and called for a speech from the captain, who said:

"We shall meet at the White Star offices for a talk with our officers and will not say anything

in any shape or form until such time as we have had an interview with our officers. We will not in any way depart from the announced arrangement."

It was after noon when the captain reached his company's offices at 9 Broadway, having exchanged his water-soaked uniform for a new suit of gray clothes, black overcoat and brown traveling cap.

There was a great crowd waiting for him, and as the captain pushed his way through the crowd Mrs. J. E. Whelan grasped his hand and said:

"I am glad to know you. I have read of your great work and am proud of you."

Some of the men seized the captain, carried him into the office and put him on a table, demanding a speech. He said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to see you again. I am glad that we are all here. Excuse me from saying any more at this time."

Mate Tells Stirring Story of His Rescue

Lieut. R. J. Williams, second officer of the Republic, who stood by the ship with Capt. Sealby, towered above his commander as he came ashore. This was Williams' second shipwreck. He was on the Avoca in the East Indian trade when it was burned at sea, and spent seven days in an open lifeboat with nine negroes before he was rescued.

Williams' Thrilling Story.

The second officer said:

"The captain went up the rigging and I went up the rail. When I got over the rail I hung on by my elbows. That's when I last sighted the captain. I did not know where he was.

"The ship was going down fast, stern first, almost on edge it seemed to me, and as she was about 100 fathoms long herself, it seemed to me that she struck bottom before she disappeared altogether. I am quite sure that her stern hit first.

"You could feel the awful jar as her stern held a moment on the bottom, and then the rest of her began to settle. When she was all covered up with water as far as the mainmast there was a violent sound and jar, which indicated to me that the ship had broken in two amidships. It was what nautical men call hogged.

Miraculous Escape from the Suction.

"When I felt her part I let go and fell down in the water. The bow at that time had risen to about fifty feet, and I fell, I imagine, about forty feet. After I struck the water I had a fearful time backing away from the suction. I got on my back, threw my overcoat off and started to back water. In this way I got clear of the ship. I was surprised at the small amount of suction, because had there been any great amount we would not be here now.

"When the waters closed over the Republic the sound was something like distant thunder, or like Niagara Falls breaking down into an immense deep hole.

"I continued backing water until I was about thirty feet clear. Everywhere around me the ocean was covered with foam and white water from the quick action of the ship sinking. I am a good swimmer, having received several medals for water contests as a boy.

Tried in Vain to Climb on Hatch.

"I continued swimming away from the ship until finally a grating hatch struck me and I got hold of it. I tried every way I could to get on top of this hatch. First I tried to climb up sideways, but it capsized and threw me back into the water. I tried altogether a dozen times, and finally gave up all idea of lifting myself up from the sea.

"I was about five minutes hanging on to the hatch when I saw in the darkness another grating hatch and, holding on in my right hand, I swam toward the other. After a great effort I got that on the other side of me and I floated between the two hatches, with my legs in the water and one arm on each hatch. The hatches were each about 3 by 5 feet.

25 Minutes in the Water.

“All this time I could see the search-lights of three steamers that were looking for us, but they seemed a long way off, and I despaired that they would ever come. While I rested on the hatches I heard the captain fire three shots, and afterward learned that he fired these, too, while he was clinging to a hatch. I was picked up first, after being in the water about twenty-five minutes, I should judge, and I asked if the captain had been saved, and they said no. Then I told them where I thought he was, and they found him. He did not know that I had been saved. When they helped him over the gunwales I was sitting in one part of the lifeboat with a thwart between us. When he saw me he threw his arms around my neck and said: ‘Williams, you’re game to the last.’ It was the first kind of emotion I had seen of my skipper, but I would rather not talk about that.”

The Last “Dinner” on the Republic.

Lieut. Williams related an interesting story of what he termed the last dinner which he and the captain had aboard the Republic.

“It was no dress dinner affair,” said Williams. “It took place at 6 p.m. Sunday on the bridge of the ship, with nobody there but the skipper and myself. I had brought up a few blankets with which to spend the night, and during my rummaging below for them I found some biscuits, marmalade and plum pudding. We didn’t have any forks or knives, and we didn’t have any steward to wait on us. But we never enjoyed a meal more than that one. We used our fingers to put the marmalade over the biscuits, and we chewed the plum pudding just the same as if we were kids. It was a great treat, although it was kind of cold and wet out there.”

WIRELESS ON ALL PASSENGER SHIPS

Bill for Compulsory Installation Introduced in the House of Representatives.

By Telegraph to The Evening Mail.

Washington, Jan. 26.—Compulsory installation of wireless telegraphy equipment on all oceangoing steamships carrying passengers is provided in a bill introduced in the House of Representatives this afternoon by Congressman Burke, of Pittsburg.

The measure will affect New York shipping interests more than any other section of the country and was inspired directly by the Republic disaster.

Reuben Miller, a Pittsburg millionaire aboard the Republic, wired Burke urging immediate action by Congress to compel wireless installation.

Burke conferred to-day with Navigation Commissioner Chamberlain, who will submit full official data showing the shipping interests affected and cost of installation.

THE TRIUMPH OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

In the moment when the first appeal for help, the signaled letters “C. Q. D.,” went out from

the Republic’s masthead, the wireless telegraph took an established place among those inventions of man that must be considered essential to his convenience, his comfort, and his safety. Up to that moment the wireless telegraph had for the most part performed a service already rendered by other devices. The electric telegraph on land and the cables under the sea have for years put men at widely separated points in communication with each other. In respect to that service the air-sent message was a duplication, though with advantages of its own. We have become accustomed to wireless communication with ships at sea for business and social messages. That is a convenience, no doubt, but it might be considered a dispensable one. The safety of ships and their passengers is a different matter, a graver matter altogether, and we now have a demonstration that, as a provision against that peril, the wireless telegraph is indispensable. In the highly developed art of navigation at the present day we are supposed to omit no precaution against accident, no form of insurance against the danger of sea voyages. It must be evident everywhere and to everybody that the wireless telegraph apparatus can no longer be dispensed with in the equipment of passenger-carrying vessels.

In the actual circumstances of the collision of the Florida with the Republic it may be that without wireless communication the passengers of both ships would have been saved. But the Republic was doomed, the Florida in a perilous condition—so perilous that even her own passengers were transferred to the Baltic. The other vessels that from all directions on the face of the waters converged upon the scene of the accident, summoned by the Republic’s call, made certain the saving of a large number of human lives that otherwise would have been by no means well assured. Had the Florida been more seriously damaged she, too, would have been helpless, and the foundering of both ships in a sea collision is one of the risks to be reckoned with. The wireless telegraph is the sole, the indispensable, instrument to avert the danger of appalling loss of life when such accidents happen at sea. Nothing replaces it. There is no substitute, and that makes its use imperative.

Since ordinary considerations of prudence will now incline seagoers to choose those ships which have the wireless equipment, it might be felt that the self-interest of owners would immediately cause the apparatus to be installed on all passenger-carrying craft. It may be doubted whether the matter can be left optional. Certainly the propriety, the necessity even, of Government regulations imposing the installation of wireless telegraph apparatus as a condition of receiving a permit to carry passengers now comes up for serious consideration. The cost is not great. The necessity, it seems to us, is so clear that installation ought to be made imperative precisely as the carrying of lifeboats and the making of provision against disaster are imperative.

This most conspicuous triumph of Mr. Marconi’s invention is peculiarly gratifying to The Times, which has long made liberal use of wireless telegraphy in its European news service. The Marconi telegraph now becomes an instrumentality for the saving of human life, for diminishing perils of the sea. Not merely in the immediate and supreme service of summoning aid to a crippled ship, but in bringing news of the disaster to the public and to the friends of those on board, the wireless system gains an established place. The Times notes that it was the only newspaper in New York to receive direct wireless messages bringing the news of the disaster and of the saving of the passengers. The dispatch it printed yesterday morning from the Baltic, sent by Mr. Tattersall, the Marconi operator, its dispatch from the Furnessia, and dispatches from the Wood’s Hole Station direct to this newspaper, brought details of intense interest to thousands of anxious minds. These have been days of triumph and of distinction for Mr. Marconi.
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SEALBY AND BINNS ACCLAIMED AS HEROES BY CHEERING CROWDS

Captain of the Lost Liner Republic, Who Gives Thrilling Account of Sinking, and Wireless Operator Receive Remarkable Ovation in Streets.

GIRL STENOGRAPHERS AND CLERKS HUG AND KISS BINNS IN OFFICE

Crowd of 3,000 Follows Two Through Streets and Forces Captain to Make a Speech — He Thanks

Everybody.

COMMITTEE OF SURVIVORS MEETS

Pass Resolutions of Praise — Eugene Lynch, of Boston, Succumbs to Injuries — Three Bodies Recovered from Bow of the Florida, Whose Captain Is Silent.

Captain William I. Sealby and “Jack” Binns, wireless operator of the lost steamship Republic, arrived in this city to-day and received a remarkable reception. When they were landed on the White Star pier after being brought up the bay from the government derelict destroyer Seneca an immense throng of sailors and officers from other craft lifted Sealby, who was the last man to leave the ship, high on their shoulders and carried him triumphantly to the land end of the dock. Binns’ ovation was no less enthusiastic.

The passengers’ committee formed by survivors of the Republic held a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria to-day. Resolutions commending the bravery of the crew and passengers, especially the women, were drawn up. The committee adjourned to meet later, the date not being set. One of its objects, it is said, is to look after the rights of the passengers in recovering on their lost baggage and valuables.

Captain Sealby and Binns, together with several officers of the Republic, hurried to the offices of the White Star line at No. 9 Broadway, after they landed. A crowd of more than 3,000 persons in the street almost mobbed the little party. All hands managed finally to get inside and there they were again surrounded. Captain Sealby was placed on a table and called upon for a speech. He replied briefly, thanking everybody.

Binns was made the target for the girl stenographers and clerks, and got many hugs and kisses. He blushed like a schoolboy and said it all made him tired. Both Binns and Captain Sealby went to private offices and began making out reports for the company. Captain Sealby told a thrilling story of how he escaped from the foundering ship.

Binns said he wanted a good long sleep. Hearing that he was wanted by several theatrical managers, Binns said:

“None of that cheap notoriety for me. I want a good sleep and then I want to get back to work.”

The captain of the Florida, which rammed the Republic, refused to make any statements to-day. He said his lips were sealed by orders from his company and he would make no statement until ordered to do so. He is on his ship at the Bush Shores, South Brooklyn. Three bodies were recovered from the bow of the Florida to-day. Two more seamen and the other, that of Salvatore Amico, a cabin boy, fourteen years old, whose family was wiped out by the earthquake at Messina.

Eugene Lynch, the Boston merchant who was so badly injured on the Republic when the prow of the Florida cut through his cabin, killing his wife, died to-day in the Long Island College Hospital. This brings the number of dead as a result of the collision up to eight.

Attorneys have been retained by the agents of the Florida and a legal battle over the collision is anticipated. In the opinion of experienced marine engineers and wreckers the Republic is doomed to remain on the ocean bed.

Captain Sealby Tells Story; Binns Modest About Work

When the anchorage cutter Manhattan, bearing Captain Sealby, “Jack” Binns, the wireless telegraph operator, and the remainder of the Republic’s staff of officers reached the White Star line pier at the foot of West Eleventh street, shortly before noon to-day a large crowd gathered at the end of the dock and waited until the commander of the ill-fated craft put in an appearance to give him a rousing reception.

No sooner had Captain Sealby stepped from the deck of the Manhattan than a tremendous cheer broke forth from the throng which had gathered on the pier. More than half a hundred of the men of his crew seized him and bore him the entire length of the pier on their shoulders, while the remainder of the throng crowded about cheering and giving vent in other forms to the intense enthusiasm the acts of valor of Captain Sealby has inspired.

Tells Remarkable Story.

The heroic commander, protesting mildly against the demonstration and proclaiming that he alone was not responsible for the excellent work accomplished by the crew and officers of the Republic, was carried to the upper deck of the pier and then taken aboard the Baltic. Here he told his remarkable story of the incidents following the departure of the passengers from the sinking liner while he and Mr. Williams remained alone on the craft. He said:

"As soon as the passengers were taken off, Mr. Williams and I made our way along the saloon deck. Both of us carried a blue light and a lantern. The hours passed quickly while we stood watch over the vessel, hoping that she would remain above water, but on Sunday evening the inrush was so great that the Republic was fast sinking astern, and we realized that she could not remain on the surface a great while longer. We made our way forward, but the incline was so great by this time that as we walked we kept slipping back.

"I pulled myself up to this hatch and I lay on it spread-eagle fashion. The searchlights were playing on the ship, but she was going down, and after being in the water some time I saw the two revenue cutters and the tug Scully concentrating their searchlights on the spot where the Republic was sinking.

Separated from Williams.

"It was at this point that I became separated from Mr. Williams and saw him for the last time hanging to the port rail. I myself took to the rigging and reached the mast headlight, a distance about one hundred feet. There I rested, having been pretty well exhausted by my exertions, and finally took out a blue light. It was wet. I could not light it. I had no way of giving a signal of warning if I desired to.

"I reached for my revolver and found that there were still six cartridges in it. These I fired, but whether they had been heard I did not know, as the gloom about me was impenetrable. Almost at the same moment the water reached me and I began to float. The air under my coat served as a life preserver, while the revolver, my binoculars and the empty shells of the cartridges acted as a ballast in the roaring, seething mass of water about me.

"I was caught in a whirl and turned around till I became practically dizzy. Then I tried to get my coat off and found that my hands and arms were numb with cold. I caught at some spars which were floating past me and finally succeeded in getting hold of a large hatch which had been torn from the ship.

“It seemed an interminable time before they saw me.”

"I managed to load my revolver again, the cartridges having been greased and therefore not affected by the water. I fired my revolver again to attract the attention of those on the cutter. I was getting very weak and numbed by the cold.

"I just lay on the hatch cover and saved my strength, shouting at intervals when the lights were being played on me. I also picked up a towel floating near me and waved it. Shortly afterward I saw a boat coming toward me. They picked me up and took me to the Gresham.

"There were four of the Republic’s men and four of the Garesham’s men in the crew of this boat. I found Williams in this boat, he having been picked up before me. I cannot speak too highly of

the United States revenue cutter service, of Captain Perry, of the Gresham, and of Captain Reynolds, of the Seneca.

"The Seneca has proved the necessity of a service such as she provided in the case of this disaster.

"Later I learned that the Home distress signal, which we had left on the bridge of the Republic, to be automatically floated as soon as the water reached it, had shown our position and had directed the boat's crew that rescued us.

"During all our operations on board, the wireless was most invaluable. It is to such operators as Mr. Binns, who stuck to his post to the last in spite of the fact that most of his operating room had been carried away, that we were able to maintain communication with the various ships that came to our relief.

"I attribute the successful handling and transfer of passengers from one ship to the other to that splendid cohesion which existed from start to finish between the officers of the Republic and the crew. At no time did I have any doubts of my men. My confidence in my men was absolute and unshaken. To that I attribute what may have been done.

"During the time that elapsed between the collision and the passengers leaving the ship there was no confusion. The women behaved themselves remarkably well. And to the men passengers great credit is also due for the valuable assistance they rendered me in so safely conducting the women and children from under the Republic's bridge to the small boats.

"They could not have gone out of a theatre in a more orderly manner."

Men Brought to Port.

The men who were brought to this port from the Republic by the Seneca were Captain Sealby, R. N. R.; J. Crossland, the chief engineer; J. Fellows, first officer; R. Williams, second officer; S. E. Stubbs, third officer; J. M. Morrow, fourth officer; J. Stanyer, chief steward; eight stewards, thirty-three deck hands and John Binns.

Binns by his contract as a wireless operator was paid twenty-five cents a trip by the White Star line. He got his real salary from the Marconi company, but on the Republic he was carried as one of the crew and in that capacity his fixed wage was twenty-five cents a trip.

According to everybody who talked with the officers of the wrecked steamship, Binns, who was the only man aboard the Republic who understood wireless telegraphy, was of more help to the officers of the ship than was anybody else.

When the Florida struck the Republic, ripping off the roof and all of one wall of the wireless station, the shock of the collision put out of commission the dynamo which supplied the power for the wireless. The lights in his station also went out at once. Binns sat in the darkness, with the roof and one wall of the station gone, waiting for orders.

After a few minutes had passed and Captain Sealby had realized the extremity of his peril he told Binns to send out his widespread call for help. To operate the wireless at all Binns had to rig up numerous and diverse storage batteries, substitutes for the dynamo power furnished by the ship had only a short life, and Binns knew it.

In sending out his call he notified all those that received it that while he would "listen in" on all wireless messages he could not attempt to send more than were absolutely necessary.

For more than ten hours Binns sat in the wrecked wireless station with a blanket tied over him as a roof and with the fog banked all about him before he thought of food.

Hired for Food.

Then he left his little cell and made his way to a hatchway, down which he dived into a galley, where he found bottles of wine. The only food he could find was a cut glass dish of almonds. These he took back with him to his station, where he resumed his vigil with the receivers of the wireless apparatus clamped over his ears. He did not take off this “harness” again until he was ordered to leave the ship.

As he was on his way into this port on the Seneca yesterday Binns was handed a wireless message which had been sent from Washington telling him that Representative Boutell had spoken in his praise in the House of Representatives.

“That was nice of him, wasn’t it?” Binns asked the man, who gave him the message, “but I didn’t do anything great.”

Captain Sealby said he had appreciated his dependence on the wireless and even in his greatest distress had taken time to pare down the number of words in his messages in order that Binns, in his blanket roofed refuge aft, might keep his power to send as long as he could. When it became certain that the ship must be abandoned Captain Sealby sent stewards to Binns to ask if he did not want to save his clothing and baggage.

“I’m all right,” was Binns’ answer. “Never mind my baggage.”

Refreshed by a good night’s rest, “Jack” Binns, the wireless operator of the wrecked Republic, was his own cheerful, wide awake self to-day when the newspapermen visited him. The praise heaped upon him, however, increased his natural modesty and, although he was willing enough to talk about the courageous actions of others, he touched only lightly upon his own experiences on the Republic. In this attitude he was encouraged by his employers, who deemed it inadvisable for him to say much of the eventful doings on the White Star liner until he had made his formal statement to the officials of the company.

Binns admitted, however, that this was not his first experience amid trying conditions as a wireless operator. He had been at a wireless key in Jamaica during the Kingston earthquake, he said, and altogether had seen considerable of the world for a man of twenty-five years. As for the credit for what had been done on the Republic, he said, every bit of it was Captain Sealby’s due. His own part had been a small one, Binns declared. As James C. Douglas, steward of the Republic, approached the group as Binns was talking.

“There is the man who saved my life,” said Binns. “Last night was the first he had slept since the collision. He was with me all the time. He carried my messages back and forth for me and kept me supplied with food. He didn’t desert me once and if it hadn’t been for him I would have had a hard time of it.”

When Binns was taken off the Republic he took with him only the clothing which he wore when the ships came together. He had saved nothing else.

Officers of the Republic said that passengers should not have complained because their baggage had not been transferred to the Baltic. They said the work of transferring the Republic’s passengers to the Florida and then to the Baltic had exhausted the crew of the Republic, and it would have been physically impossible for them to have moved baggage at such a time.

Officers of the White Star line had by wireless to the Seneca ordered Captain Sealby not to discuss the wreck with any one until he had appeared at the offices of the steamship company at nine o’clock in the morning to-day.

Ovation to Binns.

The ovation accorded “Jack” Binns, the heroic wireless telegraph operator, was scarcely

overshadowed by that which Captain Sealby received. Binns, a modest, unassuming young man, was as seized by the crowd and borne on the shoulders of five stalwart men to the street and then back again to the upper deck of the pier, while the several hundred persons cheered uproariously.

A representative of the Marconi system, George S. De Sousa, was on hand to meet the operator and at once gave him instructions to make no statements regarding the events which transpired while he was flashing messages for help over the sea. Binns obeyed this command and refused to say anything other than tell the newspaper men that he was a native of Peterborough, a city situated near London. It is expected that a formal statement of his experiences will be prepared by him and issued at the offices of the Marconi Company later in the afternoon.

As soon as the demonstration had subsided a young man brushed his way through the crowd and, running up to Binns, grasped him by the hand.

“Binns, old boy,” he said: “I am mighty glad to see you back. I am mighty glad to know that you escaped all right. I have been reading a lot about you in the newspapers, and I am glad to know any one like you.”

Binns appeared to be a bit confused by this outburst, and his face reddened slightly as he replied.

Gives Captain Sealby Credit.

“I am much obliged to you, old man,” he stammered, “but I am not deserving of all this credit. There’s Captain Sealby; go talk to him. He’s the man who did most of the good work.” …
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… Then the unassuming wireless operator, whose courage and intelligence probably saved hundreds of lives, lapsed into silence for a few moments which was only broken when he suddenly looked up at those about him and exclaimed:—

“Say, anybody got a cigarette here. I’d be the happiest man in the world just now if I had a cigarette. I haven’t had one for a couple of days.”

The required cigarette was obtained for the young man—who is twenty-five years old—and for the next ten minutes he puffed on it vigorously with an air of absolute contentment. Later he went to the office of the Marconi Company.

It was about this time that five stewardesses from the Republic, headed by a Mrs. Murray, reached the pier and demanded to see Captain Sealby. The commander responded to their call and smilingly greeted them. Mrs. Murray stepped forward and expressed the gratitude of the women at seeing him safe and sound.

“You girls,” replied the gallant skipper, “did splendid work, not only on the Republic when the collision occurred, but also on the Florida afterward. I want to express my thanks to every one of you. You acted nobly and you should receive all the credit that you deserve.”

Take Bodies Out of Wreckage.

Three dead bodies were taken out of the mass of wreckage in the bow of the dismantled steamship Florida, as she lay at her pier in South Brooklyn, and were taken to-day to Schaefer’s undertaking rooms, at No. 401 Third avenue, South Brooklyn. The bodies are those of two seamen and fourteen-year-old Salvatore Amico, whose family was annihilated in the earthquake at Messina, and who had shipped as a cabin boy to come to this country.

The two seamen who were crushed to death as they slept in the Florida’s bow when the ship crashed into the White Star liner Republic were Salvatore Pasquale Lavalle, twenty-two, and

Calargiro Murttucilli, twenty years old, both of Naples. Lavalle had been buried under many tons of debris, and had been caught at the same moment by the inrush of waters, which had evidently hurried his terrible death. His back was broken and his face had turned dark, showing that he had been suffocated in his death trap.

Soon after Lavalle's body had been taken out the wreckers found Murttucilli, pinioned under great timbers, but there were but few marks on his body. So far as could be told at the pier, the man had evidently died of fright, as his worst injuries were half a dozen cuts and scratches.

Captain Ruspini, of the Florida, had known the family of young Amico, the cabin boy, before the great Italian earthquake wiped out all its members, save the boy himself. So when Salvatore, although only fourteen, applied to the skipper to bring him to this country, the latter agreed and gave the boy work on board the steamship. It was the boy's first sea voyage. His body was found in the wreckage of the Florida's bow, his legs both broken and his body mangled.

Captain Ruspini, of the Florida, left the ship early to-day and came to Manhattan.

The Florida's cargo of bananas and macaroni is being unloaded this afternoon, preparatory to sending the ship to dry dock for repairs.

INFANTS TOSSED FROM BOATS TO SHIP IN RESCUE

Philadelphia Pastor, a Passenger on the Baltic, Tells How 100 Babies Were Saved.

Special to the Evening Telegram.

PHILADELPHIA, Tuesday.—Additional light on the heroism displayed on all sides following the wreck of the White Star liner Republic was furnished to-day by the Rev. Robert Johnston, of Edinburgh, who has arrived in this city to take the pulpit of the Episcopal Church of the Saviour.

Dr. Johnston, who was a passenger on the Baltic, says that one of the most striking incidents witnessed by him was the transfer, among other passengers, of nearly one hundred infants from the Florida to the Baltic. A heavy sea was running, and it was necessary for the sailors in the boats to throw the babies into the arms of sailors on the gangways of the rescuing liner. This thrilling game of catch and toss continued until all the little ones had been transferred. Not a "miss" was made.

Dr. Johnston is inclined to discredit the construction placed by the crew of the

Republic on the action of James B. Connolly, the President's friend and nautical writer.

It is the opinion of Dr. Johnston that Connolly's newspaper instinct asserted itself, and that in the confusion he was mistaken for another man, either a passenger on the Republic or the Florida, who was said to have offered the officers and crew large sums to transfer him to the Baltic.

"I did not see any of the scenes described by the Republic's men," said Dr. Johnston, "but from what I learned I am of the opinion that Connolly's news instinct may have led him to try to reach the Baltic with all speed, so that he could forward a story by wireless."

Women's Splendid Heroism Brightened Hours of Peril

Standing out most prominently of all the acts and deeds aboard the steamship Republic after she had been rammed and was sinking, during the perilous transfer in small boats from the smashed ship to the Florida, which did the smashing and was herself in a sorry plight, the second transfer across billowy seas to the Baltic and the trip to this city in scant attire, were the

calm courage, fortitude and cheerfulness displayed by the women.

It has often been said that a woman can do and say little things in time of stress that a man is unequal to. This was proved in the case of the Republic, and at a time when most of the passengers did not know what minute might be their last.

The strong, womanly attitude was shown in diversified ways. At one time they joked cheerfully about the men's odd attire as the fear-stricken passengers were huddled on the sinking liner's deck and awaiting transfer in boats on the open sea to the battered and staggering Florida.

Girl Calms Excited Man.

Then comes the quick action of sixteen-year-old Susanne Glover. Aboard the Florida, with all in a state of high nervous tension, a Frenchman lost his mental balance and, leaping up among the crowded band in the cabin, shrieked—

"My God, in three hours we will be at the bottom of the sea!"

Quick as a flash this miss of sixteen had him by the coattails and dragged him to his chair.

"But, remember," she cried, "the Baltic will be here in an hour and a half."

This did the work. Everybody cooled down and what might have been a terrible panic was averted. Miss Glover admits now that she had no means of knowing when the Baltic would come, but that she felt that something had to be said. And she said it.

The action of Mrs. John Espy in offering to stand back and leave the Republic with the men while the women and children were being placed in the first boats is enough to stir the heart. Also her action in seizing an unmanned oar of the boat as it was being propelled to the side of the Florida shows what a woman can do. The stroke of Mrs. Espy may not go down into history for its conciseness, but the good humor she put that little shivering boatload into will never be forgotten by those that were with her.

In contradistinction to these acts of calm bravery comes the more vigorous deed of a well-built, athletic girl. Her name was not learned. An excited Italian on the Florida hurried women and children aside as he tried to force his way into the first boat leaving for the Baltic. Miss New Woman "swung" on his jaw, and "swung" good and hard. In the language of an illustrious American, "Bully."

Thrown Into Water.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, a writer, was thrown from a boat in the rolling sea while making the trip from the Republic to the Florida. Dragged back by a stalwart sailor, her scant attire wet and dripping and her frame chilled, Mrs. Earle did not whimper. She merely said, "Thank you."

Professor John M. Coulter, of the University of Chicago, says that the bravery and fortitude of the women was the finest sight of all the deeds of valor shown during the terrifying hours. Asked if there was one vivid experience that would remain uppermost in his mind for time to come, Professor Coulter replied:

"Yes, there was. It was the cheerfulness and courage of the American woman. I have thought more about it than about anything I saw. I will ever be proud of American womanhood. In that moment of great peril, how great we did not know, those courageous women put on the life preservers as cooly as if they were donning shirtwaists. I can never forget how they chatted and joked with each other, every one of them knowing full well what that order to put on life preservers meant. But they were too brave to display their fears."

When the crash first came, instead of screams and hysteria on the part of the women, came

evidences of gallant work done by the gentler sex in extricating those that were pinned in the wreckage. The Misses Ida and Gertrude McCready, of this city, were as calm as could be when stewards found them imprisoned in their cabins through a heavy steel plate being precipitated down on their bunks. While the men chopped away the two girls directed them and spoke cheerfully during it all.

The terrified passengers were gathered on the deck and watching the loading of women and children into the boats to be taken to the Florida. Everybody was nervous and it would not have taken much to start trouble. This was averted for a time by a woman who called attention to her husband's white sidewhisker and how they matched her petticoat which the husband wore.

"I'll Remember You."

When Mrs. Murphy, badly injured and suffering intense pain, was carried into one of the boats and placed as best could be done by the sailors, she turned and smiled at Seaman John Allerton, saying:—

"I am going to get well, and neither my husband nor myself will forget you for this."

Mrs. C. A. Severance, of St. Paul, speaks Italian, and she proved of good service on the Florida and during the transfer. She went among the terrified immigrants cheering them and then took to helping out nursing the injured in the ship's hospital. Mrs. William Snyder, of Middletown, N. Y., rescued a woman who was thrown from one of the boats into the sea. Mrs. Snyder was in the rear of the boat and she grabbed the woman in the water by the ankle and pulled her to the boat so that the sailors could haul her in.

While one boat was making through the tossing seas from the Florida to the Baltic, little Miss Harriet Wakesfield made everybody laugh by exclaiming:—

"Fine. We are having a row on the ocean."

Pinned in Wreckage.

Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs was pinned for a long time in the wreckage, and when finally dragged out she asked immediately as to her friend, Mrs. Mooney. Told that Mrs. Mooney was badly hurt and her husband killed, Mrs. Griggs went to the aid of the woman and nursed her during the rest of the trip.

Kirwan, a boatman of the Republic, was resting on his oar during the first transfer when a stout woman lost her balance in tripping over the gunwale, and landed hard on Kirwan's neck. The seaman groaned.

"Oh, my dear man, did I hurt you?" came the sweet inquiry from the stout woman.

This was enough for Kirwan. He touched his hat and replied:—

"Nothing to speak of, ma'am."

While some of the men were disgruntled and critical about their baggage being lost as the Baltic steamed into this port, it was observed that the women, some of whom had on only night garments and shawls, took the matter philosophically and kept up their spirits.

Eugene Lynch, Hurt When Wife Was Killed, Dies

Still another name was added to the list of dead from the collision between the Republic and the Florida, off Nantucket lightship, when Mr. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, whose wife was killed in the crash, died to-day at the Long Island College Hospital, whence he had been taken from the damaged Florida on her arrival at her pier in South Brooklyn. Mrs. Lynch had been crushed

to death at the moment of collision, without her husband’s knowledge, while he lay fatally hurt, only to survive until to-day.

At the hospital Mr. Lynch, weak from his injuries, was able to tell the story of the tragedy. He said that he and his wife retired early in one of the Republic’s staterooms assigned to them. They had started for a two months’ tour of Italy, and intended to visit the earthquake district of Sicily before returning home.

“We had stateroom No. 34, on the saloon deck,” said Mr. Lynch, "and as we were rather tired, we decided to get a good night’s rest. It was exceedingly foggy, but we had often been to sea before and at first my wife did not seem to mind it. As we were preparing for the night, however, she said to me:—’Eugene, I’m not a bit timid, but it’s awful to be racking along in a fog like this.’

"‘We are as safe as if we were in our own home,’ I told her. Then I went to sleep. I had to pause a moment and then continued:—

But my wife seemed to think that it was dreadful in the fog and night, and all I could do to reassure her had little real effect.

"‘Don’t let me get hurt in the fog,’ she said, and when I told her I wouldn’t, she seemed satisfied, at least, for a little while.

"Then I told her to go to sleep; that it was nonsense to think of harm and that no trouble could reach us.

"I slept rather uneasily that night, and once I awoke and looked at my watch. It was four o’clock. I had again fallen asleep and was dreaming a little when there came a sudden crash. There was a grinding noise as if the ship was being ground to pieces. Some huge object was tearing the stateroom to pieces.

"‘My God, Mary,’ I shouted, but there was no response from her. I caught a glimpse of her being jammed and pushed along by the great mass that was crunching through the ship.

"In the next instant my wife disappeared along with a mass of wreckage as the walls of the adjoining stateroom gave way. She must have been killed instantly, as the bow of the other ship crashed through the side of our cabin directly where she was sleeping.

“It was with great difficulty that Mr. Lynch was removed from the Republic to the Florida, and when it became necessary to again transfer the passengers from the Florida to the Baltic he expressed a wish to be allowed to stay on the Florida, saying:—’If I am to die, let me die here.’”
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DRAMATIC TALES OF RESCUE TOLD BY THE REPUBLIC’S SURVIVORS

General Brayton Ives, formerly president of the New York Stock Exchange, who was one of the passengers on the Republic, gave a graphic account of the scenes following the collision.

“I was awakened by the noise and shock of the collision,” said General Ives yesterday when the Baltic reached quarantine. "It sounded like a big blast of giant powder. I arose and tried to turn on the light in my stateroom, but the electric current was off. Fortunately, I found a Christmas candle which somebody had put in my bag, and, lighting it, started to dress, and this I did completely. Then I went out upon deck.

"There seemed to be no confusion. Nothing was said about the ship’s sinking until after daylight. Then life preservers were brought out and distributed. When I was awakened I looked at my watch, and it was exactly half-past five o’clock. I should say it was not until an hour

and a half later that some of the passengers began to put on life preservers. The crew of the Republic behaved admirably. They began to take us off the Republic about ten o’clock. The sea was smooth. There was no crowding, and no rushing. No man endeavored to get ahead of women and children. All the passengers at this time were cool and collected, the calmness of the women being remarkable.

“But the Italian ship was the acme of discomfort. She is a third-class ship, I am told. Well, if there is a sixth class, so far as cleanliness is concerned, she is at the top. Two-thirds of those of us who were taken on board of her were out in the weather the whole time. The public rooms were small and were soon jammed. I had an extra blanket, so I found a spot on the deck next to a very dirty passenger, wrapped myself up and stayed there most of the time.”

General Ives was the only passenger of the Republic who saved any of his baggage. “This was a handbag which his servant strapped to himself. ”I left a dozen suits of clothes hanging in the wardrobe of my stateroom; even my shaving materials I left behind," said General Ives.

"Captain Sealby remained on the bridge. I heard him giving orders through a megaphone and he was very cool.

"In transferring from the Florida to the Baltic I had to take an oar. Why? Well, there were not enough seamen in the boats. It was the first time I had attempted to row since the Civil War, and I found two trips as much as I could stand.

"We have been admirably treated on the Baltic. The purser gave me his own stateroom. When we got on board we were immediately led to the dining room, where hot coffee was served to us.

"Captain Sealby, of the Republic, is certainly entitled to great credit. No officer could have stuck to his post more nobly. Everybody tried to do the best he could.

“The only criticism I should be disposed to make was that no officer with authority accompanied the Republic’s passengers on the transfer. We were crowded together on the Italian boat while waiting to get off, and the disorder was extremely trying. We are entitled to the presence of some of our officers of recognized rank. It is all well enough to ‘stand by the ship,’ but the safety of passengers ought to come nearer to their concern than the ship. However, it was the evident intention of the White Star line officers to do the best they could.”

MRS. ESPY PULLED OAR IN A LIFEBOAT

Dramatic descriptions of the collision were given to a Herald reporter who returned on the Baltic to her dock yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hart, of Cleveland, Ohio, lost practically all they had with them at the time of the accident. Mr. Hart sat in the saloon of the Baltic. He was clad in a fur-lined overcoat, a borrowed scarf tied around the throat of a pajama coat, and the one pair of trousers and shoes which he had been able to save.

“I was awake when the crash came,” he said. “The first intimation of danger was a blast of the Florida’s horn, which rang alongside of us. Incidentally, there came the crash, a deafening noise and three distinct shocks as the bow of the Florida cut her way through the three shells of the larger ship. The Republic did not heel over at all. The knife-like bow cut her clean, and almost instantly there came darkness as the dynamo was put out of commission. It was an imposing sight.”

"There was never the slightest indication of extreme fright by passengers on the Republic, but when we were transferred from the Florida to the Baltic there were a great many immigrants aboard who did not understand English, did not know why they should be separated from their wives and families, and it was hard task to get them to let the women go first.

“The crews of the White Star boats did noble work and deserve great praise.”

Major and Mrs. John Espy were among the last to leave the Republic. Mrs. Espy being the last woman to enter a lifeboat on her way to the Florida.

“I wanted to stay aboard with my husband,” she said, “but Captain Sealby thought it would be better if I went with the other women, so I went. We were nearly an hour making our way from the Republic to the Florida, which was no more than two hundred feet away. This was partly because of the dangerous sea and partly because of the crew, of which I was one, and none of whom had ever pulled an oar in the sea before.”

Mrs. C. A. Severance, of St. Paul, a physician, who speaks Italian, did noble service in the hospital of the Florida after she had been put aboard that ship. Several injured were in the operating room, and there she nursed them, speaking to them in their native tongue.

When the passengers were placed aboard the Baltic that liner’s travellers instantly gave them all manner of garments to make them temporarily comfortable.

PRAISES THE FLORIDA AND HER OFFICERS

Michael S. Murphy, of Grand Forks, president of the Bankers’ Association of North Dakota and Regent of the State University of North Dakota, who, with his wife, was injured on the Republic, made a statement last night at St. Vincent’s Hospital, where he and his wife were being attended by Dr. George W. Stewart. Mr. Murphy sustained a lacerated face and cut foot, and his wife has a compound fracture of the right leg and contusions of the body.

“I am glad,” he said, "to get an opportunity to say a few words of praise for the crew, officers and stewards of the Florida. I notice in the statements that have been given out that praise is unstinted for the crews of both the Republic and the Baltic, but in my opinion the Italian crew did as valiant work as the crews of either of the other vessels.

"Those who were simply transferred from the Republic to the Florida and were not injured had but little opportunity to judge of the merit of the Italian crew, but I had to take my injured wife on board, and I can truthfully make the statement that our treatment aboard the Florida was much better than that accorded us on either of the other vessels after the accident. The first real medical attendance my wife had was that which she received from Dr. Alderio Rinaldi, the ship’s surgeon on the Florida, and when one considers that there were only five persons injured aboard the Republic—two of them, Mr. Lynch and my wife, seriously—it is impossible to enthuse over the efficiency of the medical service aboard the Republic.

"Every one who was taken aboard the Florida was given the best that the ship had. Cognac flowed freely and what poor provisions the ship had were very liberally distributed. Every attention was shown to Mr. Lynch and my wife, and the people who were brought aboard seemed to be willingly given preference everywhere by the obliging Italians.

"I believe that this talk of riot is rot. When I attempted to move my wife for the retransfer aboard the Baltic the emigrants made a passageway for us to ascend, and when I got her to the deck I received my first impression of the attentive crew and captain of the Baltic, for an officer of that ship told me positively that his ship would receive no injured person. That was at five o’clock Sunday afternoon, and it was eleven o’clock before by continued and persistent efforts I was able to make arrangements to have my wife taken aboard the Baltic. She was strapped to a stretcher and taken across in a lifeboat and then, although we were first class passengers aboard the Republic, we were assigned to quarters in the steerage of the Baltic, and it was almost two o’clock in the morning before I could arrange to have my wife removed to quarters above. This may be chivalry and system, but I am unable to appreciate it.

"Soon after the accident aboard the Republic it was very noticeable that Dr. Craven, of Toronto, and Dr. Lamb, of Montana, who were passengers aboard, were the only physicians in

evidence. Relieving the slightly hurt and frightened passengers, at that time there was no evidence of any ship surgeon.

"The nearest approach to a panic aboard the Florida was while my wife was about to be transported. Some thoughtless officer from the Baltic stood at the head of the rope ladder thrown from the side of the vessel and said that the first class passengers must come first. A fine looking young Italian fellow sprang up beside the officer and drawing a gun, said that he was a man, first or last class, and that when the women and children had been removed those who were nearest … would go next. This was done and the incident closed. This young man also insisted that an injured stoker who was crying below be removed where he could receive treatment. This was done and the injured man is now in the hospital.

The injured stoker is Mario Valabra, nineteen years old, of Genoa. His leg was broken and his head was cut as he was helping to lower one of the Florida's boats.

Mrs. Murphy's condition was better last night and she was resting quietly."

SISTERS SAVE LIVES BUT NOT CLOTHES

Nestling in a corner of the Baltic's cabin when she arrived at Quarantine, and very thinly and fantastically clad, were two women who probably had the most thrilling experience of any who were taken from the Republic. They were Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, a well-known writer of Brooklyn, and her sister, Miss Frances Carey Morse.

Mrs. Earle had a very narrow escape from drowning during the transfer of passengers from the Florida to the Baltic, and a group of curious passengers constantly surrounded the two women, making inquiries about their experiences.

Mrs. Earle, after falling into the water, was rescued by two Italian sailors, one grappling her clothing with a boat hook and the other dragging her to the gangplank by her hair. Miss Morse made this statement about their exciting experiences:

"It was very dark, and the boat was very badly crowded. Italians were in charge of the boat, but English seamen stood on the gangplank of the Baltic to receive the passengers from the boat. When we reached the gangplank I said to the English sailors:— 'Now please be careful about my sister. She is lame, and she is very stout, and it will be hard for her to make the landing.'"

"So two sturdy Englishmen grasped her by the wrists, but just as she was about to step on the landing the boat sank down with a receding wave and down she went. For a few seconds the Englishmen clung to her wrists and then they let go and my sister fell into the sea. My heart sank within me as I saw her go down the second time. Meanwhile one of the Italian sailors darted forward with a boat hook and caught her dress. As he raised her head above water another Italian grasped her by the hair and between them they pulled her up to the landing.

"I felt sure she was drowned, but after she had been rolled about on the deck for a time she gasped and opened her eyes and exclaimed, apparently with some surprise, 'I am not dead.'"

Mrs. Earle smiled as her sister told the story, and, looking up feebly, replied:— "Yes, I have lived through the cold bath and the heroic rescue, but I should not care to repeat it."

The two sisters had started for a sojourn in Egypt and the Orient, and when asked if they intended to start again on their journey Miss Morse looked at her interrogator and asked:— "In all wisdom will you tell me how?" at the same time casting a distressed glance at her attire, which would not meet with the requirements of fashionable society anywhere.

"This is all we have left in the world," she added, "just what we have on, and if you will tell me how two women are to make an extended tour with such an equipment I should be glad to hear

it.”

WOMAN POUNDED ON WALL UNTIL SAVED

Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, who occupied a stateroom on the saloon deck of the Republic, between those in which Mrs. Eugene Lynch and W. J. Mooney were killed, said on the Baltic:—

"I had gone to bed about nine o’clock, but the continual sounding of the fog signals kept me awake. Suddenly there was a crash and the lights went out. The ceiling dropped in, electric light wires fell on me, with any number of pieces of partition as well.

"I had turned on my side and when the crash came I instinctively put my hands over my eyes. I felt something strike me and hold me against the back of the partition. Later I found it was a mattress that had been driven in from the next room.

“I pounded on the wall and heard a steward say, ‘There is a woman in that room.’ I kept on pounding and shortly they forced a way into me and carried me out through the cut in the next cabin and thence into the alleyway and to the saloon.”

AMERICAN COUNTESS ABOARD

Countess Pasolini, who was Miss Mildred Montague, daughter of a wealthy manufacturer of Chattanooga, was a passenger on the Republic, returning to her home in Rome after a visit to her parents in the Tennessee city. She was met at the pier by her father yesterday morning when the Baltic docked and will postpone her return voyage for a week or more.

“In the early hours of the morning,” she said, "I was awakened by the terrible crash, and within a few minutes an attendant rapped on my stateroom door and quietly informed me to dress quickly and come to the deck. Within ten minutes I was standing out on the promenade deck with other passengers waiting to be lowered in the ship’s boats, but it seemed hours before the Florida came alongside our ship to take off the passengers. The manner in which the transfer was made was most remarkable. The first cabin passengers were calm and there was little sign of a panic.

“Everything possible was done by the officers of the Florida for our comfort, and we also received the best treatment on the Baltic. While all the passengers lost their baggage, I for one, am certainly thankful that we escaped with our lives.”

GIRL’S WIT AVERTS A PANIC

Miss Glover Reassures Passengers After Man Predicts Their Doom.

Miss Susanna Glover, sixteen years old, who was in the crowd jammed into the tiny saloon of the Florida, was credited with having prevented a small panic while the approach of the Baltic was being anxiously awaited. A Frenchman suddenly jumped up and threw out his arms.

“Mon Dieu!” he cried, “In three hours we shall go to the bottom of the sea.”

“But the Baltic will be here in an hour and a half,” Miss Glover cried in an equally loud voice, and the fear which had begun to appear on almost every face was succeeded by smiles.

“What made you think that the Baltic would come when you said?” Miss Glover was asked.

“Nothing,” was the reply, “but I just thought it was necessary to say something to quiet that crazy Frenchman and I said the first thing that came into my mind.”

TWO WOMEN NEAR DEATH

Bow of the Florida Entered the Misses McCready’s Stateroom.

The Misses I. and G. McCready, passengers on the Republic, had what their fellow voyagers considered a thrilling escape when the bow of the Florida crashed into the Republic. The Misses McCready occupied stateroom No. 92, one of those entered by the Florida’s bow.

One of the sisters was flung from her berth upon the sofa on the outer side of the room by the shock, and the other was hurled on top of her. Steel plates just above them were bent over and the heavy anchor on the starboard bow, torn away from its chain just at that time, was flung upon the steel plates which acted as a perfect shield. When the two young women were released from their imprisoning shelter neither was injured.

DIVES IN AGAIN FOR HIS HAT

Mrs. Earle’s Rescuer Gives an Amusing Sidelight on the Wreck.

Passengers told of a sailor belonging to the Republic who jumped overboard to save Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, while they were being transferred to the Baltic. When he had climbed back into the lifeboat the sailor found he had lost his hat. He immediately dived again and brought his headgear triumphantly back.

Another of the Republic’s seamen, Kirwin by name, was resting on his oar when a stout woman missed the gunwale of the lifeboat in being assisted aboard, and fell with most of her weight upon his neck.

“Did I hurt you?” sweetly inquired the woman when she had righted herself.

“Oh! my neck!” groaned Kirwin, but on seeing that it was a woman that had fallen on him, he touched his cap.

“Nothin’ to speak of, ma’am,” he replied.

GIRL FELLS MAN WITH FIST

Stories of the athletic prowess of a tall young American woman whose friends declined to give her name, were told on the Baltic yesterday. The young woman and her mother were passengers on the Republic and when the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic began they went to the gangway to join the other women. A big Italian shoved the elder woman out of the way and took her place. The young woman turned and planted a well directed blow on his jaw. He went down and a cheer was raised.

MR. CONNOLLY DENIES SHOWING ANXIETY

On the way up from Quarantine passengers on the Baltic heard a spirited quarrel between some of the petty officers of the Republic and James B. Connolly, writer of sea tales, and for a time there were indications that the affair might end in a general mix up.

When reporters visited the ship and began talking with Mr. Connolly he saw fit to find fault with the way he had been treated by some of the officers and crew of the Republic and Baltic. In retaliation Mr. Connolly was charged with showing anxiety to get into the boats when passengers were being transferred.

These accusations Mr. Connolly indignantly denied. Mr. Connolly’s brother, who got on at Quarantine, took up the matter with much spirit. Angry words freely passed, and finally the ship’s officers were obliged to step in to prevent a general scrimmage.

Mr. Connolly explained his chief anxiety was to get an opportunity to use the wireless telegraph on the Baltic for the purpose of sending despatches to newspapers which had begged

him to furnish reports.

Mr. Connolly made a statement last night in which he gave his version of the trouble.

“There is no question,” he said, "but that my criticism of the way in which the Baltic was handled on Saturday night was one of the causes of the enmity against me which showed itself. I did say, and I said it openly, that the Baltic should not have delayed so long in taking the passengers from the Florida. It cleared up early on Saturday night, and the passengers should have been moved then, at a time the Baltic was alongside the Republic, and particularly as a heavy sea will come up very hurriedly in that part of the Atlantic at this time of the year.

"I can understand why this criticism may not have pleased some of the ship’s men, and then there were some words over the refusal of the ship’s officers to permit me to file press despatches by wireless. They would not even permit me to send a message to the effect that I could not send a story of the collision.

"After the collision and from a time before the first passenger was transferred to the Florida I was not on the deck from where the passengers were disembarking. I was asleep when the collision occurred, and, partly dressing myself, went on deck and saw what had happened. I then went back for a little more clothing and went on deck. The disembarkation at the time the passengers went to the Florida was from what is called on the Republic the upper deck. I stood on the deck, just above, and watched the proceedings and made a mental picture of the two ships for the story I knew I would write.

"Not until the last boat was ready to leave did I go on the deck from which the passengers were disembarking, and not then until one of the ship’s men came to me and said I would have to go. I then asked for permission to stay on the Republic and was told I could not. As I was leaving I asked an officer which way Nantucket was and how far we were from land. I was not entirely pleased with the ship’s crew that was in charge of the boat, and it came in the back of my head that if we did not reach the Florida or if anything happened I would like to have my bearings, but the officer I asked told me he could not give me the information.

"It was eleven o’clock at night when the transferring of passengers from the Florida to the Baltic began, I was on the deck when they began to send the first boats, but did not stay there except for a few moments and went with a half dozen men first into the dining room used by the saloon passengers and from there into what was apparently the dining room used by the officers.

“These statements regarding my movements can be verified from many other persons. Any passenger who says, as some of them are quoted as saying, that I was anxious to leave either the Republic or the Florida so as to join my wife and child has either been misquoted or else mistook someone else for me. I was in no hurry to leave either vessel, and each time was called to go by one of the ship’s men.”

Mr. Connolly will not write the story of the race of the battle ships across the Atlantic, the race which was to end the cruise of the American battle ship fleet around the world. When he left on the Republic he carried an order from Mr. Satterlee, Acting Secretary of the Navy, directing the commander in chief of the fleet to give him a passage on one of the battle ships, and he had selected the Vermont. He said last night that while there was a bare chance that he might go across on the Mauretania and get to Gibraltar in time to catch the fleet before it started home he would not try it, for there were many more chances that he would miss the battle ships and have his trip for nothing.
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THE FURNESSIA IN, TELLS HER STORY

Five days overdue, the Anchor line steamship Furnessia, Captain James Lumsdane, commander, which turned and aided in the effort to get the Republic either into shallow water or into port, and failed in the attempt, arrived at her pier, at Twenty-fourth street, at three o’clock

yesterday afternoon.

The Furnessia first got word of the collision late on Saturday night, when R. Colven, the Marconi operator, caught a message.

“The wireless first began to pick up the Baltic on Saturday night,” said Mr. Mitchell. "It was with great difficulty at first that Colven, the wireless operator, caught the message. He finally found out that it was the Baltic speaking. Her operator sent word that the Republic had been in collision. Word was at once carried to Captain Lumdane, and he at once ordered a message asking if he could be of any assistance. The Baltic sent back word asking to come and stand by.

"When the Gresham made fast her towing gear to the Republic an attempt was made to start, but the revenue cutter was not heavy enough for her task, and she could hardly stir the big Republic; just about move her, that’s the fact. I don’t think we were making above a knot, perhaps not as much. We kept in wireless touch with the Gresham, and after we had gone a little way the Seneca came up. She put lines to the Gresham and tried to aid her in towing. Even then the speed was mighty little better and the Republic seemed to be slowly sinking. We went along slowly through the afternoon, drifting all of the time, nearly as much maybe as the headway.

"At nightfall we had word by the wireless that the Gresham had taken off the officers and crew of the Republic, all save her Captain and Chief Officer. They stayed by the ship. We could not see them, but now and again through the heavy mist we could get a glimpse of her bridge lights, gleaming faintly, and the only ones showing.

"With our lines gone to the Republic we kept a little further away, but were still in constant communication by wireless with the Gresham. Along about eight o’clock a breeze sprang up, and half an hour later we missed the Republic. The wireless brought us word that she had gone down about half-past eight.

“We still stood by and two other steamers—I do not know what ones they were—came and played their searchlights on the spot where the Republic had been lost. At nine o’clock the Gresham wired us that by the aid of the searchlights the Captain and the Chief Officer of the Republic had been saved. We stayed about for a time, and then, when we were sure that there was no further need of our waiting longer, we came on slowly toward New York.”

STORY OF THE SURGEON OF THE REPUBLIC

One of the most complete narratives of the scenes following the collision was told yesterday by Dr. J. J. Marsh, the Republic’s surgeon, who was on the Suevic two years ago when that vessel piled upon the rocks near the Lizard and broke in two.

“I was awakened by three blasts of the whistle,” said Dr. Marsh. "Then came a heavy, dull thud. I jumped up hastily, drew on my trousers, jumped into my slippers and, grabbing whatever other clothing was within reach hurried out. It was my duty to assemble the women and children, and I had literally to grope my way about. I got them together as fast as I could.

"Captain Sealby came down from the bridge upon deck and spoke to a group of passengers standing near. ‘I do not think the ship will sink,’ he told them. ‘She may go down to a certain point, but it is likely her watertight compartments will keep her from sinking.’ He was given three cheers.

"I was called to treat the injured, but such aid as I could give, under the circumstances, was practically little more than what is called ‘first aid.’ Poor Mrs. Lynch seemed to have been literally scooped out of her cabin by the bow of the Florida. Mrs. Henry L. Griggs, who had been pulled out of her cabin by a steward named Roberts, I found was wounded on the right side and one of her legs was badly bruised. Mr. Lynch’s thigh, I found, was broken. He was in extreme pain and suffered so much on the way to the Florida that he declined to be put on the

Baltic when the rest of us were transferred. One of our stewards, named Woodward, was injured by being thrown down by the shock of the collision, and, I fear, suffered a fracture at the base of the skull. We have an Italian steward from the Florida whose leg was broken. Three of the Florida's crew, I understand, were killed.

SAVED THE REPUBLIC FROM BLOWING UP

What happened in the engine room of the Republic when sudden sharp orders began to come from the bridge, to be followed almost immediately by the crash of the Florida's bow as it forced its way through the Republic's side and into the midst of the startled watch in the engine room, was told yesterday afternoon by two oilers from the Republic, John Hart and Thomas McInerny, the former narrating and the latter corroborating.

"The second engineer was in charge in the engine room and the fourth engineer, Mr. Legg, was standing by," said Hart. "I was on duty at the main engine and McInerny was at the refrigerating engine. It was between half-past five and ten minutes to six, and we were proceeding under reduced speed. Suddenly the telegraph from the bridge sounded 'stop.' A minute later the order came, 'Full speed astern!' The propellers had not been turning sixty seconds when 'Full speed ahead' was ordered.

"Then in less time than it takes to tell came a terrible crash on the port side, and an instant later the big stem of a ship crashed through the steel plates, outer and inner, shoving aside frames and forcing its way in to within five yards of where I was standing. The vessel tore away everything on that side for twenty feet aft and then disappeared, and we could see the water rushing in below.

"'Close the water tight doors!' the second engineer shouted. Within ten seconds this was done, every one of the five hand screwed doors being shut as tight as a drum. These should have kept the water from the rest of the ship, but didn't, for apparently one of the engine room bulkheads had been torn away. Then we began climbing up the iron ladder to the boat deck. The electrical apparatus had been put out of action immediately the water came in, but a few emergency oil lamps were burning and it was not difficult to find our way up the 160 steps to the open air.

"Mr. Legg at the risk of his life probably saved the ship from blowing up. While the rest of us were making our way to the ladder he rushed to the deck below and waded through water up to his waist to the main feed checks on the boilers and opened them all. Had he not done this the boilers must have burst when the rush of cold water reached them.

"When we got to the top deck we received our next order from the Captain. I helped to get Mr. Mooney's body and put it into a coffin, and also that of Mrs. Lynch. A shoe belonging to Mrs. Lynch was found cut in two as if by a sharp axe.

FLORIDA VICTIMS REMOVED FROM WRECK IN DOCK

Italian Liner's Cargo Rushed Out to Get Vessel Into Hands of Repairers.

SHIP BADLY CRUSHED.

Her Dead and Cargo Removed in Haste to Get Vessel Into Drydock.

Two hundred longshoremen swarmed on the deck of the Florida this morning, ripping the cargo out of her, in an effort to clear her hold by Thursday morning, so that she may be taken from the South Brooklyn pier at the foot of Fortieth street to the Erie Basin drydock and have a new prow built on her.

The three dead and Mr. Lynch, who died later in the hospital, had been removed from the Italian liner during the night and a wrecking crew put to work in the gnarled and tangled mass of steel

and timber that had been the sharp bow which had hewn through the midships of the Republic like a cleaver through cheese and then crumpled up as if bent upon adamant.

There were fifteen who went down into the bent and twisted mass in the three smashed compartments to save what could be saved before the shipbuilders slice off the crushed nose and build another one.

Crew Killed in Bunks.

All of the officers and crew had gone ashore to visit friends and relatives and relate to them the tale of their remarkable adventures. Pier Superintendent H. Nohl was in charge. He said:

“The cargo suffered no damage from the collision, and we expect to get it all out of her by to-morrow night. Then we will run her into dry dock and have a new prow built on. The bodies of the three dead were removed early this morning to the undertaking rooms of Louis Schaefer, at No. 4014 Third avenue, Brooklyn, whence they will be buried.

“They are Salvator D’Amico, fifteen years old, a cabin boy, who was a refugee from Messina, when he found employment on the Florida. Pasquale Lavelli and Caligero Mertucelli, seamen, both of Naples. They were asleep in the forecastle bunks at the time of the collision. Their bodies were terribly crushed.”
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Wonderful Tales Are Told by Those Who Were Saved from the Sinking Liner

Men and Women Roused from Their Sleep as the Prow of the Florida Sheared Into the Sides of the Republic Recount Their Experiences.

YOUTHFUL MASTER OF THE ITALIAN SHIP TELLS OF ACCIDENT AND RESCUE WORK

More Details Come to Hand Concerning the Marvels of the Wireless and Its Successful Appeal for Aid Which Brought All Ships Within Call.

To the welcome music of thousands of voices raised in a chorus of cheers on the pier of the White Star line, the Baltic, bearing 1,650 passengers from her sister ship, the Republic, and the Florida, of the Lloyds-Italiano Line, warped into her dock a few minutes after noon yesterday.

From the decks of the rescuing vessel went up an answering cry of cheer and gladness, for those who had been at the mercy of the seas, helpless and hopeless, had it not been for the skill of man in the form of the wireless telegraph system, which alone saved them from death, had reached not only a haven, but their home haven.

It was a motley gathering, so far as costume goes, that bent over the rails of the huge Baltic as she slowly steamed past the skyscrapers and finally came within view of the eager throngs surging on the long pier, each striving for a look at her as she came up. There were men in pajamas and blankets, children in almost nothing, women in all sorts of makeshifts in the way of garb; for all the baggage had gone down under the waves with the Republic, and it was merely a case of keeping warm until land and taxicabs were reached.

Nobody seemed to care about that phase of the situation, and just as soon as the gangplanks were available arms were flung around bare necks and half-clad figures, and many tears were shed. At first the only thought was that all were back with their own again—all but the unfortunates who had been sacrificed to the hunger of the sea.

After that all the talk was in praise of the valor and heroic devotion to duty of Captain Sealby, of the Republic, and his crew, even though those who told of it did not know the final chapter of their rescue by the Gresham, when the big liner finally surrendered and buried

herself under the waters of the Atlantic.

On the other hand, with one or two exceptions, the officers of all the ships concerned paid tribute to the heroism of the passengers in a situation which so far as any one knew at the moment, was imminent with peril. Some of the men became excited, but as a whole the ship’s company was commendably calm. The conduct of the women was particularly admirable, none of them indulging in a game of solitaire while the sailors were swinging the lifeboats from the davits.

No argosy of the olden days was ever more heartily welcomed than the Baltic, despite the fact that several wounded persons lay within her boards. And hardly less enthusiastic was the welcome accorded to the Florida, the unwitting cause of the accident, and herself battered almost to the sinking point, which followed the majestic White Star ship up the bay. Both had their stories to tell, stories of hours of anguish and fear, stories of the excitement on the two ships, of the bravery of the officers and of the efficient work of the crews.

In the meantime the Gresham, the revenue cutter which was towing the Republic when she surrendered to her native element, had reached Woods Holl, Mass., concerned more particularly with the story of the gallantry of Captain Sealby and his men, who were taken off the Republic at the last moment and were subsequently transferred to the Seneca, derelict destroyer. With them the Seneca arrived in New York last night, exhausted from their experience, depreciating their own work, and having no other expression than one of satisfaction and gratitude that no more lives had been lost.

As an appreciation of the work of Captain Ranson and his men on the Baltic in saving the shipwrecked passengers of the Republic and the Florida, a subscription, which quickly reached the sum of $1,060, was taken up on the way from the scene of the accident, twenty-six miles off Nantucket, to the port of New York.

THE HEROISM OF IT.

To-day and in the years to come whenever the loss of the White Star steamship Republic is spoken of the heroism attendant upon the calamity will always take prominent place and in the front rank of those conspicuous for bravery in the face of danger stands John Binns, the Marconi wireless operator.

With his station put out of commission by the collision he rigged up substitute batteries and sent out broadcast the calls for help. He knew the life of these substitute batteries were short and stuck to his post with the receivers of the wireless clamped to his ears for more than ten hours listening for answers to his calls. Binns modestly says:—"I didn’t do anything great,” but the world chooses to think otherwise.

For the beleaguered passengers, too, there are words of praise on all hands. The women, especially, were heroically calm even when the danger was greatest.

LIFE-SAVING INVENTIONS.

Had it not been for wireless telegraphy the accident to the Republic might have resulted in as great loss of life as the sinking of the Bourgogne only a few years ago. Had wireless telegraphy been invented then, and had the Bourgogne been fitted with it, as was the Republic, the lives of its 560 passengers would also have been saved.

This accident gives life-saving inventions a graphic advertisement. It proves their value concretely both to the hundreds of people whose lives were saved and the tens of millions of people who read about it.

Without life-saving inventions human life would react upon itself and population would automatically become stationary or decrease, because it is only through the use of men’s brains that the increasing dangers of modern life are overcome.

Before there were light houses, fog horns, signal stations and buoys more ships went ashore than now, although there are a hundred times as many vessels on the ocean now as then. Without wireless telegraphy, without submarine bells, fog horns and signals the crowded ocean lanes would be so dangerous that steamers could travel at full speed only with a good light, and would have to lie to on a dark night or during a fog.

When a human mind invented the steam engine, the dangers to human life were increased, and life-saving inventions in the shape of safety valves, governors and signals followed.

When a human mind invented the deadly electric current as great danger was created as if lightning were introduced to the house. The life-saving inventions of insulation, of fusible plugs and of automatic regulation made the great invention of electric light safe.

EDITOR’S STORY OF REPUBLIC CRASH

Q. B. Winship of The Grand Forks Herald Thought a Derelict Had Been Hit.

PANIC ONLY IN STEERAGE

An Officer with a Revolver Quickly Stopped That—Hours of Anxiety in the Darkness.

By George B. Winship, Editor of The Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.

The ramming of the steamship Republic by the Lloyd Italian liner Florida occurred at 5:30 o’clock Saturday morning, before daybreak and during the dense fog. The Republic was struck almost amidships, and the prow of the Florida penetrated the saloon deck, tearing everything into splinters and ribbons. To many of the passengers the impression was given that there had been an explosion on board, as the blow of the Italian steamer was followed by a dull, roaring sound, and subsequently a noise like the tearing and rending of timber.

There was a violent tremor of the great ship. It ran from end to end, and then the engines stopped, and almost immediately the lighting circuit was cut off and the lights went out.

All the passengers were asleep in their staterooms at the time of the accident, and they arose and donned what clothing their fear would allow them time to put on. My wife and I occupied Stateroom 106, which was on the starboard side and away from the place where the steel cut-water of the Florida cut into the vessel’s side. I was awakened by the shock, and at first it seemed to me that it was as though we had hit a derelict.

Just awakened, I did not realize that a serious accident had happened, and I took my watch out from under my pillow to see the time. I leaned out and turned the electric light switch, but could not make the light glow. The power was off. Outside on the deck I was attracted by the striking and burning of matches, and I got up. Then came the full realization that we had met with an accident and the engines were stopped.

The Passengers in Darkness.

Dressing, my wife and I went outside, where we found the passengers groping their way to the upper deck by the light of matches. The ship employs, calming their fears, advised all to put on life preservers in case they might be needed.

By 7 o’clock the full extent of the damage to the Republic was ascertained by the officers. Capt. Sealby addressed the passengers from the bridge, telling them that it would be necessary to transfer them to the Florida. He advised them that there was no immediate danger and implored them quietly and coolly to descend the side to the lifeboats. His calm statement of the situation restored confidence to the passengers, and it is doubtful whether there was ever an assemblage of 500 or more persons so cool and collected in the face of danger.

Within an hour the passengers were being transferred to the Florida. The covered every deck of the smaller steamship so thickly that there was no room to move about. Here the passengers huddled together for fifteen hours, suffering from cold, hunger, and thirst. The Florida's officers did the best they could to give assistance, but they were carrying a large list of immigrants, and as the vessel was in the condition you might expect from that fact, they could do but little for the comfort of the Republic's passengers.

The report given out in the morning that help had been reached by wireless and that relief ships would be sent proved true, for at 8 o'clock in the evening the fog whistles of relief vessels were heard, and within a short time the Baltic reached us. Then La Lorraine came in sight.

Italians Fight for the Boats.

The work of taking off the passengers from the Florida began about 10:30 P. M., and by the next morning we were all safe on board the Baltic. All were transferred, including the steerage passengers on the Florida. The Italian vessel was found to be seriously wounded, and the fore part was settling. When the transfer was going on some of the Florida's passengers fought to get to the boats first. Some two or three drew knives, but they were driven back in short order.

W. J. Mooney of Langdon, N. D., who, with his wife, occupied Stateroom 28 on the saloon deck, was literally torn to …
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… pieces it was said, and it is presumed that his remains went down with the steamer. Mrs. Mooney, who occupied a berth on the opposite side of the room, escaped miraculously. In the crash of timbers when the bow cut into the Republic's side, the crushed woodwork formed an arch over her, saving her from injury. Mrs. Lynch of Boston was killed in the collision and several others were injured.

Mrs. M. F. Murphy of Grand Forks, N. D., who, with her husband, occupied the stateroom next to that occupied by the Mooneys, was badly injured, her right leg being broken in three places, and she also sustained a deep cut in her side. She was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. Mr. Murphy was slightly cut and bruised, but his injuries are not serious.

Revolver Stops a Panic.

The passengers lost all their baggage and landed in New York with just enough to cover them. The officers and crew of the Republic acted well and did their duty. The only case of panic of which I heard was aft, where the steerage passengers were. In the first excitement some of them ran to the boats and attempted to get into them. They were working in frantic haste to save themselves when an officer appeared with a revolver and ordered them back. They were cowed and then went back. After that there was no further trouble. GEORGE B. WINSHIP.

SEALBY ON REPUBLIC TILL SHE WENT DOWN

He Climbed to the Foremast as She Sank and Was Saved by the Gresham's Men.

SECOND OFFICER WITH HIM

Refused to be Taken Off, but Fired a Rocket to Tell of the Last Struggle—Clung to a Grating.

Special to The New York Times.

WOOD'S HOLE, Mass., Jan. 25.—What happened on the White Star liner Republic from the time that her passengers left her until she foundered last night was told here to-day by Lieut. Scott,

executive officer of the revenue cutter Gresham, which started to beach the Republic.

The tale is one of determination on the part of Capt. Sealby of the Republic to stand by his ship to the last, of loyalty displayed by Second Officer Williams, who declined rescue to cast his lot with his Captain, and, finally, of the masterful work of Gunner Carl Johanson of the Gresham and his crew of eight men, who snatched Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams from what seemed almost certain death.

The Gresham reached here at 10:30 o’clock this morning, having transferred to the derelict destroyer Seneca Capt. Sealby and his crew two and a half hours earlier, while both the Seneca and the Gresham lay off the Vineyard Sound lightship.

Lieut. Scott was soaked to the skin after his two days’ exposure in heavy fog and stormy weather, and he told the story as he ripped off his wet garments and exchanged them for warm, fresh clothing. This is his story:

"We found the Republic at 10 o’clock Sunday morning. The passengers and most of the crew had been transferred already to the Baltic. Only Capt. Sealby, Second Officer Williams, and thirty-five men who had volunteered to stay by their ship remained. They lay in boats alongside the Republic, which listed badly to starboard and was sunk down by the stern.

"Standing by was the Furnessia, but there was no other boat in sight. Shortly before noon Capt. Sealby and his second officer, with what crew he had left, climbed aboard his craft, and the Gresham sent a line aboard over the bow. The Furnessia sent two lines over the starboard quarter to help in steering, and at 1:30 o’clock the little fleet started. We tried hard to head north northwest, but could only make a little better than a westerly direction until 3 o’clock, when the Seneca arrived and took a line ahead of the Gresham. Little progress was made, and at 7 o’clock Capt. Sealby ordered his crew to abandon the ship.

"The men tried to persuade their Captain to follow them, but Capt. Sealby declared that his place was on his vessel, and that he would never leave her while she floated. Second Officer Williams, so the men said, stepped to the Captain’s side and declined to leave the ship unless he did so. Capt. Sealby could not be persuaded and the two officers saw their men row away to the Gresham.

“At 8 o’clock the bow of the Republic, illuminated by the rays of the Gresham’s searchlight, was seen to be rising fast. Five minutes later two pistol shots rang out, and at the same instant two blue lights shot up from the Gresham’s deck. The Republic’s bow shot high in the air, and an instant later she sank.”

It was by a previous arrangement that Capt. Sealby fired his pistol and set off the lights. By these tokens the officers of the Gresham were to know that the Republic was about to sink so that they might have time to cast off the hawser before their craft was also dragged down to the bottom.

When the signal flashed out the connecting hawser was severed with one blow of an axe, and at the same instant Gunner Johanson and his crew tumbled into their boat and pulled rapidly toward the whirlpool which marked the spot where the Republic had floated an instant since.

Once as Johanson was peering into the darkness a small spar shot up and struck him in the face, giving him a bad bruise. The next instant the little craft almost ran down Second Officer Williams, who was swimming about although hampered by a long, heavy overcoat. A few minutes later a faint cry was heard coming out of the darkness, and Johanson steered his boat toward it. Clinging to a floating grating was Capt. Sealby almost exhausted. He was dragged into the boat and the small craft put back to the Gresham.

With warm clothing Capt. Sealby and his second officer rapidly recovered and explained that as the Republic started to sink Williams had been rolled from his feet and tossed overboard, while

Capt. Sealby, who had been upon the bridge, started to climb the foremast. He had reached the mast headlight as the boat went down, and slipped off into the sea unhurt. He swam around until saved. Williams, not so fortunate, was somewhat bruised by his fall into the water.

Capt. Sealby and the men of the Republic who boarded the Gresham were loud in their praise of the Republic's passengers who, they said, had all proved courageous. One woman on the Republic, he said, to beguile the time of waiting for the boats which were to take them to the Florida, sat upon the deck and played solitaire. Another passenger, a man, approached the first officer and with as much politeness as he might have used on another and less distressing occasion, apologized for disturbing him at such a time, and then asked if his wife, who had been injured, might not go in the first boat. Although he did not mention it the man himself was injured, and Capt. Sealby saw to it that room was made for both in the first boat to leave the Republic.

The Seneca, to which Capt. Sealby and his men were transferred, started for New York within an hour after they had come aboard.

REPUBLIC'S CREW ANGRY AT CONNOLLY

Stewards Sign a Statement That the Writer Tried to Enter a Boat Ahead of Women and Children.

HIS INDIGNANT DENIAL

Declares He Was the Last Passenger to Leave the Republic—Angry Dispute on the Baltic.

In the midst of the happiness and good humor which characterized the words and conduct of almost every one on the Baltic as the ship drew near to her pier, there was just one incident that threatened for a moment to develop into a serious situation.

The principal actor in it was J. B. Connolly, friend of President Roosevelt and writer on seafaring topics.

Mr. Connolly had been a passenger on the Republic on his way to join the United States battleship fleet in Mediterranean waters, by permission of the President, who authorized Mr. Connolly to rejoin the fleet after he had once departed from it.

The writer was bitter in his criticism of the crew for having failed to save any baggage. He also declared to inquirers that he had been prevented from sending wireless messages ashore by order of Capt. Ranson and the purser, who not only declined his messages but, according to Mr. Connolly, refused to allow him to wire an explanation of his failure to get off a story of the accident.

Accused by Ship's Barber.

He was thus talking when G. F. Fletcher, barber of the Republic, who had taken a courageous part in the transfer of the Republic's passengers both to the Florida and afterward to the Baltic, pushed his way through the crowd surrounding Connolly and, in a voice hot with anger, exclaimed:

"You have little to do to talk of cowards. You were the coward. You tried to force your way into the boats ahead of the women and children."

Mr. Connolly flushed with anger. It seemed that a personal collision was imminent, and the author's friends hustled him off to his cabin. A few moments later, however, Mr. Connolly appeared again on the upper promenade deck, where Fletcher, with F. S. Spencer, a second steward on the Republic, and J. E. Mathews, a chief steward, was standing with a group of Republic stewards. All these men had shared in the work of transferring passengers and Connolly's words threw them into a state of utter disregard of the attitude usual between seamen and passengers.

Stewards Make Charges.

The seamen behind the steward were becoming more angry each moment. There was a sudden shout, “Put him out of here!” and a surge toward the writer. Friends gathered around him and hustled him back to his stateroom, where he remained until the Baltic docked, when he walked down the gangplank and disappeared up the pier.

While Connolly stuck to his cabin, however, Spencer, Fletcher, and six others held an indignation meeting on deck. They declared, among other things, that he had tried to get into the boats intended for women and children, saying that he had a wife and child, either in the boats or already removed from the steamer, which it was the angry Republic sailors did not know.

When he was aboard the Florida, declared the men, Connolly walked the decks with a life preserver strapped around his waist. Spencer signed this statement:

“Dr. J. J. Marsh pushed Connolly back when he tried to get ahead of the women and children who were being transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. I stood at the top of the gangway for twelve hours without moving, and I saw this happen. F. S. SPENCER, Second Steward.”

Charges False, Connolly Says.

Mr. Connolly was indignant when informed of the charges. He said plainly that he was “the victim of a job” put up against him because he had dared to assert his rights concerning the dispatch of wireless press messages. He said every charge was absolutely false, and just the reverse was true.

“I was the last passenger of the Republic,” he said, "to leave that ship after the order to desert her was given. In the last boat that left the wrecked liner I was a passenger. When I was not pulling an oar, I was doing what I could to relieve the sufferings of a fellow-passenger who was ill, and was among those taken to the Florida in the last boat that left the Republic.

"These fellows said I was ‘trying to make myself strong with the women passengers.’ This all because I had the decency to bring some of those poor women a cup of coffee or a glass of water now and then. I also had trouble with Capt. Ranson over the refusal to send wireless messages to the papers. They even tried to prevent my notifying the papers of the reason I was unable to send the stories which had been ordered of me.

“That I ran around that vessel with a lifebelt strapped around me or that I tried to get off in the first boat is absolutely false. As I said, I was the very last to leave that vessel. All this trouble began because I had enough red blood in my veins to want to investigate a good story that it was in my power to give to the newspapers. It’s small business. The whole thing is a tissue of falsehoods.”

LAST RITES TO THE DYING.

Clergyman Almost Swept Away Getting to Mr. Mooney’s Stateroom.

The Rev. John W. Norris, rector of St. Mary’s Catholic Church at Deal, N.J., told on his arrival at Newark yesterday of his remarkable struggle on the Republic to reach the staterooms of Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston and W. J. Mooney of Langdon, N. D., where he administered the last rites of the Church to them before they died.

“I was thrown from my bunk by the impact,” said Father Norris, "and had on only my pajamas when I reached the deck. Soon a steward came up and said that several passengers had been apparently badly injured in their staterooms. I started to go to the staterooms, when the lights went out.

I had to feel my way and fight against the stream of passengers in the corridor.

"When I got near the point of impact I could hear the water rushing in. I reached Mrs. Lynch before she died and ministered to her. She seemed to be conscious. In getting to the adjoining stateroom I had to swing myself across a chasm made in the side of the vessel. The cold water caught me and nearly carried me away, but I was just able to swing myself into what had been Mr. Mooney's stateroom.

"I pried out a bunk which had been crushed against the wall. There I found Mr. Mooney in a frightful condition, almost dead. Both he and Mrs. Lynch were dead before I left them. When I had completed my religious errand, it was too late to reach my own stateroom for clothing, and I had to come into port in my pajamas and a borrowed overcoat."

MRS. EARLE FELL INTO SEA.

Brooklyn Woman Nearly Drowned While Her Sister Looked On.

Two women who had thrilling experiences on the Republic were Mrs. Alice Morse Earle of 242 Henry Street, Brooklyn Heights, and her sister, Miss Frances C. Morse of Worcester, Mass., who were on their way to Cairo, Egypt, for the Winter. Miss Morse said:

"The transfer to the Baltic from the Florida was a terrible experience. It was dark and wet, and we were drenched. Our lifeboat was so heavily laden that I feared she would sink. For more than three-quarters of an hour we pitched about in the sea trying to shape a course to the Baltic.

"When we reached the side of the Baltic the lifeboat was much lower than the gangway. Two Italian seamen on the ladder lifted my sister, Mrs. Earle, so that she might grasp the end of the ladder, but she lost her hold and dropped into the sea. She sank twice when one of the sailors caught her dress with a boat hook and dragged her near, so that the other sailor could grasp her by the hair.

"In this way they pulled her alongside until they could get hold of her. Every second seemed an hour until finally they got her back on board, and this time on to the ladder, up which she was assisted to the deck.

"We saved only the clothes we have on. We lost all our money, jewelry, and baggage."

Mrs. Earle suffered from shock, but was not much hurt by her experience.

TRIUMPH OF THE WIRELESS.

Its Value as a Life Saver at Sea Strikingly Shown.

To those who sail the fresh or salt water seas for pleasure or profit no improvement or invention applicable to navigation, perfected in our generation, equals wireless telegraphy as a life saver. This fact was strikingly shown in the readiness with which relief was brought to the Republic and Florida in collision off Nantucket shoals last Saturday morning, and two shiploads of people rescued from imminent peril. The manner in which the Marconi wireless service worked on that thrilling occasion is thus detailed by the New York Times:

The steamships Baltic and Republic of the White Star line, Pennsylvania of the Hamburg-American line, incoming from Hamburg; the Furnessia of Anchor line, from Glasgow; the French liner La Lorraine, from Havre; the Cunarder, Lucania, from Liverpool, and the Atlantic Transport liner Minneapolis from London were all within the wireless zone of the shore stations along the coast.

House Halts to Eulogize "Jack" Binns

Representatives in Washington Listen to High Praise of the Heroic Marconi Operator on the Republic, Who, Incidentally, Is Well Known to Speaker Cannon and Others.

HERALD BUREAU, No. 1502 H STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, D.C., Monday.

John B. Binns, Marconi operator on the Republic and who sent wireless telegrams calling for aid which brought help to the stricken vessel, was eulogized as a hero on the floor of the House of Representatives today by Representative Boutell, of Illinois. Immediately after the reading of the Journal Mr. Boutell rose and said:—

“Mr. Speaker, I arise to a question of personal privilege. During the last two days we have been reminded once more of the perils that beset those that go down to the sea in ships and do business in greater waters.

“The accident that befell the Republic and the Florida last Saturday found heroes ready for the heroic work demanded of officers, men and passengers.

“I believe that every one who read the accounts of the collision and the jeopardy in which occupants of the two ships were placed and the way in which the news reached the rescuers felt that there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized.

“I refer to the Marconi operator of the Republic, who had the cool head and steady hand to send forth on the willing wings of air the message of disaster that saved hundreds of lives and the message of deliverance that relieved thousands of anxious hearts. His name is John R. Binns. He is known to several members of this House.

“‘Jack’ Binns has given to the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells on seas in many who are doing quiet, unnoticed work ‘in life.’” His remarks were loudly applauded by the membership and the galleries.

They Knew Binns.

Unknown to Mr. Boutell, Speaker Cannon and other members of the House were not only personally acquainted with “Jack” Binns, but knew better than he his devotion to duty, even in smaller matters than the sinking of a great ship.

Binns was the wireless operator on the Hamburg-American liner Blücher, which bore Speaker Cannon, Representatives James S. Sherman, James A. Tawney, William B. McKinley and others on a pleasure trip to the West Indies a year ago last spring. Before leaving the courtesy of free and unlimited use of all cable and telegraph facilities in the West Indies was tendered to the party by Colonel Clowry, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and arrangements had been made for the wireless stations and the navy yards on the whole South Atlantic coast to keep in touch with the ship daily. Direct communication was to be established and maintained with Washington at all times.

The plan worked beautifully the first day out, but on the second day Binns shut up shop. Inquiry as to the reason therefore developed the fact that he was out of touch with the Marconi station on Cape Cod, the southernmost station maintained by that company at that time. It was explained to Binns to no avail what arrangements had been made to keep the Speaker in touch with Washington. He declared a rival company had infringed the patents of the Marconi system, that he was under orders not to communicate with stations maintained by the rival company, and would not do it. For the rest of the trip, therefore, the wireless was out of business because of Binns’ “devotion to duty.”

Then He Went Further.

Binns went further than that, however. Arriving at Nassau, the Cannon party disembarked, to be

marooned by a storm for three days. It was impossible to cross the harbor bar in any tender afloat and the Blücher hovered in plain sight off the harbor mouth. Finally the manager of the steamship line cabled to Key West and Pensacola to telegraph the Blücher's wireless to pass around to the south coast of the island and pick up the party in a sheltered harbor, which had been found there.

Binns declined to take the messages from the rival company. The second day of the marooning a wig-wag system was finally established with the ship, and the Blücher went around, picking up the Cannon party the third day.

"That ship's Captain made the air so blue for the next two days that the blue sparks from Binns' wireless instruments looked white in comparison," said a member of Speaker Cannon's party today, "but Binns' devotion to duty, about which Mr. Boutell spoke today, was certainly demonstrated to our complete satisfaction."

John Binns, Only Twenty-six, Is a Veteran in Marconi Service.

Youth, coupled with experience, marks the operators of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph System in use on the transatlantic liners that are equipped with the service, the operator on board the Republic being only twenty-six years of age and somewhat of a veteran in years compared with others of his associates.

This man is John Binns, who formerly had charge of the Marconi service aboard the Blücher and the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, of the Hamburg-American line, and who was on the Republic when that vessel was in touch with the earthquake in Sicily. Prior to that he was at the station at Crookhaven, Ireland. He hails from Peterboro, England, and has been five years in the service. He is now on board the Revenue cutter Seneca, having been transferred to that vessel after the foundering of the Republic.

Frank Lloyd, only twenty-three years old, was the operator on the Lucania, of the Cunard line, which vessel stood by the Republic for the entire night after traveling 180 miles in response to the urgent "C D Q" message, which flashed forth from Siasconset and told of the position of the Republic. Since then he was twenty Lloyd has been in the Marconi service, during which time he has been the operator on the Baltic, of the White Star line, the Etruria, of the Cunard line, and the Victorian, plying between Montreal and Liverpool.

H. G. Tattersall, who does the Marconi work on the Baltic, was awake for sixty hours following the flash that told him that the Republic was in dire distress. He is a highly capable man and keenly alert to his duties. F. Bouy, who handles the key on the Lorraine, of the French line—which, although cruising about the vicinity of the accident for many hours, did not locate the Republic—is a Frenchman, trained in the wireless service.

Every operator of a Marconi plant has as his first important instruction the order to keep alert at all times for the code signal "C Q." This reminds "all stations," and when sent out indicates that a message of importance is to follow, with the request that any station receiving it forward it to its destination. "D" means "danger" and in combination with "C Q" tells those in touch that the sender requires help without delay. Thus, the message "C D Q" sent by the Republic immediately after the Florida had rammed her way through her side, followed by the position of the distressed vessel, called aid from every quarter, although none knew at that time just what was the danger that enshrouded their sister ship.
~ 095 ~

HOW BINNS FLASHED HIS CALLS FOR HELP

Drenched and Hungry, He Stuck to His Key in Wreck of the Marconi Room.

DIVED FOR NEW BATTERIES

When the Old Ones Were Rendered Useless-Operator a Nervous Wreck After Thrilling Experience.

No sooner had the derelict remover Seneca dropped her anchor off Stapleton last night than a dozen or more newspaper men boarded her and the search for Binns, the Marconi operator of the Republic, who so heroically stuck to his post and flashed forth the messages that told of the Republic's peril, was begun. Binns was not to be seen, as he was under a strict guard in the ward officers' room by order of Capt. Sealby.

However, Mathew Tierney, the Marconi operator aboard the Seneca, who is an old friend of Binns's, told a graphic story of the experience of his fellow operator on board the Republic.

"Binns is a nervous wreck," Tierney said, "and he told me to-night that he feared he would never be able to put to sea again. He cried like a baby this afternoon when he told me how he had sat in his wrecked wireless room on the Republic, flashing out message after message telling sister ships of the Republic's desperate plight."

"Three sides of the wireless room had been carried away when the Republic was rammed by the Florida, but there sat Binns exposed to the weather, his hands so stiff from cold that it was with difficulty that he could hold the key of his instrument. Just as he succeeded in getting in touch with La Lorraine the Republic's engine room became flooded, and with his power shut off the dynamos in the wireless room ceased to work, and Binns found his instrument mute.

The ship was filling fast and Binns, realizing that all hope of bringing help lay in his messages, went to a store room in search of storage batteries or concentrators. He had to dive into a water-filled compartment and swim and wade around until he found the batteries.

He then rigged out his instrument with these batteries, and in less than half an hour after his instrument had been silenced feeble waves were once more spurting forth into the fog-filled air beseeching aid within, serving to hasten to the rescue of the Republic.

"All day Saturday and far into the night Binns remained at his key before he remembered that he was working in clothes soaking wet and that he was in need of nourishment. Capt. Sealby had placed a guard at the foot of the ladder leading to Binns's perilous perch, and no one came near him, the Captain shouting his orders to his operator through a megaphone.

"When Binns was finally taken off the Republic and later came aboard the Seneca," Tierney continued, "he staggered into my room and wept and begged me to go below with him when he turned in, as his nerves had been so shattered that he was afraid to be left alone. I went with him to his stateroom and helped him to undress. He threw himself on his cot, and in a minute was asleep.

"Later Binns made his way to my wireless room," Tierney added, "but when my instrument commenced to flash as I sent out a message, he leaped from his seat and rushed out of the room like one pursued, and it was this way with him for the rest of the run into New York.

"As soon as my instrument would begin to click and flash he would rush out of the room, saying that the very sight of the electric sparks vividly brought back to him all the perils he had passed through.

"Binns, to my mind, is the hero of this wreck," Tierney said. "Not one man in a thousand would have done what he did."

TATTERSALL KEPT BUSY.

Operator of the Wireless on the Baltic Couldn't Think of Tragic Side.

The story of those thrilling hours at sea after the ramming of the Republic, as told by the wireless messages from the upper deck of the Baltic, was related yesterday by Henry J.

Tattersall, one of the two operators on the Baltic, who were at their posts from the minute that first “C. Q. D.” call for help came until the Baltic, with her load of saved passengers, came into port. Mr. Tattersall sent to The Times the first detailed story of the collision, though he had been fifty-two hours on duty without sleep.

The feature of the story told by Mr. Tattersall is not the tragic side of the tale; it is just the opposite. It is the prosaic recital of the facts as they appeared to the operator of a wireless instrument at sea, shut off from view of all that was transpiring outside, even shut off from all sound save the throbbing of the engines far below, and the intermittent buzzing and sputtering of the instrument before him, the instrument which reached out and caught those messages from the sinking ship and from the wireless stations on shore—messages which told in mosaic words of what was transpiring behind that dense wall of fog which had shut off all vision a dozen feet away.

“Excited? Why, no. I hadn’t time to get excited, and yet, if I had I don’t believe there was anything in those messages to excite a wireless operator,” said Mr. Tattersall, yesterday, some hours after the Baltic had reached port. He was very sleepy. He hadn’t slept since midnight Friday, and said he felt as though he would never be able to sleep again.

“I have just got out of the habit of sleeping,” said Tattersall. “Maybe I will be able to learn again, but certainly not for a while yet.” And then this sleepless Mr. Tattersall was led back to the subject of his story, the events of last Saturday and Sunday as they were recorded on that wireless instrument of his.

“There was just one moment when an excitable man might have received a thrill,” said he. "That was about 7 o’clock Saturday evening, when I received this message from Operator Binns of the Republic: ‘We are settling rapidly; must soon be leaving, so will close.’

"This was the last message I got from Binns. Had I had time to stop and think I might have drawn a mental picture of what must have been going on on board the Republic: the hurrying for the boats, the scramble to get free from a sinking ship before she went down. But I didn’t even think of that.

"A few minutes before that message came Binns had started a message and had stopped right in the middle of a sentence. I thought at the time he had been called away to take to the boats, but, as I learned later, he had not.

"No, it was a very prosaic story we received through the wireless instrument, tragic enough to those on the Republic, of course, but a mere matter of business routine to me and to my fellow-operator, G. W. Balfour, who was with me almost all the time after that first danger call was received. And I might add that since Saturday morning we have sent and received many hundreds of messages to and from the passengers on the Republic and their friends on shore, also messages to and from Capt. Ranson and the ship’s owners. Oh, it was a busy time, for while the business messages were being sent we were constantly in communication either with the Republic or with our shore station or with some of the other ships which arrived on the scene after the Baltic got there.

"But to begin at the beginning. I had been on duty all Friday night, and Balfour had turned in. At 4:30 o’clock in the morning I called up Siasconsett and asked the operator if he had heard from the Republic. I had been looking for her all night, as she was outward bound and due to communicate. Siasconsett said he had not heard from the Republic. About 6:30 o’clock I laid down the headpiece of the receiver to leave the room, and when I put it on again I heard Siasconsett giving the distress call and saying:

"Republic wrecked and needs assistance; position, latitude 40.17 north, longitude 70 west.

"As soon as I got that I reported to Capt. Ranson on the bridge. He got the bearings, turned the ship about, and made for the spot where the Republic should have been. The fog was very

thick, and had it been clear weather we could have seen the ship ten miles.

"The Captain made all preparations for accommodating survivors when they should come on board. When we arrived at the position given, about 11 o’clock in the morning, the Captain pursued a zigzag course in order to try and find her.

"We were searching in this way for about twelve hours, during which time we continually blew fog horns and fired bombs. By wireless we constantly asked and received particulars concerning location and bearings of the Republic. The Republic’s wireless power was very weak, as the operator could only use accumulators, this being due to the fact that after the collision the engines of the Republic ceased working and also the dynamos. This was explained later when the operator, Mr. Binns, came aboard.

"We finally picked the Republic up about 8:30 o’clock in the evening and were first to be on the spot. Among other particulars given the captain of the Republic stated, via wireless, that she would probably float until morning. The Lucania, Lorraine, New York, and Furnessia were also searching for the Republic, and asked particulars of her whereabouts.

"Messages were constantly being received during the search to facilitate the work of finding. There was some confusion of messages owing to other systems sending the particulars to various stations on the mainland.

"When we sighted the Republic, the Captain transferred the remainder of the crew and the wireless operator, Mr. Binns, to the Baltic, which left only the Captain and the boat’s crew. We then proceeded to the Florida, and after standing by her some time, decided to transfer the passengers and crew. This went on for several hours.

"We stood by the Florida all night, and in the morning went back to the Republic. The Captain of the Republic stated that there was a good chance of the ship remaining afloat, so we sent a skeleton crew and the wireless operator back to the Republic. We left the Furnessia standing by the Florida, and we, with other mail boats, then proceeded to New York, as we could give no further assistance. After some time we received no further communication from the Republic, owing to weak power and signals.

“The weather on Saturday and Sunday was very unfavorable to the sending and receiving of wireless messages because of the great amount of static electricity in the air. But in spite of this the apparatus on the Baltic was working constantly from early Saturday morning until today at noon. Mr. Balfour and I grew so tired toward the end that we could only stick at the apparatus for a couple of hours at a time.”

CONGRESS APPLAUDS BINNS.

Mr. Boutell in a Speech Says Marconi Operator Ought to be Immortalized.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The heroism of John R. Binns, the Marconi operator who sent the wireless messages from the sinking Republic that finally brought her aid in time, came in for rounds of applause in the House today. The opportunity came in a speech by Representative Boutell, who rose to a question of personal privilege and declared that Binns ought to be immortalized.

Though Mr. Boutell explained that Binns was personally known to many members of the House and had demonstrated to Speaker Cannon and Mr. Sherman on their trip to Cuba the workings of the Marconi system, nobody saw exactly where the personal privilege came in. But no point of order was raised and the speech went on, interrupted only by applause.

“Mr. Speaker,” said Mr. Boutell, "I arise to a question of personal privilege. During the last two days we have been reminded once more of the perils that beset those ‘that go down to the

sea in ships and do business in great waters.’

"The accident that befell the steamers Republic and Florida last Saturday found heroes ready for the heroic work demanded of officers, men, and passengers.

"I believe that everyone who read the accounts of the collision and the jeopardy in which occupants of the two ships were placed and the way in which news reached the rescuers felt that there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized.

“I refer to the Marconi operator of the Republic, who had the cool head and steady hand to send forth on the willing winds of air the message of disaster that saved hundreds of lives, and the message of deliverance that relieved thousands of anxious hearts. His name is John R. Binns. He is known to several members of this House.”

Mr. Boutell concluded: “Jack Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells on seas in many who are doing quiet, unnoticed work in life.”

MARCONI OPERATORS TELL THEIR STORY

Two of Them Have a Theory That the Republic Could Have Been Saved.

THINK CAPT. SEALBY ERRED

Say He Preferred to Wait for His Own Tugs, and Declined Offers of Big Ships to Beach Her.

Shortly after the steamships that stood by the Republic reached their piers yesterday their wireless operators hurried to the offices of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company at 27 William Street and there made their official reports of the stirring events of the last three days. Among them were the operators of the New York, the Lucania, and the Furnessia. The first two unhesitatingly asserted that the Republic could have been saved had Capt. Sealby accepted the proffers of aid made to him by the Captains of the ships that surrounded him. He refused the help proffered, they said, and thus the precious time left in which to save the stricken ship slipped by. Then when the tugs sent by the White Star Line arrived it was too late.

F. P. W. Allen, the New York’s operator, said that shortly after the New York found the Republic and the fog had lifted sufficiently to permit of the New York getting alongside, Capt. Roberts of the New York shouted through his megaphone to Capt. Sealby that shallow water was only a few miles distant, and that he would willingly tow the Republic where she could be beached if Capt. Sealby so wished. According to Allen, Capt. Sealby shouted back that he intended to wait for the tugs that were being rushed to him by the White Star Line, and that he would have to decline all offers of aid.

“If Capt. Sealby had accepted our offer the Republic would be resting in shallow water now, and the loss would be trivial,” Allen said; “but I suppose he knew what he was about.”

Frank Lloyd, the wireless operator of the Lucania, coincided with the views of Allen, and added that the Captain of his ship also had offered to tow the Republic to shallow water, but that Capt. Sealby had declined to allow him to do so.

The Marconi offices were flooded with messages all day yesterday, and the majority of these were being transmitted every few minutes to the revenue cutter Seneca, as she steamed on to New York bearing, the crew of the Republic and Jack Binns, the wireless operator who stood for so many hours at his key without rest, flashing news of the wreck to sister ships and adjacent wireless stations and summoning help.

It was expected that H. G. Tattersall, the operator of the Baltic, would report at the office, and a rousing reception had been planned for him, as it was he who remained on duty for fifty-two hours relaying messages that bore on the position and condition of the Republic from the

time she was sighted by the Baltic until she settled in the trough of the sea and disappeared from view. Tattersall failed to show up, however, he having gone to seek a much-needed sleep.

R. Colven, the Marconi operator on board the steamship Furnessia, which got to her pier yesterday afternoon, told a Times reporter just what happened in that fog-locked section near Nantucket on Saturday morning last. “It was at 7 P. M. on Saturday,” he said, "when by the wireless messages we learned of the distress of the Republic, and at 8 o’clock we knew definitely that the Republic and the Florida had been in collision. The Republic was supposed to be sinking at that time. I reported this to Capt. Lumsdane. At this time we were sixty miles east of Nantucket Light, and we replied that we would give assistance if necessary. We advised both the Baltic and the Lucania of our position, and again volunteered assistance, at which the Baltic replied asking us to locate, if possible, the Republic, which was about ten miles south of Nantucket Light, and stand by, as she (the Baltic) was going immediately to the assistance of the Florida.

The fog was very, very dense, and we cruised about all night in the vicinity of Nantucket, along with the other ships. Before daylight we proceeded, and by wireless from the Baltic located her lying alongside the Florida. The passengers of the Florida by this time had been transferred to the Baltic, which proceeded in search of the Republic. The Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Florida, but she did not require assistance, and went ahead under her own steam. The Furnessia then continued the search for the Republic, and at 10:15 P. M. sighted her with the Baltic alongside. Only the deck crew was then on board the Republic. The Baltic then proceeded toward New York and we stood by.

"It was about noon Sunday when the revenue cutter Gresham arrived and made fast to the Republic. The Furnessia made fast astern, and proceeded slowly, we steering and the Gresham towing. It was mighty hard going, and little progress was made. About 4 P. M. the Seneca arrived and made fast ahead of the Gresham. This was finished at 6:22 P. M. and again we started on our course, but at 6:35 the stern hawsers broke away. It was by this time growing very dark and it was extremely difficult to carry out any operations, so we stood by. Only one light was seen, that on the bridge of the Republic. Jack Binns left the Republic during the afternoon with the crew, leaving only Capt. Sealby and his first officer on board.

“The last communication we had with the Republic was at 5 P. M. on Sunday, when the Furnessia sent a few messages to Capt. Sealby which had come by wireless from New York. After getting them, Capt. Sealby and the chief officer were seen to leave the Republic’s bridge. We came on and waited until 8:30 P. M., when the Gresham called us and said, ‘She is done,’ meaning that the Republic had gone down.”
~ 096 ~

IN SCANT ATTIRE SURVIVORS LAND

Coming Upon a Pier Thronged with Friends, All Too Happy to Make Much Noise.

SHAWLS IN LIEU OF SKIRTS

One Girl Comes Ashore in a Night Dress and Fur Coat—Most of the Women Hatless.

SEVEN OF THE INJURED HERE

Baltic Brings in 1,624 Survivors, Besides Her Own Company—The Meeting with the Bereaved.

The White Star liner Baltic, carrying, besides her own company, the passengers of the Lloyd-Italiano liner Florida and the Republic of the White Star Line, which met in collision off Nantucket on Saturday morning, as well as most of the crew of her sister ship, slipped in from outside the Hook yesterday morning, and soon after noon warped into her pier at the foot of West Tenth Street.

From the pier, black with the forms of relatives and friends of those aboard the Baltic, there arose a cheer. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved in the air, the Baltic's passengers responding. Now and then persons ashore recognized on the Baltic's decks the faces of relatives or friends, and such cries as "There's Harry," "There's Edith" sounded across the narrow space between the ship and her pier. Altogether, the throng was too happy to make much noise.

A Group of Mourners There.

While there were probably 5,000 or more persons on the pier to welcome the fortunate survivors, and most of whom were shouting congratulations to the returning voyagers, down in one corner of the dock was gathered a little group that was far from cheering or taking any part in the welcoming of the Republic's passengers.

These were the relatives of the Mooneys, from North Dakota, and the relatives of the Lynches, from Boston. George B. Winship, ex-Senator from North Dakota, and now editor of The Grand Forks Herald; S. S. Titus of the National Bank of Grand Forks, and J. Walker Smith, a lawyer and relative from the same town, were waiting to take care of the body of their relative, W. J. Mooney of Langdon, N. D.

In the party from Massachusetts that waited for news of the body of Mrs. Eugene Lynch were her two sisters, Mrs. J. P. McGinnis and Mrs. P. J. Finnegan of Boston, and J. H. Bryan of Somerville, Mass.; Joseph A. McCarthy, her brother, from Troy, N. Y., and his daughter Helen.

These two groups presented a sharp contrast to the rest of the big, cheering crowd on the pier, and their grief was the more apparent in the midst of general rejoicing. They might not even see the bodies of their loved ones, for the coffins in which the bodies of the victims had been placed had gone down with the Republic.

Out in West Street for a block in either direction automobiles and carriages were jammed, and the wreck survivors, particularly those of the Republic, were easily distinguished by the little bundles of clothing they carried—all they had been able to save from the wreck.

The Baltic's purser gave out the following figures regarding the number of the passengers and crews she had brought in. Her own passenger list included 328 first-class, 172 second-class, and 779 third-class passengers, with a crew of 360 men. From the Republic she took 128 first-class, 211 third-class passengers, and 234 members of the crew. This company was increased by 13 cabin passengers from the Florida, 526 third-class passengers, and 2 members of the crew, making a total of 329 first-class passengers, 172 second class, 1,528 third class, and 606 members of the various crews, 2,462 persons in all.

After the big vessel had been warped into place and the gangplanks had been pulled aboard, the first to come down them were those rescued from the Republic and Florida. There were many on the pier of course, awaiting the Baltic's regular passengers, but by far the greater number in the crowd were interested in the men and women who had sailed from the same pier three days before bound on pleasure trips to the Mediterranean and over Southern Europe, and they shouted back and forth words of greeting while the first squad of the rescued persons descended the gangplank.

Women Land Thinly Clad.

There were very few among the Republic's passengers who had not friends or relatives to meet them. Many of those who had waited patiently on the pier for hours carried bundles of clothing, and these were sorely needed by some of those who had gone through the wreck. Woman after woman came down the gangplank hatless and frequently coatless. One, a young girl, had saved from her baggage only a night robe and a long fur coat, which she wore when she hurried down the plank into the arms of friends waiting with a new outfit of clothing.

Another woman had draped two steamer rugs about her in lieu of a skirt. As a further

illustration of the haste with which men and women had hurried from their staterooms aboard the Republic when the crash came, it was noticed that nearly all of the women had failed to save their hats, and also had had no time to snatch even a hairpin from the dressers in their staterooms. Most of them wore their hair hanging down their backs in braids.

The scene on the pier after the rescued had landed was one of great excitement. Husbands greeted wives and fathers their children, whom they had feared they might never see again. The wireless dispatches which kept the shore in constant communication with the Republic, the Baltic, or the other ships which had flocked to the scene of the collision had, of course, relieved the anxious ones ashore of a great deal of worry, but the knowledge that there were some dead and injured served to make the waiting ones ashore more or less uneasy.

The fact that nearly all the baggage of those who had sailed from this port on the Republic had gone to the bottom when the vessel sank in thirty-five fathoms of water south of No Man’s Land on Sunday evening hastened the disembarkment of the Republic’s passengers from the Baltic, for there were none of the usual customs delays.

Deputy Surveyor Coneys aided the rapid disembarkment by marshalling all of the Republic’s passengers on one side of the boat just before she made her pier. This obviated confusion, and the men and women passed rapidly down the gangplanks and were hurried away by friends and relatives in cabs and carriages. The entire work took but a few minutes, and the Baltic’s passengers were subjected to only a short delay.

Injured Removed to Hospitals.

As the last of the passengers left the boat two ambulances, one from St. Vincent’s and another from the New York Hospital, drove up to the pier, and two white-clad surgeons hurried aboard and were taken at once to the staterooms of those who had been injured in the collision. Dr. Fleming took Mrs. M. J. Murphy of South Forks, S. D., to St. Vincent’s Hospital. She had a fractured hip, and as she was being carried down the gangplank on a stretcher her husband, Michael Murphy, who had been cut and bruised, but not seriously injured, walked beside her. He rode with her to the hospital.

Dr. Munro took away in his ambulance Steward Woodsworth of the Republic, whose skull had been fractured by a fall from an upper deck at the time of the collision, and Charles Worrall, an officer of the Republic, who had a broken arm. Four Italians, seamen on the Florida, were also taken away in ambulances. Only one other was seriously hurt. He is Eugene H. Lynch of Boston, whose wife was killed in the collision. Mr. Lynch was not aboard the Baltic, having declined to submit to a second transfer after having been moved from the sinking Republic to the Florida.

From the time the Baltic was first sighted until her passengers had been landed was barely two hours. The first to see the big liner were the officials of the White Star Line, newspapermen, and friends and relatives of those on the Baltic who had gone aboard the General Putnam at 4 o’clock yesterday morning at the White Star Line pier to pick up the liner down the bay.

Among those who boarded the General Putnam were Deputy Surveyor Coneys, with Deputy Surveyor Alexander McKeon, W. W. Jefferies, General Passenger Agent of the International Mercantile Marine, and his assistant, J. H. Thomas, all of whom were there in an official capacity. In addition to them were also several relatives and friends of those aboard the Baltic, among these latter being Henry H. Armstead and Col. James A. Glover, the latter already reassured of his daughter’s safety, but anxious to greet her nevertheless. Dr. P. J. Finnegan had come on from Cambridge, Mass., to care for the body of Mrs. Lynch, his sister-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Peacock of 106 West Eighty-fifth Street were eager to meet and comfort Mrs. W. J. Mooney, whose husband was one of the two persons killed in the collision. Mr. Mooney and his wife, before their departure on the Republic last Friday, had visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peacock. The latter couple recalled yesterday that the journey which ended fatally for Mr. Mooney would have been his thirteenth transatlantic trip had he completed it, while Mrs.

Mooney has already made twenty-two trips across the ocean.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cockroft were also passengers on the General Putnam, eager to meet Mr. Cockroft's father and mother. Mr. and Mrs. James Cockroft, the former the publisher of the American and English Encyclopedia of Law. J. A. H. Cowles went down the bay to meet his brother, David S. Cowles, who, with his wife and three children, was a passenger on the Republic. The Rev. J. M. Prendergast went to meet his brother, William Prendergast of Jefferson, Mass., proprietor of the Mount Pleasant House.

Met Baltic Down the Bay.

Most of these people boarded the General Putnam soon after 4 o'clock, as it had been intended to start down the bay at 5 A. M., but owing to the heavy fog it was 7:15 o'clock before the General Putnam set off down the bay. An hour later she swung alongside the pier at Quarantine. Here she lay for the next hour and a half.

The sun had come out, but a mist still hung over the waters of the lower bay. Into this haze those on board the Putnam gazed with eager eyes to catch the first glimpse of the incoming liner. Presently the dim outline of a ship was seen in the mist.

"It's the Baltic," shouted the keenest-eyed. Gradually the hazy shape took clearer form, and presently the shipping experts on board made out from her funnels and masts that the ship was the Cunarder Lucania. Close behind her came another big steamship, and again the cry arose that it was the Baltic. But again the wise ones were mistaken. The rakish bow and slender funnels proclaimed the second ship to be the American liner New York.

At last, however, the patience of the watchers was rewarded, and out of the haze loomed the Baltic. She approached the Narrows slowly, and it was not until she was almost abreast of Fort Wadsworth that the watchers on the Putnam could distinguish the crowds upon her decks. Forward, the Baltic's first-class passengers and the rescued passengers of the Republic crowded the rails. Aft, the decks were black with steerage passengers taken off the Florida and the Republic. All these augmented the Baltic's complement of passengers to a goodly number.

Ahead of the incoming liner were the Lucania and the New York. In the vicinity were a dozen smaller craft. The Postmaster General, the mailboat which receives the mailbags from incoming liners, lay in the Narrows. From behind her came rapidly the American turbine steamer Momus from New Orleans. In the Narrows the turbine passed her. The Baltic was approaching a flotilla of craft. Still, though her arrival had been eagerly awaited for two days by all New York, not a whistle gave her greeting.

The Immigrant, with Commissioner Watchorn aboard, lay alongside the Baltic. Presently the doctors' boat slid under the lowered rope gangway. Then, finally, the Putnam slid up beside the Baltic, and those on board clambered and tumbled up the companionway to the promenade deck.

Every one in the mixed assembly that thronged the Baltic's decks was discussing the accident and seeking information as to when they would be landed in New York. The Baltic had started from her anchorage off the Ambrose Channel Lightship at 9:40 o'clock, and reached the Quarantine Station at 10:39. It was 11:20 when, the formalities of entrance over, the big vessel started for her pier.

STORIES OF THE SURVIVORS.

Gen. Brayton Ives Had the Only Light Left on Ship—Perils of Transfer.

Gen. Brayton Ives, President of the Metropolitan Trust Company, who was on the Republic when she was rammed by the Florida, was one of the few passengers who saved anything besides the clothing he was able to grab after the crash came. Gen. Ives owes his good luck to the forethought of his valet, who, despite the orders of the Republic's officers that it was a time

to escape and not to save valuables, tied one of Gen. Ives's handbags around his neck and got off the ship without the bag being taken from him.

The General lost everything else he had on the ship, including all his baggage, which was in the hold, twelve suits of clothes which were in his stateroom, and all of his toilet articles. His experience was that of practically every other passenger on the Republic.

"I was asleep in my stateroom," said Gen. Ives, "when the collision occurred. There was very little shock or violent motion following the impact. It was the noise that awoke me, not the shock. This may have been due to the fact that my cabin was situated well forward. Naturally, there was some excitement after the collision, but it soon subsided, and a better behaved or cooler-headed set of passengers never booked on a liner than these men and women on the Republic. Women never behaved more courageously than did those on the ill-fated ship, and it made us all proud that our country could produce such splendid women.

"The ship was plunged in absolute darkness immediately after the collision. Fortunately, a friend of mine had given me a little hand electric candle, and I never received a gift that came in so handy as that one. I lost no time getting out into the halls, but even then I found the officers and stewards mingling with the half-clad men and women, cautioning them to keep their heads. We were told that the ship was a little down aft, but not in a sinking condition. A little later gloomier news spread through the ship, and it was admitted that there was danger. The passengers were advised to get life preservers and be ready to quit the liner.

"At 10 o'clock Saturday morning the order to leave the Republic and board the Florida was issued, and in ten minutes boats were plying between the two disabled liners each laden to its capacity with passengers. The transfer was accomplished in perfect order, and at no time was there any attempt by men to get off ahead of the women and children. Finally, we were all transferred to the Florida. The officers and crew of that ship were well meaning and brave, but the conditions on the vessel were very bad, and I finally had to go on deck in the rain. My experience was that of many others.

"I was able to save only a handbag from the Republic that my man tied around his neck. It was one of the few bits of baggage saved from that ship. The condition of some of the women was pitiful. Finally, the Baltic steamed near us and we were transferred to that vessel from the Florida. This transfer took place in the night, and the sea was much rougher than it had been in the morning. It took twelve hours to transfer the passengers to the Baltic, and the men passengers had to take their turn at rowing the boats. When I was at Yale, forty-odd years ago, I was on the crew, and the training I got then stood me in good stead. But it was a tough job.

"The crews of the Republic and Florida acted splendidly all the time, and so did the officers. The only criticism I would make is that I think an officer of high rank should have been put on the Florida by the Republic while the latter's passengers were on that vessel. This was not done, and we felt that we were entitled to an officer to act in an executive capacity. As for Capt. Sealby, he was on the bridge of his sinking ship, directing the work there, so we saw little of him. He showed wonderful courage."

S. H. Smallman of London, Ontario, Canada, and his wife, who were passengers on the Republic, said that they were asleep when the crash came.

"When I was awakened by the noise of the impact I knew there had been a collision," said Mr. Smallman, "but there was no tremor to speak of, and I supposed it was nothing serious. It was when I found that the lighting machinery had been rendered useless that I realized that it might prove to be serious.

"All the officers and crews acted bravely, and the only confusion I noticed worth mentioning was among the Florida's immigrants. But I am sure we should have been all right even had we been compelled to remain on the Florida."

Miss Annie Josephine Ingersoll of Minneapolis told how Capt. Sealby had ordered the transfer of the passengers from the Republic and announced that the women and children must be taken off first.

“He shouted the order from the bridge through a megaphone,” said Miss Ingersoll, “and I never expect to see a finer sight than that of the brave officer up there trying to save his ship and at the same time caring for his passengers. The passengers’ behavior was splendid. I saw little boys refuse to leave the ship until their mothers and other women were safely off. The most remarkable incident was the escape of Mrs. Mooney, whose husband was killed. Mrs. Mooney was cooped in between timbers and did not receive so much as a scratch, while her husband, who was in the same cabin, was killed instantly.”

Mrs. J. S. Crandall of Chicago said that after the collision she, with Mrs. A. D. Potter, also of Chicago, stepped out into the corridors, where they saw a lot of wreckage of the Republic where the Florida struck her. Two staterooms were utterly wiped out, Mrs. Crandall said, and they could see two seamen working in the wreckage, who soon brought out a woman who proved to be Mrs. Mooney.

“All around were women in their night dresses,” said Mrs. Crandall, "and when they begged to go to their cabins to get more clothes they were told to stay where they were until further orders. Meanwhile the stewards got them more clothing. At no time was there a panic. Mrs. Potter managed to get back to our stateroom and got our jewelry. That was about all we saved.

"When Capt. Sealby gave the order to man the boats only one man attempted to get into the first boat. The officer in charge of the boat compelled the man to go back on deck.

“When the lifeboat we were in got close to the Florida,” said Mrs. Potter, "she certainly looked anything but inviting. Her bow appeared to be carried completely away, and few of us had any idea that we would stay long on her. It was a transition from a palace to a cottage. With the 800 Italian immigrants on board and…

Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, who occupied the room between the two occupied by the Mooneys and the Lynches said: "I was awake when the crash came. The lights went out, the ceiling dropped in, the electric light wires fell on me, and some of the partition walls as well. I felt something holding me down, and found that it was a mattress that had been driven in from the next room. I pounded on the wall, and soon they forced a way in and carried me out through the hole in the next cabin, then into a hallway, and to the saloon.

Dr. M. E. Waldstein of South Orange, N. J., said that when it came time to quit the Republic he was clad in his pajamas, a fur overcoat, a tan shoe on one foot and a black one on the other. He still wore the outfit when the Baltic reached New York, and the first thing he did was to jump into a taxicab and drive to a store for new clothing.

Dr. Waldstein regarded Purser Barker and Second Steward Spencer of the Republic as two heroes of the disaster. The two men, he said, in the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic had trouble handling the immigrants, and one of the immigrants drew a knife on Spencer. It took Spencer just thirty seconds to bring the man to terms, and others who acted in similar fashion were handled in the same way, so that the transfer was accomplished without mishap.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cockroft said that they spent a day of horror on the Florida. Mr. Cockroft corroborated the story that some of the passengers on the Italian liner had drawn knives and had been promptly dealt with by the men. He also said that in making the transfer life preservers were cut from the passengers to make more room in the boats.

J. G. Phelps of Wyoming, who was traveling with his wife and son, said that when they made the trip in the small boats he had to stand aside and see his wife helped into the boat, and they were separated for hours.

“Everywhere men and women were in tears,” he said, “as they separated, the women to go off in the fog in the boats and the men to remain on a sinking steamship.”

The way “Jack” Binns, the wireless man on the Republic, stuck to his post in the face of danger was told by Major John Espy of Philadelphia, who with his wife was on his way for a tour in Southern Europe.

“When the blow came,” he said, “I ran on deck. I ran up to the wireless room and tried to talk to Binns. He was bending over his instrument, working away, too busy to talk to me, and he simply waved me away. I learned then that Binns was sending out the calls that brought the fleet to our aid. He and his wireless were saving our lives. Binns stuck to his post and was one of fifty who volunteered to stay with the Captain. Long live Binns and wireless!”

Mr. and Mrs. William Prendergast of Worcester, Mass., who occupied a stateroom near the one in which Mrs. Lynch was killed, said that when they were awakened by the collision, they found everything in darkness. They dressed as best they could and went out on deck. They saw no signs of panic. Miss Mollie Snyder, who, with her parents was bound for the Mediterranean, wrote an account of her experiences at the time of the collision.

M. R. Baskerville of Watertown, S. D., said that the steamer was going slowly at the time of the collision. He was on the Republic for some time after the accident, and said that she sank very gradually—so gradually, in fact, that but few of the passengers were afraid after they had the Captain’s assurance that there was no immediate danger.

Robert Frederickson of 834 Union Avenue, the Bronx, said that it was a mercy that the sea was so quiet, and that for this reason the transfer was attended by so little risk. He said he never witnessed so fine a display of discipline as that shown by the crews of the Baltic, Republic, and Florida.

Mrs. E. J. McCready of Chicago and her daughter Grace occupied a stateroom very near where the blow was struck. Mrs. McCready considered their escape miraculous.

“We were thrown to the floor amid wreckage,” she said, “and a piece of iron became wedged over us, but did not injure us. I cannot understand how we came out unscathed.”

Miss Agnes Shackelford of this city said that the sinking of the Republic was the third sea disaster she had been through.

“I was once on a vessel that caught fire at sea,” she said, “and on another that stranded, but those two accidents were mild in comparison with my experience on the Republic. But everybody acted splendidly. Capt. Sealby, after his efforts to save his vessel, came among us and found time to say a few pleasant words. His conduct and that of his officers did much to reassure us.”

Prof. John M. Coulter of the Chicago University praised the coolness of the women, and emphasized the good discipline and bravery of the men on board. Prof. Coulter and his family were met on arrival by Henry Pratt Judson, President of the university.

Samuel Cupples of St. Louis was traveling with his daughter, Mrs. William H. Scudder, her two children, and his physician. They were going to stay eight months in Egypt for Mr. Cupples’s health.

“I was so interested in watching the bravery of the stewards,” he said, “that for a time I forgot our danger. They went around arousing all. We lost all our clothing. I got away in a bath robe. I am going back to Philadelphia as soon as I can get there.”

MADE EASY FOR SURVIVORS.

Customs Formalities Done Away with Yesterday in Their Case.

The customs officials, to facilitate the disembarking of the Republic's survivors, and in order that their anxious friends might greet them on their arrival on the Baltic, waived all restrictions yesterday. The customs lines on the White Star pier were done away with for the day, and all who came were allowed to enter.

Surveyor of the Port Clarkson was on hand to see that everything was done for the convenience of the survivors' friends. All those who went down the bay on the General Putnam were allowed to board the Baltic without cutter passes.

The passenger manifests of the Florida were not brought up by the Baltic, and in consequence the immigration officials had to make out the manifests entries for each of the thirteen cabin passengers. The work required the questioning of each individual at great expense of time. They also had to be guided by their own judgment in discharging them without the manifests, which would have given authentic information as to their histories and worldly standing.

The steerage passengers will be examined to-day on Ellis Island, but there will be no delay in their case, for the Florida's manifests were brought in late yesterday on that steamer.

LYNCH DIES OF HURTS RECEIVED ON THE REPUBLIC

Brought Here on the Florida, He Succumbs In a Hospital.

Eugene Lynch, of Boston, who was crushed in his berth when the Italian liner Florida cut into the side of the steamship Republic on Saturday, died this morning at 4 o'clock in the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn.

Mr. Lynch was not moved from the Florida when the others of the Republic's passengers were re-transferred to the Baltic. The pain he had suffered in being moved from the Republic to the Florida had been so intense that he said he would rather sink with the Florida, if she were going down, than go through the torture again. Mr. Lynch had little hope of living; he knew too, that his wife had been killed, and he said that he had little ambition to live. …
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Friends Came to Meet Him.

The Rev. James Lee, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Revere, Massachusetts, James McGlinnen, William Tuttle and James H. Casey, of Boston, came to this city to meet the Florida and do what they could for Mr. Lynch. They found him conscious, but with only a spark of life left. His legs and thigh had been terribly crushed and many of the bones of his body were broken. Peritonitis also had set in.

He asked Father Lee to see to it that every member of the Florida's crew received a gift sufficient with which to buy some little token of his appreciation of the tenderness and care with which he had been treated on the Italian ship.

Saw Wife Killed.

To one of the Boston friends who had been here with the Lynches when they sailed, the dying man told the story of his wife's end and his own hurt. He said:

"I was in the berth and my wife was on the couch opposite," he said. "I wanted her to sleep in the berth, but she wouldn't. I heard the whistling and was wondering if we were in any danger, when there was an awful noise, the side of the stateroom gave way and I saw my wife being pushed past me on the prow of the Florida, which had run into us. I see it all the time. I was

knocked to one side. Then it seemed as if the whole cabin fell on top of me. I felt the other ship back away. I couldn’t move.

“I knew my wife was dead. I called, but nobody heard me. There was no way I could get aid, and I lay there in agony for hours, all the time believing that we were sinking and that I was to be drowned. From time to time I tried to call, but it was useless. I believe I should have died very soon if they had not found me when they did.”

DEATH SHIP IN PORT, HER FLAGS AT HALF MAST.

Sole Passenger on the Florida Was the Mortally Injured Eugene Lynch, Whose Wife Sank in the Republic—She Had a Premonition of Disaster, and Had Said, “Don’t Let the Fog Hurt Me, Gene.”

PRIESTS GIVE HIM LAST RITES IN SHIP’S HOSPITAL.

Tells Calmly His Story of Fatal Collision—One of the Florida’s Dead Sailors Removed from Vessel—The Bodies of Two Others Are Still Fast in Wreckage of Bow—Officers Refuse to Talk.

With her head bowed low in shame and her flags at half-mast in sorrow the Florida wallowed slowly into port late yesterday afternoon. She docked at her regular pier at the foot of Forty-second street, South Brooklyn, at 5 o’clock, and the strictest secrecy was enjoined on officers and crew.

The scars of her injury were a great battered mass of steel and wood across her nose—a gaping opening where once the fine side lines had tapered into a sharp, yachtlike bow.

Over the hole had been hung an enormous plaster of sail cloth in futile hopes of keeping out some of the water that splashed and gurgled into the cavern. The ragged edges of steel had slit the lower part of the sail cloth into ribbons that fluttered back and forth with wind and wave.

Dead Men in Her Battered Bow.

They formed an ill-concealing shroud for the most ghastly bit of this tremendous tragedy of the sea. In the battered mass of steel there were fragments of the bodies of two sailors who had been crushed while they slept in the forecastle. Some keen-eyed reporters hovering closely around the ship thought they could detect here and there an arm, a leg, a torso, half washed by the rippling waves, half concealed by the flapping sail cloth. Further back was the body of a third dead sailor, who had been dragged from the edge of the demolished forecastle.

She was doubly a ship of death, this Florida. She carried dead and dying in her and she had dealt death to other innocent human beings on the Republic. Her wounds were as great as those of the Republic, but they had not struck into the vitals. A smashed nose, even in a ship, is less serious than a gash in the side.

The Florida brought to land three dead, all members of her own crew. Their names were reported as La Valle Pignolia, Markisella Catenzo, and D’Amico Salvatore. The first two were the unfortunates pinned in the wreckage of the shattered bow. Late last night a force of shipyard men with hammers and chisels were cutting their way through the twisted mass.

One Lone Passenger Aboard Her.

As her sole passenger the Florida carried Eugene Lynch, the Boston merchant, who had been a passenger on the Republic. He had been borne from that sinking craft to the Florida, but could not stand the strain of another transfer on the open sea to the Baltic.

“If I’ve got to die,” he said with grim humor to the doctors, “I would just as soon go down with the Florida.”

His leg was broken, his thigh was shattered, there were frightful internal injuries, but he never lost nerve or consciousness. When the Florida was towed into her dock a group of his friends hurried to his side. They had to plead, almost fight, with the Italian company's officers to get aboard, for the orders were to keep everybody off.

In the party were William Turtle and John H. Casey, of Boston, his lawyers; B. Watson, his chief clerk; James McGinniss, a nephew of Dr. Finnegan; Father Hill, of the Church of the Conception of Revere, Mass., who came to administer the last rites of the church; H. D. Curley, a New York friend; Father James Prendergast, of Worcester, and William J. Prendergast, who had been a fellow passenger on the Republic.

Priests Give Him Last Rites.

This group of men broke down all barriers and hastened to the side of their injured friend. They found him down on the lower deck in the little room called "sick hospital." There around his cot the two priests administered the absolution of the dying, for they did not know what moment might be his last.

The doctor made examination of the hasty surgery that had been performed by the doctors of both Republic and Florida. There were fifteen minutes of waiting for the private ambulance of the Long Island College Hospital, where arrangements had been made to receive the injured men.

Mr. Lynch was the calmest of the party. He took them each by the hand and spoke words of cheer to them. They bowed in grief while one ventured to refer to Mrs. Lynch. They did not know whether he was aware of her death and burial in the sea with the sunken Republic. He told them that he knew all; that he had made the doctors tell him the truth.

He was especially glad to see Mr. Prendergast. The two men had formed an acquaintance on the Republic, and after the collision Mr. Prendergast had remained by his friend until forced away by transfer to the Baltic. Pausing some time to gain strength, Mr. Lynch told the story of his tragedy.

"My wife and I retired early. We had stateroom No. 34 on the saloon deck. We had been to sea often, but never before had we seen such dense fog. As we were preparing for the night, my wife said to me: 'Eugene, I'm not a bit timid, but it's dreadful to be racing along in this fog. It's as if we were walking blindfolded among a lot of trolley cars, with no one to put out a hand to guide us.'

"'We are as safe as if we were in our own home,' I told her.

Said "Don't Let the Fog Hurt Me."

"She preferred to sleep on the sofa couch, next to the outer wall, while I got into the bunk. After I had turned in and switched off the light—quite a time after—my wife reached over to me and took hold of my hand, said with a kind of a tremble in her voice:

"'Don't let the fog hurt me, will you, Gene?'

"I told her to be a good girl and go right to sleep; that it was nonsense to think that any harm would come to us.

"I slept rather uneasily. Once I awoke and looked at my watch. It was 4 o'clock. The next time I awoke it was to hear a dreadful crash and a tremendous shock.

"There was an awful grinding, crunching noise. Some huge object was tearing the room to pieces. It pushed broken timbers down on me that pinned me fast. I heard one scream from my wife.

"'My God, Mary! Mary!' I shouted. "There was no response. I caught a faint glimpse of her being

jammed and pushed along by the great mass that was crunching through the ship. She disappeared along with a mass of wreckage as the walls of the adjoining stateroom gave way.

“She must have been killed almost instantly, as the bow of the other ship crashed through the side directly where she was sleeping. I was told that it shoved her along twenty feet or more. I lay helpless in my bunk for some time—three or four hours, they tell me—before I was found and taken out.”

The fortitude displayed by this sorely injured and bereaved man was extraordinary. His spoke in a sad and gentle voice but perfectly calm. One of his friends broke down, crying like a child. Father Lee and Father Prendergast calmed the little party, saying that the great fortitude of the injured man should be an example for them.

Injured Man Resting Easily.

The ambulance had arrived by this time. The doctors bundled Mr. Lynch in blankets, and his strong friends carried him up narrow companionways to …
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… the deck and laid him in the ambulance. At the Long Island College Hospital it was said at midnight that he was suffering from the shock and excitement of the day, but was resting easily. What his chances for recovery are could not be told. Mr. Lynch is fifty-seven years old. His home is at No. 68 Elm Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. He has no children.

The Florida’s entrance into port was slow and halting as a funeral procession. She was sighted off the Highlands at noon, but it was four o’clock before she crept up to Quarantine, stopping there only for a few moments, while the customs and medical officers went through the hasty form of giving her formal entrance to port.

There she was met by C. B. Richard, New York agent of the Lloyd Italiano line, who was accompanied by Count Massiglia, Italian consul-general in this city, and newspaper reporters.

Her decks were clean, her brasswork was polished, her officers were calm and attentive, her crew were at their posts. On the bridge with the pilot was Capt. A. F. Ruspini, her youthful commander. He is but twenty-nine years of age, and is making his second trip in the ship. Previous to this he was first officer on the Indiana, of the same line.

It was only forward that there were any signs of the collision at sea. Standing on deck it appeared as if thirty feet of the bow had been chopped off. Far out over the port side hung a long stretch of bent and twisted railing like a waving flail. Nothing projected above deck. The force of the smash had been downward.

Everything had been buckled inward. The mass was pushed back against the forward bulkhead, which fortunately for the craft, withstood the strain without a puncture or leak. Had the crash extended back five feet further the Florida would have gone down bow on in ten minutes.

Capt. Ruspini had little to say. Indeed, he was cautioned by the company’s representatives aboard to discuss no important details of the collision, nor make any formal statement until Capt. Sealby, of the Republic, had made public his side of the story.

Captain Kept Close Watch.

“The fog was very dense,” said Capt. Ruspini. "For some time before the accident we heard the blowing of the Republic’s fog horn, but not as many blasts as we were giving with ours. We were blowing regularly and keeping close watch.

"Suddenly the Republic loomed up directly ahead and almost instantly there was a crash. We backed off and the Republic disappeared in the fog. We took precautions to save our ship and

soon found that we were in no danger of sinking.

“Meanwhile we could hear the Republic blowing and occasionally could see the gleam of her rockets, but could not exactly locate her. After about two hours a small boat with the first officer of the Republic came alongside and asked if we could take off her passengers. We said we could and we did so.” Purser Maroviglia here took up the story which the Captain declined to continue further:

"We got out our boats and the Republic lowered some of hers. We made twenty-two trips all told, bringing over the Republic’s passengers. This work required three hours—from 7 to 10 A. M. Then when the Baltic came up and it was decided to take over to her all the Republic’s passengers, as well as our own, that consumed five hours—from midnight to 5 A. M.

Excitement Quickly Subsided.

"At no time was there any great excitement on our ship. Our passengers behaved splendidly. Of course there was some uneasiness at first and it was necessary to go among them with reassurances of absolute safety and they quickly quieted down.

“During the day before the Baltic came up, we had 1,500 people on board. Naturally we were pretty well crowded, but they behaved wonderfully well. They were quiet and cool and stood the strain of uncertainty and waiting with great bravery.”

The Royal Italian Immigration Commissioner on duty aboard the Florida confirmed what the purser said. He had gone among the large number of immigrants aboard and assured them that there was no danger, and the crowd obeyed him.

Beyond these general statements of conditions, no information could be obtained from the Florida’s officers or crew. When the ship reached her dock there was drawn a close cordon around her. No persons except those having official business was admitted to the pier. None of the crew was allowed ashore. The reporters who had boarded the vessel at Quarantine were kept in the cabin and put ashore as soon as the dock was reached. The single gangplank was doubly guarded. The Florida was a ship of mystery.

C. B. Richard, general agent in New York for the Lloyd Italiano line, was asked why the Florida was not equipped with wireless apparatus. He said the equipment of the Florida was not within his province as agent.

“I cannot say that wireless played such an effective part in the work of rescue,” continued Mr. Richard. "The Florida had taken off all the Republic’s passengers before any of the craft called by wireless reached her. While the wreckage in this case figured considerably, I cannot see that it assisted in the first practical work of rescue. I do believe that the Florida remained seaworthy after the collision and that the officers and crew acted with all zeal and bravery.

“What use was the wireless in the case of La Lorraine? She did a lot of work with her wires, but could not help other of the steamships in the heavy fog and mist. The Florida, badly damaged as she was, could have made her way to New York with all the passengers and crew of the Republic if that had been required.”

“Florida Didn’t Need Wireless.”

“Wireless had not proved its entire worth to navigation,” Mr. Richard declared. “It is more of a commercial commodity, and is used as such by the passengers. The Florida, carrying few cabin passengers, was not required to have wireless apparatus. There would be very little use for it on board.”

Of the responsibility for the cause of the collision, Mr. Richard said nothing. He was pleased

with reports that the Florida’s crew had acted bravely.

Mr. Richard and assistants earlier in the day went about the Baltic as soon as she had been warped into her dock and did what they could to help the Florida’s passengers on that ship. In the afternoon the immigrants were taken to Ellis Island.

After four hours of work the ship chandler men got out of the wreckage the body of Salvatore. He was a fourteen-year-old cabin boy who had just escaped from the ruins of Messina, where all his family had been killed. Making his first voyage in the Florida he too was killed.

At midnight part of the body of Catogero, who was sixteen years old, was uncovered, but a mass of twisted steel held him so fast that many hours more of work was necessary before he could be taken out. The bodies of Plagnola and Salvatore were removed to the undertaking shop of Jacob Schaeffer at Third Avenue and Forty-second Street.

CAPTAIN SWORE TO STICK TO SHIP UNTIL SHE SANK.

Republic’s Skipper and Second Officer Dragged from Sea When She Went Down by the Gresham’s Crew.

SEALBY, EXHAUSTED, CLUNG TO ONE OF BOAT’S HATCHES.

“Save the Captain First!” Cried Brave Companion, Also in State of Collapse.

(Special to The World.) WOOD’S HOLE, Mass., Jan. 25. - Capt. K. W. Perry, commander of the United States revenue cutter Gresham, which arrived here this forenoon, related a most interesting story of the experience of the Republic’s crew from the time of the collision last Saturday morning until this morning, when he shipped them on the Seneca for New York.

Beginning his story at the time when the first news of the collision was flashed broadcast by wireless, he told of many heroic acts he witnessed.

According to Capt. Perry, the hero of the Gresham was Gunner Carl Johaneson. When Johaneson first heard and saw the signal for help from Capt. Sealby on the sinking Republic, he rushed to the side of the revenue cutter and with his sheath knife cut away the painter, jumped into the stern with four members of the crew at his heels and was away in a nasty southeast storm, with the waves rolling high and the fog almost impenetrable.

Didn’t Wait for Orders.

Johaneson had not waited for orders from his superior officers when he saw the signal, but thinking not of his own safety, rushed on madly to the rescue of the captain and second mate. Johaneson’s four assistants on the dangerous trip were Hansen, Mattson, Becker, and Smeltzer, all of the Gresham. The five men were assisted in the work of finding the two lost men by the searchlight of several steamers in the vicinity.

Capt. Sealby and his second officer had gone down a considerable distance with the Republic, later coming up on a piece of wreckage. The second officer was the first to be located by the rescue party. When found he was clinging to a small piece of wreckage and almost ready to collapse. Although very weak he cried to his rescuers to leave him and look for the captain, who could not swim.

Shortly after he had been taken aboard the party, under the leadership of Johaneson, started in the direction indicated by three revolver shots which Capt. Sealby had discharged while clinging to one of the hatches of the foundered ship. They located him in a state of collapse from overwork and exposure. He was very weak and had to be lifted bodily into the boat.

The return trip to the Gresham was a hard one, but they finally reached the leeward side of the

ship. After working upon the two men for several hours they were brought back to consciousness and were soon able to give Capt. Perry the story of the accident.

Captain Dragged from Sea.

Capt. Perry said that although many attempts were made to persuade Capt. Sealby and his officer to leave the Republic after the Gresham took her in tow, they swore they would go down with her, if necessary, and that they ….

Hunted for Republic 7 Hours in Fog, Guided by Wireless.

Although Capt. J. B. Ranson, of the Baltic, who played such an important part in the final deliverance of the Republic's passengers and crew, had been without sleep practically since the night of Thursday, a period of more than seventy-two hours, he consented to receive in his chart room aboard his ship one newspaper man yesterday afternoon.

A World reporter was selected by his coworkers to take Capt. Ranson's statement. Still rosy and cheerful, the commander, who is also a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, told the story of his search in the fog for the sinking Republic, finding her and the transfer of her passengers.

"We got notice at about 6 A. M. on Saturday that the Republic had been in collision and wanted assistance," Capt. Ranson began. "The message said that she was in a dangerous position, in latitude 40 and longitude 70. We turned and went back and began to search for the Republic. The fog on Saturday morning was very dense.

"We searched for her from 11 A. M. until 6 P. M., I should say. We found the Republic by the Marconi. The first thing was to take off her crew, as she seemed to be sinking. Then we went alongside the Florida and began to transfer her people to the Baltic. First we took the Republic's passengers off the Florida; then we took off the Florida's own passengers. In doing this we used the crews of all three steamers—the Republic, the Florida and the Baltic.

How Baltic Was Found.

"We used only the lifeboats of the Republic. We have seven or eight of the Republic's lifeboats aboard the Baltic now. The transferring of people from the Florida to the Baltic continued from 8 P. M. of Saturday until 8 A. M. of Sunday. The weather was threatening and very misty. I cannot give you by classification the numbers shifted, but the total was about 1,650. The purser of the Baltic gave his roster as follows: Baltic—First-class passengers, 80; second-class, 172; third-class, 229; crew, 345. Florida—Third-class, 826; first-class, 15; crew, 20.—Republic—First-class, 228; third-class, 211; crew, 244.

"When we took off the Republic's crew on Saturday night," continued Capt. Ranson, "we left aboard Capt. Sealby, his chief officer, bo'sun, chief steward and one boat's crew.

"Now, you wish to know how the Baltic found the Republic in the fog. He used our whistle and steered us by the Marconi.

The wireless operator on the Baltic, whose splendid work had so much to do with the finding of the Republic, was H. J. Tattersall.

Capt. Ranson continued: "We kept blowing, he kept sending us wireless messages, directing us. I have here copies of all the Marconigrams I received. Here are some of them: "'You are now on our port bow. Can you see us?' Republic. "'You are now very close. Can you see our rockets?' Republic. "'You are too close to us for safety. Republic. "'You are getting louder. Steer E. S. E. Listen to our bells (submarine). Republic.' Steer N. E. 'Steer S. E.,' showing how we shifted. "There was one message I got while gro'png on Saturday afternoon for the Republic that made me anxious. Here it is: 'Siasconset says hear from Republic says to Baltic to hurry sinking fast.'

"As often as my Marconi operator took off a message he hurried with it to me on the bridge. I think it was about 6 P. M. on Saturday that the Baltic found the Republic, as I have described. Groping around in the fog was most perplexing. The first message we got said the Republic was in lat. 40 and long. 70. We went to that position and she was not there. I then went to lat. 40.27 and long. 69.30.

Second Hunt for Baltic.

"So it continued during the day. We were scouting in the fog. We were also to some extent interfered with on account of the Marconi sending by other ships. Fortunately for all of us, the fog lightened up considerably on Saturday evening. The fog was intermittent. It was thick on Saturday morning. It was thick again on Sunday morning, and made it very difficult for transferring passengers.

"During the transfer there was only one person that fell into the water. She was an Italian woman and she fell in like a bag of potatoes, face down, her clothing floating on top of the water. She was no sooner in than she was pulled out again. While she lay there life buoys were dropped all around her and upon her.

"After we had finished on Sunday morning with the passengers we turned and went back to the Republic and had some difficulty in finding her again, but we finally found her all right. All her officers and sailors went back from the Baltic to the Republic to stand by the captain.

"In finding the Republic on Sunday morning the American whaleback oil steamer City of Everett, towing barge, was of great assistance to us. The conduct of the City of Everett was grand. The pilot blew his whistle for us and stood by all day.

"After we had sent back her officers and crew to the Republic the Furnessia came along and stood by. This was after 8 A. M. on Sunday.

“When I first got alongside the Republic I asked Capt. Sealby to come aboard my ship, but he declined to leave the Republic. I tried to get him to board the Baltic, but he staid by his ship to the last.”

WIRELESS OPERATOR WORKED 52 HOURS.

Tattersall, of the Baltic, Tells of Meeting with Binns, of the Republic.

H. J. Tattersall, the wireless telegraph operator on the Baltic, described his personal meeting with “Jack” Binns, with whom he had been talking through the air for some hours. Tattersall said he received at about 8 o’clock in the morning the wireless from the station at Siasconsett, Mass., that the Republic had been dangerously injured and asking that assistance be given. From that time on, for fifty-two hours, the operator on the Baltic was receiving and transmitting messages almost without interruption.

The message had been flashed to so many vessels that the operators on the Baltic had difficulty at times in conveying and receiving messages from the Republic. According to Tattersall, it seemed as if every ship afloat had some word to send to the injured vessel. Press messages were crossed with personal and official communication.

After the transfer of the passengers from the Republic and while Tattersall was sitting in his office, a man walked into him and said: “Hello, you’re Tattersall. I am Jack Binns, the wireless operator on the Republic, and we have had many communications during the past twenty-four hours. I am glad to see you.” And then they discussed the interruptions that had somewhat handicapped them.

WOMEN’S SUPERB COURAGE FEATURE OF THE DISASTER.

In the Disorder Following Collision and in Perilous Transfer to the Baltic Their Coolness Was Admirable.

ONE YOUNG WOMAN PULLED AN OAR WITH THE MEN.

Landor Describes Their Conduct as a “Spectacle Ennobling to Humanity.”

Perils encountered, sufferings endured, records of escapes from drowning, brave deeds by sailors—all were subordinated in the glowing accounts of the heroism of American women in the Republic disaster and in the events which followed.

Men on board the Baltic when the big liner came out of the thickness of the morning fog off Sandy Hook and anchored at Quarantine shortly before 10 A. M. made no effort to hide the tears in their eyes as they praised American mothers and daughters. English tourists on the Baltic complimented newly made acquaintances on the fact that they were Americans. Henry Savage Landor, the famous English explorer, said:

"The American women were magnificent in their courage. It was a spectacle ennobling to humanity. I had a view over the side of the Baltic when gray-haired women and beautiful girls were lifted from the lifeboats after being tossed on the waves. I did not see a tear. They came aboard with hope shining in their faces. Many had lost all, but they were cheery.

“There was one woman, the Countess Pasolini, the American-born wife of an Italian nobleman. I saw her stagger up the gangway, her night garments drenched by the waves. Without changing her clothing, she hastened to the immigrants’ quarters and nursed the children and women until she was exhausted. Thus she spent the night.”

Courage Unsurpassed.

The messages flashed from the wireless scarcely suggested the scenes which took place on the Republic and later during the transfer of more than 1,600 passengers from the Florida to the Baltic. They were described as being unsurpassed in an ocean disaster, and it is to the credit of those imperiled that a shocking loss of life is not chronicled.

The first to board the Baltic after it had cleared Quarantine were passengers on the little steamer Gen. Putnam, which had been chartered by the White Star Line and placed in charge of General Passenger Agent W. W. Jeffery. Deputy Surveyor of the Port Matthew Coneys and newspaper representatives were on board.

Three inbound freighters served by chance as a convoy for the Baltic from Sandy Hook. The liner’s decks were crowded, the Florida immigrants being huddled aft, the men wrapped in shawls and gunny sacks, and the women protected by such warmer garments as the men had saved when ordered on deck. On the saloon decks were the cabin passengers, the women in many cases hatless and garbed in unmatched costumes provided by the Baltic’s passengers.

All agreed that the sunken Republic is little less richly laden than a galleon. Costly jewels, furs, gold and bank notes and personal belongings for which the owners were forbidden to return are covered by fathoms of water. Orders were given by the Republic’s officers within a few minutes after the collision that the passengers must not return to their cabins. J. F. McCarthy, of Duluth, Minn., who was a passenger with his wife on the Republic, describes the first chapter of the disaster.

A Passenger’s Story.

“The impact of the Florida shook the Republic from stem to stern,” he said. "I had passed through a collision at sea before, and perhaps was better schooled than the majority in meeting the emergency. The shock crippled the electric lighting apparatus and the ship was plunged in

darkness. I had a pocket lamp, which I flashed in the cabin, and I noted by my watch that it was 5:30 A. M.

"I drew on my clothes and went on deck. The feature of the situation which astounded me was the stillness which prevailed. The companionways were crowded with women lightly clad. They were marvelously self-contained. The ship’s officers acted admirably. Stewards were despatched to notify the passengers to assemble on the upper decks, and thither they groped their way in the darkness.

"The next order was that the passengers must not return to their cabins, but be prepared to enter the lifeboats immediately. The Florida’s bow bit into the Republic and scraped along until the boats cleared. I learned later that there was a panic on the Florida, but the officers soon checked it and turned their boat to stand by the Republic.

"None of us knew whether the Republic would float long enough to permit the transfer of the passengers, yet calmness prevailed. The lifeboats were lowered and embarkation began in an orderly manner. The women and children were succored first, and the men were the last to leave the ship. The Baltic hove in sight about 7 A. M. and her appearance was a great relief to all.

“A ship which I understood was owned by the Standard Oil Company also came up, and a small boat was lowered. The officer in command approached the Florida. Immigrants on the latter made a demonstration and the officer drew a pistol, indicating it would be used if any of the immigrants jumped into his boat.”

Passengers say they were treated with every consideration by the officers of the Florida, but the food was limited, and beef tea was the sole nourishment of many women. Before their departure from the Republic, coffee and biscuit were served to every passenger.

It was during the re-transfer of passengers from the Florida to the Baltic that scenes occurred which alone sully the records of the calamity. The damage to the Florida was found on investigation more serious than was at first believed, and the officials decided it was prudent to appeal to the Baltic. Reuben Miller, of Pittsburg, tells the story of the departure from the Florida:

Re-Transfer was Perilous.

"The stewards and petty officers had charge of the transfers, but it was found necessary to call for volunteers at the oars. Heavy seas were rolling and it was necessary for passengers to wait until the lifeboats pitched on a wave to nearly the level of the landing platform when women and men would jump for seats. I saw an Italian woman fall into the sea as the boat swung away from the ladder, but she was rescued.

"I saw a beautiful young woman take her place at an oar when she entered a boat, which was not manned, and pull away through the night with all her strength. I had to take an oar, as did other of the first cabin passengers. On my first trip we were on the water for an hour and a half. The Florida and the Baltic were drifting and at times were nearly a mile apart. They were never less than an eighth of a mile from each other.

"Because of the draft on volunteers, it frequently happened that an inefficient man was placed at the helm. A Norwegian took command of one boat, which was rowed by Italians who could not understand his orders, and a critical situation arose until he was displaced after the boat had been tossed about for more than two hours with its precious freight of women and children. Bravery was displayed repeatedly, but lack of discipline made the work ineffective and at times hazardous. Thus, crews were exhausted, and the call for volunteers became more frequent. It is assured that the admirable self-poise and generosity of the Republic’s passengers prevented a shocking scene.

“The endurance of the men and the nerve and courage of the women were marvelous. When the life

preservers were put ready the men were ordered back and the women stayed forward. I never saw better discipline than prevailed during this scene."

Wives Bade Husbands Farewell.

George F. Merritt, a retired manufacturer, of Roxbury, Mass., said: …
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… "There were scenes of great distress when it was decided to quit the Florida. It was imperative that the women take to the first boats. I saw wives kiss their husbands and depart, not knowing whether the lifeboats would reach their destination or whether their husbands would follow before the Florida foundered. Yet every one acted with the greatest courage.

"It was a painful wait of four hours before the immigrants were transferred, beginning at 3 o'clock in the morning. Great excitement, which increased to rioting, prevailed. Second Steward Spenser and his fellow heroes were almost overwhelmed. They were put to main force to keep order."

Mrs. J. Cockroft, wife of a Boston publisher, told of a thrilling experience with the crew of the Florida.

"With several other women I started to get in one of the Baltic's dories, when word came for us to change from the Florida," she said. "We were just about to step into the boat when half a dozen immigrants on the Florida came rushing at us. 'You can't leave this ship,' they cried. Their eyes were wild and they looked like demons. We didn't know what to make of it. 'We saved you; stay with us,' yelled the men. They drew knives and waved them before our faces. They seemed to think that we were to be saved by the Baltic, and that they were to be left to die. It required much talking to convince them that they were safe, and that we were only going where we could get sufficient accommodations. The officers on the ship had to come to our aid."

The wrecking of the Republic was the third deep sea misadventure for Miss Agnes Shackelford of No. 67 West End Avenue.

"The accident to the Republic was the most severe of all," she said, "yet there was less disorder. I was on a burning ship once—the fire was not very big—and there was a stampede that nearly resulted in the loss of many lives. Another time a ship I was on ran aground. When the jar came to the Republic and I was shaken from a sound sleep I thought the end had come. The ship seemed to be trembling. I ran to the deck in my nightdress. Women came up the staircases clad in nightgowns and some of them in their underclothes.

Knew Courage Was Needed.

"They did not ask if the ship was sinking. I did not hear one passenger go about crying like that. They all appeared to know that the situation was dangerous and that what was needed was courage. While we were all hugging ourselves to keep warm, the stewards came with hot coffee. They did not seem frightened and that made us feel more safe. Capt. Sealby came along and told us we would surely be saved. He went around with a smile that did more than anything else, I guess, to prevent us from breaking down. He knew the danger, and we did, too, but he made believe it wasn't much. When he told us the Florida was in sight and ready to take us away we all felt like hugging him. The sense of fear was not over by any means when the Florida came to our ship. We wondered if we could get to it before the Republic sank. In the dark it seemed as though the Republic would settle before we could get away."

Stout Woman Floats Until Saved.

One of the most stirring incidents of the transfer of the Republic's passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was the adventure that befell Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, the author, who fell overboard. Mrs. Earle is very stout, weighing considerably more than 200 pounds. Her

rescue, while quickly accomplished, seemed to her and her sister, Miss Frances Clary Morse, to consume the larger part of an hour. Mrs. Earle lives at No. 22 Henry Street, Brooklyn Heights, and her sister in Worcester, Mass. The two were going to Cairo, Egypt, to spend the winter.

The Republic's boat, in which they were placed, seemed overloaded. Ran had succeeded a thick fog and it was inky black. As the broad-beamed boat lay alongside the grating at the foot of the outside companionway of the Baltic it rolled ten or twenty feet either way with the swell. Fourth Officer Brocklebank had charge of the disembarkation. As Mrs. Earle reached out to seize the stanchion on the grating which supported the rope railings the lifeboat gave a lurch and she dropped into the Atlantic, between the lifeboat and the Baltic.

Part of Mrs. Earle's clothing floated above her head. Instantly Mr. Brocklebank jumped in after her, but the lifeboat had now been carried twenty feet away. The officer held her up and his men fastened boat hooks in the author's floating garments and soon had her in the boat.

Mrs. Earle took the incident in good humor. When safe upon the deck of the Baltic she remarked with a laugh: "Well, I am pretty fat, but I am alive."

Bent Plate Shielded Them.

A marvellous escape was that of the Misses I. and G. McCready, who occupied stateroom 94, on the Republic. The sisters were asleep in berths on the inner side of the room on the saloon deck.

The shock threw them on the sofa on the outside wall of their room, one falling on top of the other. The bow of the Florida crashed in, with one of the heavy anchors. Both anchor and bow of the Florida smashed in the big steel plates of the Republic, but the sheet formed a shield for the two women, under which they lay perfectly protected. As the Florida backed away the big anchor was left upon the plates, under which lay the Misses McCready. Later the chief cook of the Republic pulled out both the women unharmed.

"We had been in the boat nearly an hour when the accident happened to me," Mrs. Earl said later. "I was drenched to the skin and nearly exhausted. An English sailor tried to assist me in reaching the ladder but the boat was low in the water and when the wave struck us I was thrown against the side of the liner."

Mrs. E. Snyder, of Scranton, was with us in the boat, and assisted in saving me.

"I lost valuable jewels and a sable coat which were left in the Republic. I was proud to grasp the hand this morning of Second Steward Spenser, who did such heroic work, undoubtedly saving many lives by his bravery and coolness."

Samuel Cupples, the millionaire philanthropist and manufacturer, of St. Louis; his daughter, Mrs. William Scudder, and the three Misses Scudder, lost practically everything in their cabins in the Republic.

"We were shocked by the collision, but kept our presence of mind," Mr. Cupples said. "My daughter and my grandchildren succeeded in reaching my cabin, lightly clad, and, locking arms, we made our way to the upper deck. The officers forbade our return to the cabins."

Felt Anxiety for Her Father.

Mrs. Scudder said: "After we reached the deck we waited for two hours, not knowing at what moment the ship would founder. A remarkable fact is that there was no evidence of panic whatever. The officers of the Republic did everything they could to cheer us, saying that assistance was at hand. Soon the signal came to prepare to enter the lifeboats. The transfer to the Florida was accomplished without serious accident, though one woman plunged headforemost into the sea, but was saved. We waited, nearly crazed by anxiety, for my father, but he did not

appear for three hours. He was so weak he could not climb the gangplank and had to be carried up. He was revived quickly."

Mrs. J. H. Brookmire and her daughter, of St. Louis, had experiences similar to those of Mrs. Scudder and her daughter. Miss Brookmire lost all her jewelry. She and her mother hastened to the Hotel Plaza as soon as the Baltic docked.

Major John Espy and his wife, who were on their honeymoon, were among the last to leave the Republic. Mrs. Espy refused to go without her husband and was the last woman to depart from the Republic. The Espys will return to their home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Homer Wakefield and her two daughters, Elizabeth and Harriet, of No. 501 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, were on the sea for nearly two hours before they reached the Baltic. She said she learned from talking with other passengers that only about a third of the original number of passengers will continue their trip.

A passenger who requested that his name be withheld said he observed an incident in which a prominent society woman in New York figured. A sailor made a remark which she considered insulting. She struck him a blow in the face that sent him sprawling on the deck.

Boy Mourned for Teddy Bear.

Mrs. John T. Davis, a daughter of Henry Gassoway Davis, her daughter, Miss Hallie, and Master Henry Gassoway Davis escaped from the Republic without harm. The little boy apparently enjoyed the excitement until he grew sleepy and then he complained bitterly at the loss of his Teddy bear, which was left in the cabin. The family were placed in one of the lifeboats soon after the collision and remained in it until it was lowered to the water.

Robert Frederickson, an exporter, residing at No. 834 Union Avenue, the Bronx, who was on a trip to Egypt, said:

"I was asleep in my berth when there came a terrible crash. I half fell out of bed. I thought there was an earthquake—I wasn't wide enough awake to realize that I was at sea. I groped around in my room, for the lights had gone out, until I found a match. I found my trousers and a hand satchel, and with these ran to the deck to see what was the matter. I found a lot of people there. We all looked at each other, trying to make believe that we were not scared. We crowded to the ship's rail. Not a thing could we see. The waves were dashing up high and tossing our ship."

"It was not long after the collision that the sea quieted, and that was a mercy, for we were getting rather scared and wondering when our ship would go down. It was a big relief when the hulk of the Florida loomed through the fog and we heard the ship's horn. We felt then that we were safe."

Women Were Cool and Brave.

"I never thought there could be such discipline on a ship as that shown when we were being taken over to the Florida in lifeboats. Any one would think naturally that the boats would be swamped with passengers eager to get away. It was not so. The captain ordered that the women be allowed to go first, and the men stepped back. I didn't see one action upon the part of any man that was not courageous. I will say for the women that they were cool, calm and brave to the last minute of time that death stared the Republic's passengers in the face."

S. P. McGiveny, a contractor, of No. 205 Palisade Avenue, Jersey City, ran up to the deck from his stateroom in pajamas when he felt the shock of the collision.

"I found people coming up the stairs in droves," he said. "The sky was black; there was not a light in sight. The ship was turning gradually over to its starboard side. The mist was almost

choking, but none of us thought of that. We were concerned as to whether or not we were to be drowned. The chances of escape looked slim."

"The feeling of helplessness on that ship was overwhelming, yet there was not a cry for help uttered by man or woman. The reason for this was that every one was steeled to take what would come. It seemed as though every one grit his teeth and waited to see what would happen."

"The rap-rap-rap of the Marconi instrument could be heard, but we did not know for an hour or more that our calls for help would avail. Then came the Florida out of the fog, poking its battered nose at our ship. What a relief that was, I cannot tell you. A cry of thanks went up from our crippled vessel."

"Only one bit of cowardice did I see. That was when some man—I heard he was one of the crew of the Republic—leaped into one of the lifeboats and hid. Officers leaped into the boat and dragged him out. They threw him to the deck with such force that I thought he would be killed. That was his punishment for having tried to push ahead of the women."

GRATEFUL PASSENGERS GIVE THANKS TO CAPT. RANSON AND $1,000 TO CREWS

When the Baltic had safely landed her passengers, a set of resolutions signed by many of the survivors of the Republic and Florida, as well as by passengers of the Baltic, was presented to Captain Ranson. A purse of $1,000 was raised by the passengers of the three vessels, who requested that the money be divided among the crews of the three ships.

After the resolutions had been presented it was learned that the passengers would petition the owners of the Baltic, Republic and Florida to present gold medals to the sailors who participated in the work of rescue. The resolutions read as follows:

At a meeting of the passengers of the steamship Baltic, which arrived to-day from Liverpool, the following resolutions were adopted: Whereas, On approaching New York word was received by wireless telegraph that the Republic had been in a collision with a steamship named Florida in the vicinity of Nantucket Lightship and was in urgent need of assistance; and, Whereas, The prevailing dense fog made ordinary navigation difficult, and the searching for a crippled vessel extremely so; and, Whereas, The Captain of the Baltic successfully transferred 1,600 souls in open boats without a single mishap; be it

Resolved, That the passengers on the Baltic convey to Captain Ranson and his officers and his men their high appreciation of their splendid seamanship; and it is further Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the owners of the White Star Line at Liverpool. To the above resolutions was attached a long string of names of passengers.

Besides the resolutions an open letter was addressed to Captain Ranson. It reads as follows:

"To Captain J. B. Ranson—We are requested on behalf of the saloon passengers of the Baltic to hand over to you the sum of £212 ($1,000) to be given to the officers, crews and stewards of the two White Star ships and of the Florida as a mark of their appreciation of the splendid efforts made by them in transferring and assisting passengers who were in such urgent need as a result of the unfortunate accident of yesterday morning. We shall be grateful if you can do us the favor of assuming the disposition of this sum. We are, sir,

Yours sincerely, THE COMMITTEE. Signed: Charles Ward, chairman, aboard Baltic; Robert H. Ingersoll, aboard Baltic; Dr. M. F. Walstein, aboard Republic; E. E. Lambie, aboard Baltic.

DAMAGE LIABILITY DEPENDS ON SHIP TO BLAME

Upon the question as to whether there was any element of negligence in the manoeuvring of the Republic or the Florida in the fog of Friday when they collided hinges the settlement of claims aggregating at least two millions of dollars.

This vast amount is at stake in possible suits that may ensue after some tangible idea is had as to just what circumstance or set of circumstances the accident was due. The claims of which this amount is made up consist of the following:

First—Damages for the deaths of passengers.

Second—Damages for the deaths of employees.

Third—Losses to passengers—jewelry, money and clothing.

Fourth—Loss of the Republic.

Fifth—Loss of the Republic's cargo.

Sixth—Salvage money for standing by the Republic.

Facts to Be Found First.

The answers to these questions depend upon a state of facts. These facts are not yet known, nor can they be determined until a court of inquiry sits and sifts the evidence. There are certain conditions, however, that will be controlling against whichever ship was at fault. These conditions will apply no matter whether it was the Republic that fouled the Florida, or vice versa.

Admiralty lawyers give answers to these enumerated questions thus:

First—There can be no recovery for loss of life, as there is no law controlling or actionable for the loss of life upon the high seas.

Second—Relatives of employees of vessels have no recourse, no help except such as the charity of the steamship company interest may give.

Third—Recovery limited to $100 upon all baggage, as each passenger in purchasing a ticket accepts the provisions of the ticket to that effect.

Fourth—If the Florida fouled the Republic and was responsible for her loss, she can be libelled only to the amount of the value of the ship, which amount, plus the Florida's cargo receipts and passenger receipts, are the only amounts that can be touched by the White Star Line to compensate the passengers on the Republic and the company for the loss of the ship.

Insurance Personal Affair.

Fifth—The loss of the Republic's cargo where it was insured will be paid by insurance companies. Where not insured it will get a pro rata share of damage money collected against the Florida, if the Florida was at fault. The insurance money going to the White Star Line for the loss of the Republic will not be an offset against claims of passengers. Such insurance money is a "personal" claim of the White Star Company and cannot be touched by passengers of the Republic, nor may it be used to offset claims against the White Star Company by the Florida or the Florida's passengers either for loss or damage to the Florida or loss or damage to the Florida's passengers.

Sixth—There is no question of salvage loss to be considered, as the Republic is a loss and will continue to be such until she is floated and docked safely in some port.

This means that loss of life at sea is not actionable at law no matter what the negligence nor by whom caused.

This may seem to The American readers as a very strange case, but it is the fact avowed by the most eminent admiralty lawyers in this country, Wing, Putnam & Burlingham, of No. 27 William Street.

It means also that a vessel valued at $100,000 sinking a vessel valued at $1,000,000 can be libelled only for $100,000, and where the loss is divided among a hundred passengers and another hundred owners of freight that $100,000 must be apportioned among the owners of the lost vessel, her passengers and the cargo owners in proportion to their adjudicated losses.

Damage for Each Person.

This means that each person damaged would get 10 per cent of his or her loss whether it were the corporation owning the ship, the individual or corporation owning the cargo and the individual passenger.

If it be found that the lost Republic was at fault in the collision all the passengers and the owners of the Florida can claim is their pro rata share of the money taken in by the White Star Line Company for passage money.

Addressing himself to this subject yesterday, Mr. Burlingham, who is a member of the Maritime Association, said:

"This is a very grievous situation; it is known to every admiralty lawyer and is denounced by them all as being almost an intolerable condition. A man may collect for a battered valise, but not for the death of his parent or wife or son or daughter. No matter what the negligence, death on the high sea is not actionable under the laws of the United States.

"Realizing that this situation was one that needed immediate remedy, the Maritime Association had framed a bill which was submitted to Congress this session. It is a measure intended to change this condition. The laws of the United States and those of England differ widely as to this matter of damages for losses at sea. In England the rate is eight pounds for each ton of the injured vessel’s tonnage in the case of the passenger’s baggage loss, and should a life be lost the damage rate is fifteen pounds sterling for each ton of tonnage.

“We have tried time and again to bring about some uniformity of maritime law between Great Britain and the United States, but without avail. There will be a conference at Brussels next May in which the matter of uniform laws for the rule of ships on the high seas will be broached.”

The bill introduced in Congress provides that in case of death upon shipboard on the high seas, due to negligence, suits may be brought by the next of kin and recovery sought not in excess of $5,000.

Divers Believe the Republic Too Deep to Be Saved

Salvage and wrecking firms yesterday were figuring on the possibility of raising the Republic. The Merritt-Chapman company dispatched a tug to the place where the White Star liner went to the bottom in an effort to find out the exact location and to get soundings of the ship’s whereabouts. Up to a late hour last night no report had been received from the wrecking tug at the Merritt-Chapman office. A representative of the wrecking company said he could give no idea as to what steps would be taken until the soundings had been officially taken.

Officers of the White Star company said that they had reached no decision in regard to the raising of the Republic. It was stated that the raising of the ship will depend upon the official report of the company’s representatives.

From other sources it was learned, however, that there was little likelihood that the Republic ever would be raised. It was said that the tremendous depth of the water in which she settled

made it practically impossible to bring her to the top, and that she was considered a total loss. According to last reports, the Republic is in 238 feet of water. Those well versed in such matters say this depth is beyond the limit of deep-sea divers, and that it would be difficult to get men to go down so deep. One of the divers connected with the Merritt-Chapman company, who has had considerable experience with sunken ships, but who did not wish his name to be made public, said:

“If as reported the Republic is under two hundred feet of water she can only be considered as a total loss. Even a depth of one hundred feet is beyond the limit of the diver’s endurance. The pressure of the water at twenty-four fathoms is about the limit for a diver. The pressure of the water at one hundred feet is tremendous when you consider that its weight is one pound pressure for every two feet. If it were possible to empty the Republic at her present depth she would collapse like a shell under the weight of water under which she is resting.”

Dispute as Ship’s Victim Is Removed

Eugene Lynch, the Boston business man whose wife was killed in the collision between the Republic and the Florida, was removed in a critical condition last night from the Florida to the Long Island City Hospital. The removal followed an altercation between the Rev. James Lee of Revere, Mass., a relative, and the surgeons of the Norwegian Hospital.

After the Florida was docked at Pier 6, of the Bush Terminal in South Brooklyn, an ambulance from the Norwegian Hospital was waiting to take Lynch from the steamer. Dr. Spellman and Dr. Gould went aboard and found Mr. Lynch in the ship’s infirmary, in a serious condition, with a fractured thigh, fractured arm and internal injuries.

Just as they were preparing to remove him the Rev. Mr. Lee and other friends of Mr. Lynch peremptorily stopped the removal. The surgeons pro- …
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… tested because of Mr. Lynch’s condition but the minister demanded that the man be taken to the Long Island City hospital. After a two-hour wait an ambulance from that hospital appeared and he was taken there.

While aboard the Republic the last rites of the Church had been administered to Mr Lynch by the Rev. Dr.. Norris, chaplain of the Trenton Diocese. Before leaving the Florida Mr. Lynch asked that the nurse and doctor be reimbursed for their trouble and for their kindness to him.

Chief Officer of “Rudder” Ship Tells How Republic Sank

The Anchor liner Furnessla, Captain James Lumsdane, five days overdue from Glasgow which turned to and aided in the effort to save the sinking Republic, docked shortly after 3 o’clock yesterday afternoon. The Furnessia for many hours rode astern of the doomed vessel, carrying two of the Republic’s, 12-Inch hawsers and acting as a rudder, while the revenue cutter Gresham, and later the Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca, attempted to tow her Into shallow water, where she might be beached.

What happened is best told in the words of Chief Officer William Mitchell, of the Furnessia.

Barely Caught the Message.

“The wireless first began to pick up the Baltic on Saturday night," said Mr. Mitchell “It was with great difficulty at first that Colven caught the message that the Republic had been in collision. Captain Lumsdane at once started in her direction. It was a mighty ticklish task, and we had to proceed slowly. Hardly one of the officers or crew of the Furnessia had a wink of Sleep Saturday night. We knew the New York and Campania were cruising in the neighborhood.

It was about Sunday morning when we caught sight of the Baltic and were told that all of the

Republic’s passengers had been transferred to her. It was about 10:30 o’clock when we first came up with the Republic, then well down in the water. I started for her with a boat’s crew. Just then the Gresham came, and it was decided that the cutter should attempt to tow the Republic in, while the Furnessia acted as rudder. My boat brought back lines from the Republic’s stern to the Furnessia. The Gresham made fast her towing gear, but could hardly stir the big liner. I don’t think we were making above a knot until the Seneca came up and aided us. Even then the speed was but little better.

Furnessia’s - Lines Parted.

"About 6:30 o’clock our lines parted, and in the darkness and fog was impossible to do anything. At nightfall we had word by the wireless that the Gresham had taken everybody off the Republic except her captain and chief officer. A bout 8 o’clock a breeze sprang up, and half an hour later we missed the Republic. The wireless brought us word that she had gone down about 8:30. At 9 o’clock the Gresham wired us that by the aid of searchlights the captain and the chief officer of the Republic had been saved. We stayed about for a time, and then when we were sure that there was no further need of our waiting longer, we came on slowly toward New York.”

The Furnessia carries no first cabin passengers. She had 95 second cabin passengers, and 178 in the steerage. One day the Furnessia logged only seventy-six miles. During the gale a woman passenger was knocked senseless when knocked against her cabin door by the pitching of the boat. A male passenger was also hurt, the passengers say.

Wireless Hero of Baltic Tells How Republic was Found

The hero of the Baltic is J. Tattersall, the plucky wireless operator, who found the Republic in the thickest sort of a Nantucket fog. For twenty-four hours he was almost constantly at his receiver, for until the Republic was definitely located he could not leave the instrument even to his capable assistant, G. W. Balfour.

Tattersall is running a close race in wireless heroism with Binns, the Republics operator, who stuck by the ship until there was not another spark in his batteries and who then returned as a volunteer to stay until the end. You would have trouble in making Tattersall think so, however, and he had to be hunted for all over the ship when an American reporter wanted to ask about it yesterday afternoon.

He is a typical Englishman, is Tattersall, even to red whiskers. He is young und limber and shows the strain of little sleep much less than many of the passengers.

Shore Batteries Interfered.

“It would not the have been so bad had Shore batteries kept off.“ said the young operator, when he was finally persuaded to talk about his work. ”You see, the minute the Republic’s engines stopped her wireless machine lost its direct current. Binns had to use his accumulators, which are not good for more than seventy miles at best.

"Now, on shore, at Siasconset and Woods Hole, were powerful stations, with a flash radius of 200 miles. You can imagine what happened to poor Binns’s best but feeble efforts when these stations got into range. They Insisted on calling me, and for a time the best I could do was to hammer back: “We’re coming, Republic; we’re on our wary.” The stations on shore and on the Lucania and La Lorraine were all pounding away, and I could tell by the manner in which poor Binns’s instrument was working that he was getting weaker and weaker. It was as though you were close to a friend who was dying, and you were straining every nerve to catch his last word, and then every instant some one with a stentorian voice would put his head in the room and shout for information about his condition, drowning your dying friend’s voice.

Was Dozing at Desk.

"When I got the first C. Q. D. I was dozing at my desk. There had been nothing startling during the night, and I was expecting nothing. At first I did not know what it all meant. Then it flashed on me that I was getting a cry for help, and a moment later came the details, that the Republic had been sadly rammed and was in such and such latitude and longitude.

I did not even wait to call for a steward. I bolted out of the wireless cabin and ran up the deck to the bridge. I handed it to Captain Ranson myself.

"'We will go to them,' he said quietly, hurrying into his chart room.

"I went back to my instruments and started in to tell the Republic we were coming. It was not until we were within forty miles of them that I began to get into direct communication. At first the flashes were so faint that could hardly spell them out. Many messages I lost altogether. All the while Woods Hole or some other infernal operator cut in on me. I know they meant well, but it increased the difficulty of finding the Republic.

Exhausted by Vigil.

"You want details of the search? Well. you'll have to get them somewhere else. I can't give them to you. It's all a jumble with me. I guess I'm nearly all in. What do you think happened, though, Saturday night while we were transferring the passengers from the Florida? Who walked into my cabin but Binns.

"Hello, Tattersall says he, just as cheerful as it he'd come from a garden party. We've been having a lively time of it, haven't we? Thought I'd drop in and see how you were, old chap."

"Then he went back to the sinking ship and stayed by her until the Captain ordered the crew off. He couldn't send any more wirelesses, but he thought he might be useful somewhere."

Congress Halts Its Work to Honor Brave Jack Binns

Washington. Jan. 25 - "Jack" Binns, the Marconi operator on the steamship Republic, is to go down into history side by side with "Jim" Bludso.

The House of Representatives halted its proceedings today to eulogize him as few private American citizens have ever been honored. Henry Sherman Boutell, of Illinois, brought the hero's name before Congress.

"Jack" Binns has given to the world a splendid illustration," said he. "of heroism that dwells on seas, in many who are in the quiet, unnoticed work in life.

"During the last two days," said Mr. Boutell, "we have been reminded once more of the perils that beset these that go down to the sea in ships and do business in greater waters. The accident that befell the steamers Republic and Florida last Saturday found heroes ready for the heroic work demanded of officers, men and passengers.

"I believe that every one who read the accounts of the collision and the jeopardy in which occupants of the two ships were placed, and the way in which news reached the rescuers, felt that there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized.

"I refer to the Marconi operator of the Republic, who had the cool head and steady hand to send forth on the willing wings of air the message of disaster that saved hundreds of lives, and the message of deliverance that relieved thousands of anxious hearts. His name is John R. Binns. He is known to several members of this House."

Mr. Boutell's address was punctuated with applause, the appreciation of the House being most evident when he mentioned for the first time the name of John Binns.

Connolly Accused of Cowardice by Ship’s Stewards

An unpleasant incident of the Baltic’s trip up the Bay was an attack made upon James B. Connolly, writer of sea tales and friend of President Roosevelt, by several stewards of the sunken Republic who charged him with interference during the transfer of passengers last Saturday night. It came, just after the reporters had boarded the Baltic from the United States Revenue Cutter Hudson.

Connolly was giving an interview criticizing the officers and crew of the Republic for inexcusable delay and the unnecessary loss of baggage. He was telling a reporter that some of the Republic’s crew acted like cowards, when a passing steward heard him.

“What’s that you say? demanded the steward. ”You were the only meddler I saw and I don’t care who knows it."

A passenger, whose name was not learned, in the scuffle that followed, cried: “I’ll back up the steward in that."

One of the under pursers bristled up with the statement:

“Don’t you dare talk about cowards. You ran around with a life-preserver like a crazy man. You tried to get to the boats ahead of the women, and then tried to excuse yourself as helping your wife and child.”

Several attempted to strike the writer who, backed by his brother, who had boarded. the steamer at Quarantine, invited them to come on.

Officers of the ship stepped in and Connolly wwasaS persuaded to go to his stateroom until the ship landed. On reaching the pier Connolly outlined his grievances against the Republic officers in detail.

His chief complaint was that they would not let him get to the Baltic to file wireless dispatches about the disaster, which had been ordered by New York newspapers. He declared that three or four hours were lost in setting about the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic, and that he had been unable to find a reason for it.

Captain Ranson refused to comment on the Connolly matter in any way.

Arthur Bless, publisher of Automobilia, 27an1 Englishman, living in Paris, declared that Connolly had come to be known as “trouble maker.“

General Ives and other passengers excused Connolly’s alleged behavior on the ground that the writer was excited.

Gen. Brayton Ives Saw Woman Draw Hatpin on Sailor

General Brayton Ives, the banker, one of the few rescued passengers was one of the few rescued passengers who saw - or at least narrated - the disagreeable, unpleasant features o the wreck.

“There was no cowardice, either on the part of passengers or Crews.” General TrIvesey said, "although there was considerable roughness, and, and at times on the Florida, anyhow, a lack of discipline.

“After the collision we all put on life preservers and waited for the end. We heard the wireless working, but didn’t realize that it was going to do us any good. Not until the Florida appeared did we feel at all safe.

“Then there was a great lot of confusion. The officers of the Republic paid no attention to

family ties Iinn sending off passengers.. The put wives in one boat and husbands in another. Naturally some husbands lashed out and were rough with everybody who stood between them and their wives. I was impressed into service as an oarsman and obliged to make two trips between the Republic and the Florida. It was raining, and everybody got drenching wet.

On the Florida all was confusion. Some of the Immigrants and sailors got to the liquor stores and became intoxicated. The passengers of both ships ran loose around the Florida's decks without any officers controlling the'. The Florida was dirty, and without any order.

"Then the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic was even more unpleasant. I saw one sailor place his hand upon a refined, delicate women. She struck him a blow in the face and drew a hatpin. He did not again bother her."

Woman Author Falls Into Sea; Is Pulled Out by Hair

Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, a well-known author, had the most thrilling experience among the hundreds of passengers transferred from the Florida the Baltic. She said:

"My sister Mrs. Frances Clara Morse, and myself were in the same room near where the Florida tore into the Republic. The log was dense and, the whistle of the Republic was blowing signals continually. We both heard the whistle of the Florida, too.

Terrifying Grinding Noise.

"I had fallen into a doze, and had awakened when suddenly we felt a jar and then a terrifying grinding noise. In less than ten minutes the lights all went out and we were in complete darkness.

"We hurried from our room and up two fights of stairs to another deck. Everything was in commotion. I want to say, however, that there was no panic and scarcely a whimper on the part of any of the passengers. We heard a couple of steerage passengers sobbing.

"When we reached the upper deck we decided to go back and secure our clothes, but we were not allowed to do so. Then we remained in the darkness awaiting dawn, which was nearly two hours off. It was impossible to find even a candle, and in this suspense we huddled together, terrified, not knowing but each minute would be our last.

"We were told to put on life preservers and await orders. When daylight came we were put in lifeboats and rowed to the Florida. There was no excitement, and all went all right, but when it was found that the Florida had a great hole stove in her bow and that she was only being kept up by the pumps, then our fears again possessed us.

"It Came My Turn."

"After much suspense the Baltic was sighted. It was long after dark when the boat I was in, together with my sister, after drifting about nearly an hour awaiting the landing of those ahead of us, approached the Baltic's landing ladder. Several had gotten out and it came my turn.

"A sailor grasped my arm, and at that critical moment ordered me to jump; I knew it was not the right instant, but I obeyed orders, and the next thing knew I was struggling In the water. I felt myself rise to the surface and sink again, but was powerless. Then I felt the boat hook thrust against my back, and the next thing I knew the sailor's hands were entangled in my hair. I never lost consciousness, and when all were out of the boat I got up and made my way, this time safely, to the Baltic's deck."

Thought he End Had Come.

Mrs. Morse said:

“When my sister was brought into the lifeboat I did not think she was alive. However, after much of the water had been forced out of her lungs, she suddenly sat up and said, ”I’m not dead. "I never saw such an angry sea as that on which out lifeboat was launched. I expected every minute we would be swamped. and when my sister fell into the water I thought the end had come”

Mrs. Henry Howell Armstead, whose daughter is the wife of James Elkins, son of Senator Elkins, had an experience similar to that of Mrs. Earl. She was, however, just about to get into the lifeboat from the Florida when she sank into the water. She was caught before she had been submerged above her knees.

Mrs. Armstead said the first transfer was easy, but the one from the Florida to the Baltic was terrifying. In the part were the two children of Mrs. Davis, Miss Hailie, ten years old, and Master Henry G., seven. The coolness of both was the talk of the passengers.

SHIPS MAY LOSE WIRELESS MARCONI

COMPANY IN DISPUTE WITH SEVERAL OCEAN LINES.

Controversy Has Been Going on for Some Time Over the Payment of Rent, Since Operating Concern Has Found that Losses Are Suffered in the Dull Seasons.

It is posable that collision between the White Star liner Republic and the Italian immigrant carrier, Florida may agitate anew the question of compelling all transatlantic steamship liners to maintain wireless apparatus on board ship. For some time there has been a dispute between the Marconi Company and several of the important lines as to the terms on which wireless plants were to be retained.

Seven years ago, when wireless first came Into popular use, Its promoters anxious to get their system installed on steamships, largely because of the advertising which resulted, and also to shut out. other companies from the same privileges. They offered to put instruments aboard at no cost to the steamship companies, other than the expense of feeding and housing the operators and supplying the electric current.

By this arrangement the wireless folk were to receive all the tolls from private messages, while the steamship company was to be allowed to send official messages free of charge. This idea worked well in the rush season, when liners sailed with full cabins. In the winter months it was different. The steamship companies couldn’t lose, under any circumstances, but the wireless company did. The electric current was not an expensive item, and the feeding of two men on a vessel that carried two thousand did not figure up to a sum worth taking into account, it was urged.

As time went on, however, it became more apparent to the wireless company that it was losing money by the arrangement. So it presented its case to the steamship lines and suggested that a yearly rental of, say, $1,000, would serve to guard it from loss. That sum would just about pay the salaries of the operators. Wireless operators, by the way, seldom get good pay, especially men on the foreign vessels.

Jack Binn’s $12 Weekly Pay.

Men like Binns of the Republic and Tattersall of the Baltic, who figured so conspicuously in the fog-drama off the sand-spit of Siasconset, receive about $12 a week, although, of course, they live on board ship as officers. In the other hand, the ships of the American Line have American operators, who are paid according to the American wage scale, starting at $60 a month. The same rule applies to the American land stations. The head of the Cape Cod station, for instance, receives $125 a month.

To the plea of the wireless company, it is said the steamship lines returned a negative answer. They positively refused to consider the suggestion of paying for the installation of the wireless. At this stage of the proceedings, the Marconi company threatened to remove its instruments and men from the liners, unless its demands were granted. This threat was calmly accepted by the steamship lines. Their reply was, in effect: “Do whatever you please.”

Now comes the ramming of the Republic by the Florida and the drama of rescue in the tossing waste of waters that stretched from the tip of Long Island to Nantucket, in which wireless played the most important part. If a vindication of the value of the wireless were needed, say wireless men, it was afforded by the events of the two days from Saturday to yesterday morning. Those incidents, they contend, prove that no ship is sate without a wireless equipment.

So they are sitting back in their chairs now, wondering what step the steamship companies will take next. Will they lose the wireless to save $1,000 a year? That is what the wireless men say they are pandering.

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WHERE THE COST COMES IN.

“I shouldn’t wonder it they did try to do it.” said Frederick Minturn Sammis, chief engineer of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, today. “You would be surprised if I were to tell you some of the companies with whom we have been conducting negotiations recently- negotiations which can end only in our getting a reasonable rental or in the removal of our Installations from their ships. They are thoroughly modern and up-to-date companies, too, of unimpeachable reputation so far. Yet they have plainly indicated that, rather than agree to our demands, they will de without our system.

Our demands are not exorbitant. All we ask is that we shall be protected from less. We’ll be satisfied with anything that does that for us. Perhaps. to illustrate our position, few figures will prove worth while. In the rush season, during the summer months, especially, we generally manage to make expenses all around, and sometimes we do big business. The German boats are the best payers. Sometimes we take In $600 on a run to and from Europe, The big Cunarders pay too. I can’t explain why it is that the German boats pay best, but they do.

“When We make $500 in the course of a run, we are lucky. All the expense to us out of that is the salary of the operator and his assistant. On the other hand, when the tide of traffic has fallen off, we often lose money on every voyage. When the New York came in yesterday with nineteen passengers in her cabin, do you suppose we made anything on the trip? Not a cent. We lost $15 or $20, and we’ll lose as much more on her run back to England.

"On the majority of the liners, we lose money most of the year. That doesn’t seem right to us. It wouldn’t cost the company a large sum to insure us against loss, and they must know now, if they didn’t know before. how valuable the wireless is. One thousand dollars a year for each vessel would suit us. That would allow us about $60 for each round trip made, and would just cover us from possible loss.”

Steamship men say that the Republic disaster has emphasized the need of some universal code of communication regardless of the particular system. Rivalry between telegraph companies, it is pointed out, makes this last Impossible.

ACCORDING TO EMIL BOAS.

According to Emil L. Boas, resident director and general manager of the Hamburg-American Line,

the existing arrangement is the cause of much confusion. Mr. Boas is also firmly convinced that all transatlantic ships which carry passengers are in duty bound to be equipped with wireless apparatus

“The time is bound to come,” declared Mr. Boas this afternoon, “when all vessels will take it up. Of course, at the present time, most of the large ocean liners do make use of the system, but It is not universal.

I think steamships with passengers aboard should be compelled to maintain a wireless station and operator. The thing has become a necessity, as the recent collision has clearly shown.

Then there is the other question which seems to me equally Important. In our company, for instance, we have to patronize two wireless telegraph concerns. Our Atlas service, going between New York and the West Indies, is equipped with the United Wireless system, while our transatlantic ships use the Marconi system.

“Now these rival systems do not work together. You can imagine the inconvenience that results. Here is a case to illustrate:

A CASE IN POINT

Not long ago we took the Biucher out our transatlantic service and sent her into Southern waters. Speaker Cannon was on board and had made special arrangements to keep in touch with Washington. But, you see, the Biucher was equipped with the Marconi system and the operator refused to communicate with stations belonging to the United Wireless.

“Strangely enough, the operator In question was Jack Binns, who had charge of the Republic’s station. I don’t Blame him for refusing: he was merely working under orders. But plainly such conditions should not prevail. The companies ought to work together. They ought to be made to do so, by law, if necessary.

Gustave H. Schwab, New York agent of the North German Lloyd, added his opinion to that of Mr. Boas.

"Not only should all ships be provided with wireless, said Mr. Schwab, but there should be a universal system aa well. I am strongly In Favor of It. There is no reason why the different telegraph companies should refuse to accept each other’s messages.”

Officer’s of the Cunard Line were not so strong in their opinion, although it was admitted that the suggestion had many advantages.

It was pointed out that the smaller passenger lines would have few occasions to make use of the wireless system, and that situations where it would be of real service would be exceedingly rare.

At the offices of the United and Marconi Wireless Companies, it was explained that in cases of emergency, orders were to accept all messages. This was done in the case of the Republic.

UNITED WIRELESS WILLING.

Offers of the United Wireless Company declared that they were willing to enter into an agreement with their rivals whereby messages should be received at all times, irrespective of the company which sent them. But this the Marconi Company refused to do. John Bottomley, general manager of the Marconi system, explained that the other companies were regarded as imitators, who had sprung up later, and could not be recognized by his concern.

The only time when we will accept their messages,“ said Mr. Bottomley, ”is in case of distress. Then, all barriers are for the moment, overlooked. If a ship is in danger, or if there has been

an accident, her appeals for aid would certainly be received and answered, no matter what system she used. But otherwise, we will have nothing to do with our rivals."

C. C. Galbraith, assistant superintendent of the United Wireless, said that operators on this system would receives messages sent by the Marconi people, or in fact any other company. “We are agreeable to any arrangement,” he added, whereby a universal system could be established provided the tolls were equally distributed."

FLORIDA HERE; HAS THREE DEAD

A Fourth Likely to be Added - Eugene Lynch of Boston May Not Survive.

CAPTAIN’S STORY CUT OFF

Starts to Tell It, but is Interrupted, and Officials Stop an Officer’s Narrative.

BOW A MASS OF WRECKAGE

Smashed Almost to the Bridge, and She Comes Up the Bay Stern High Above Water.

With thirty feet of her bow cut away and tilting forward at so perilous an angle that she seemed about to dive into the depths of the harbor, the Italian steamer Florida, of the Lloyd Italiano Line, which ran down the White Star liner Republic last Saturday morning near Nantucket, moved slowly and wearily into port yesterday afternoon a few hours behind which brought the passengers of both ships. Crippled she was and exhausted, but she had come under her own steam from the scene of the disaster, the quiet smiles on the faces of her skipper Capt. Raspini, and his officers told they were proud of their amazing feat, which was accomplished without any aid whatever.

Seen from a distance, the forward tip of the Florida seemed to be actually flush with the water, so much was the damaged vessel tilted. At her halyards between the masts were the “Not under control” signals, black and grim, while her flags, half masted, told of a dead sailor lying, shrouded in white, in the Florida’s hospital, and of two other dead seamen, jammed and smashed of all semblance to humanity in the chaos of broken, snapped wood and iron which had been the Florida s bow.

The Florida passed Sandy Hook at 2:20 P. M. and began her painful course up the channel toward her haven of refuge at the Italian line pier in Brooklyn. As she crept along tug alter tug steamed out to her until her course became a triumphal progress. Two of the tugs promptly tied up to her just aft of her crushed bow and began slowly to help her along. Up to that moment since the accident the wounded liner had not had the slightest touch of bad weather. Had there been simply contrary winds to harass her the situation of the crippled chip would have become precarious. But not until just before coming up the harbor did such winds spring up, and then the danger was over and Capt. Ruspini had accomplished his marvelous piece of seamanship.

As the Florida crept along the narrow channel, previous to anchoring off Quarantine, the neighboring shores were packed with throngs of curious people, lining the wharves and perched on every vantage point afforded by sheds and house roots. Around the ship was a regular flotilla of tugs, small yachts, and other craft, keeping up an incessant shrill whistling.

Wreck of the Florida’s Bow.

The appearance presented by the bow or the Florida as she toiled along made Capt. Ruspini’s nerve in daring to run her without aid into New York seem almost beyond belief. Big pieces of sail had been strung across the bow. but between them it was possible to look though great, gaping holes as if into the very vitals of the ship.

On one side a big mass of the flooring of the deck had been jammed straight into the air, the

jagged edges of the planks sticking out over the water, while a mass of iron railing, twisted like molasses candy, rose into the air on the other side. As for the bow itself or what was left of it, it was nothing but tangled twisted wood and iron, jammed in huge masses against the forward bulkhead. "If that bulkhead should give way," remarked a sailor on the Florida, "it would be all up with us."

As the Florida dropped anchor off the shore the little flotilla of tugs closed in on her. One of the first to scramble to her deck and make a dash for the bridge was Count di Massiglia, the Italian Consul General in New York. He seized the hands of Capt. Ruspini and kissed him on both checks. "Your conduct has been noble," he said, "and I have come here expressly to tell you so."

Capt. Ruspini leaned against the side of the bridge and smiled. He is only 29 years old. He simply smiled as man after man rushed up to him pouring into his ears praise of his bravery. Among the others who were soon surrounding the young captain on the bridge and congratulating him were Oscar L. Richard, the agent of the Italian Line; Alfred E. Berner, and Albert Egelhoff.

After the effusive congratulations were over everybody inquired at once for Eugene Lynch, the Republic passenger who had been transferred from the latter ship to the Florida suffering from grave internal Injuries. The ship's doctor of the Florida had little encouragement to give concerning the hurt Bostonian.

Mr. Lynch Ignorant of Wife's Fate.

"You may talk a few words with him," he said In Italian to the newspaper men who crowded about with inquiries, "but for pity's sake don't tell him that his wife is dead. He knows nothing about it. And, look here," he added, as he piloted the visitors down through the crew's mess quarters toward the hospital. "If he says anything about a bag full of money which he had on the Republic tell him it's all right and safe, won't you?"

But when the little group got to the hospital it was not possible to communicate with Mr. Lynch. He lay stretched out on a narrow cot, white and groanIng, and every time he tried to speak his stomach revolted. "Molto male," said the Italian doctor who had had charge of Mr. Lynch since the Baltic had steamed away. He has a leg and a thigh broken, and is also suffering from injuries to the head, and his heart, too, is In a bad way."

Nearby lay the dead body of Salvatore D'Amico, a seaman, caught in his bunk In the forecastle and ground to death Eatt the moment of the terrific impact between the Florida and the Republic. As For the two other dead, Piagnolo Lavalie and Catogaro Mortuscello, the doctor simply shrugged his shoulders.

"In there," he said, pointing toward the heaped, twisted wreckage at the bow. Practically nothing had been done to get the fragments of their bodies out. Capt Ruspini and his crew had their hands full with other problems of rescue and navigation. Sticking out from among the tangled mass at the bow were shreds of cloth and flesh, and there were red blood stains, too.

Ten men in the employ of the John M. Robbins Shipbuilding Company worked with crowbars and axes for four hours last night in extricating the mangled bodies of the Italian sailors. They were placed in pine boxes and taken to the undertaking establishment of Jacob Schafer, 4,014 Third Avenue, South Brooklyn.

The dead are: Balogero Martuscilli, sixteen-year-old sailor from Naples; Pasquale La Vallu, 29 years old, from Naples also, and the fourteen-year-old cabin boy, Salvatore d'Amico.

Escaped One Horror to Meet Another

According to some of the sailors on the ship, this voyage was D' Amico's first. His home was In

the region of the earthquake he had left it in ruins, the only survivor from a large family and he had taken to the sea as much to escape the memories of the earthquake and to avoid the horror danger of a repetition of it as for any other reason.

The boy’s body, because smaller than the rest, was alone recognizable; the names of the others were learned only because they were the missing ones among the crew; it was Impossible to tell which was which.

At first it was difficult to make Capt. Ruspini or his officers talk. About them there is nothing of the excited, gesticulatory character which is usually associated with Italians. They walked about on the bridge smiling and calm, giving the necessary orders quite like sea dogs of Anglo-Saxon extraction.

“It was very bad, Oh! a very bad thing Indeed." declared Purser Gino Maraviglia when urged to describe what he had seen. And he cheerfully asked the questioners to partake of cognac and marsala, served by an impassive steward, in the very shadow of the wreckage concealing the two dead men in the forecastle.

But eventually Capt. Ruspini was cornered in his cabin, just off the bridge.

“Really, I can say nothing,” he said, modestly and embarrassed, “until I have made my detailed report to the Consul and the company, and heard what the Captain of the Republic has to say about the collision.” But eventually he began describing the accident while the Florida was slowly limping into her dock in Brooklyn.

Capt. Ruspini’s Story.

“I was on watch with the first officer," he said, and was going at half speed through the fog, whistling all the time. I heard a blast of the whistle on the right side, and answered with another. In a few seconds there was something like a mountain straight across the path of the Florida. We then crashed squarely into the side of the Republic. Immediately afterward the impetus of the collision itself caused the Florida to back out again from the hole which she had cut in the Republic.

“After the collision I could see nothing whatever. The fog about us was too dense. Then, hearing the blasts of the fire signal on the Republic, I cruised about in every direction, endeavoring to find the ship which we had rammed. While executing this maneuver I saw a little boat approaching us.”

At this point in his narrative the Captain was Interrupted by representatives of the Italian company, who seemed desirous that he should refrain from giving further information regarding the collision. But Purser Maraviglia took up the tale where the Captain had dropped it.

“I was in command of the first boat,” he said, which went from the Florida to the Republic to take off the passengers. The first officer commanded the next boat. The transfer of the Republic’s passengers lasted from 7 A. M. until about 10. There was absolutely no panic. Everybody behaved admirably, those on the Republic as well as those of the Florida. In all, the boats from the Florida and Republic, eleven in number, made about twenty-two or twenty-three trips.

“The Republic’s passengers stayed on board the Florida an entire day, until it was decided to transfer every body except the crew of the Florida to the Baltic. The transfer to the Baltic was effected between midnight Sunday and 5 A. M. Monday."

The Narrative Interrupted.

At this point somebody from the company interfered likewise with Purser Maraviglia’s narrative. Coming out of the cabin seeing him in the act of spelling out his name for a reporter this

Individual cried excitedly, “Don’t sign anything!”

From other accounts of those on the Florida it appeared to be the impression that the whistle of the Republic did not blow as frequently as that of the Italian ship.

The extreme danger attendant on the trip of the Florida from the scene of the accident to New York was made greater by a heavy snowfall, which lasted a good part of the way, retarding the already snail-like speed of the ship. But as she drew near to New Cork the weather cleared, and the crippled Italian liner actually went ahead for a part of the way at the rate of ten knots an hour, game to the very finish of her eventful trip. Capt. Raspini had made only one other voyage as her captain.

As the bow of the Florida, smashed up as if it had been of the consistency of a matchbox, was poked into its pier at 5 P. M. yesterday, those on board saw a crowd drawn up around the gangplank, inpatient tor a chance to board the ship. Foremost among these were a party of men, with tear-stained eyes, friends of Eugene Lynch, who but a few days before had bid him godspeed on the occasion of his departure on the Republic. As soon as the gangplank was lowered they hastened to the deck and were immediately token to the sickroom, where Mr. Lynch lay.

In the party were the Rev. James Lee of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Revere, Mass.; the Hon. John H. Casey and the Hon. William Turtle, Mr. Lynch’s lawyers; James McGuinness, husband of the injured man’s niece; Finnegan, his brother-in-law, and James Watson, confidential clerk in Mr. Lynch’s Boston liquor business. The whole party had come from Boston to take charge of their friend.

Little Hope for Mr. Leach.

When they arrived on board little hope was held out to them off his recovery. Silent and grief stricken, they stood about their suffering friend, stretched out on a narrow cot, waiting transportation to a hospital. The first ambulance to reach the pier came from the Norwegian Hospital, but Mr. Casey indignantly refused to allow his friend to be put into it, claiming that it was so old as to be unsuitable for taking so severely injured a patient away from the wharf. The Boston party then sought a telephone, summoned an ambulance from the Long Island College Hospital, and reserved for Mr. Lynch the best private room at that hospital. When the ambulance came racing along the wharf the injured man was brought groaning down the gangplank. “God bless all," he murmured to those who were carrying him. From start to finish he had shown great fortitude.

Be sure that all those on Florida get something from me as a remembrance,” was his parting instruction to one of his friends before he was carried on his stretcher down the gangplank.

The removal of Mr. Lynch from the Republic to the Florida, it was said on the latter vessel, was attended with such difficulty that the injured man himself desired that he be allowed to stay where he was when the transfer of all except the crew of the Florida to the Baltic was begun. “If I am to die, let me die here.” he said. As his condition was considered very serious, Father Morris of Trenton, one of the passengers taken from the Republic, administered the last sacrament to Mr. Lynch.

Immediately after the Florida had tied tip to her pier, electric lights were strung on wires across her smashed bow, and the gruesome work of extricating the bodies of the two seamen jammed to death in the wreckage there was begun. Capt. Ruspini and the other officers of the ship remained closeted with the representatives of the line, and refused all further information to the reporters, who were eventually ushered to the pier.

The report that the cause of the collision was that the man at the Florida’s wheel fell asleep while on duty, for which negligence he received a blow In face from Capt. Raspini, was indignantly denied soon after the docking of the Florida by the Italian Royal Commissioner, who had charge of the immigrants on the Florida on her way across the ocean.

The Florida came from Nantucket most of the way at a rate above four or five knots an hour, simply creeping along.

DENY HELMSMAN NODDED.

Rumors of a Sleepy Quartermaster Fight on Florida Find No Sponsor.

A story which was denied as often as it was repeated, and was quite impossible of authoritative verification, was told on board the Baltic yesterday regarding quartermaster the Florida, said to have been at the wheel at the time of collision.

The story, as told. was that early on Saturday morning, while the Florida was feeling her way through the fog off Nantucket, with Capt. Voltolin on the bridge, the Republic, then evidently quite close to the Florida, sounded two sharp whistles in answer to a long blast from a horn. This is the well-understood signal for the approaching vessel to turn to port. The acceptance of the signal is a single blast of the whistle. The officers of the Republic say that the Florida's whistle returned the expected answer. …
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… Had the signal been obeyed, it was alleged, the collision would not have happened, for the Republic also turned to port, and as she was proceeding in the opposite direction, the two ships would have turned away from each other at the same time.

According to several of those on the White Star boat, among them an officer of the Republic, there is reason to believe that when the signal was heard by Capt. Vojtolin, he repeated it to the helmsman, ordering him to put the helm to port. Beyond that the story becomes vague. There were several on the Baltic when she arrived yesterday, who said that they "understood" and "had heard" that the quartermaster at the wheel was nodding when the order was given, and that he shoved his wheel hard a-starboard instead of to port. The assertion was made that it was from this cause that the accident arose.

The story continued with a recital that the Captain of the Florida was so enraged with what the quartermaster had done that he turned upon him and struck him with a belaying pin. One version had it that the man dropped the wheel when the crash came and ran, the Captain running after him and felling him with the pin.

On board the Baltic was a man from the Florida whose face bore marks. His name was Martino Romolo Schiaffino. Requests among such of the Italian crew as could talk English to point out the man who was at the wheel at the time of the accident invariably led to some one running about the deck, finding Schiaffino, and bringing him to the questioner.

The latter would present his card, but his English proved deficient when he was pressed to explain what had happened on the bridge on the morning in question. He and some of the others invariably replied that Schiaffino was in his bunk at the time. Close questioning of the quartermaster at least on one occasion, led to the continued hissing of half a dozen Italians who stood about and the sudden silence of Schiaffino.

Commissioner Colonna of the Florida, an official whose duties have to do with the Italian immigration laws, was asked specifically about the story of the sleepy quartermaster. He said he did not know anything about it; that he had never heard of such an occurrence as described. He continued:

"This man was in his bunk at the time. Nothing of the kind happened."

"We had an investigation, and the Captain of the Florida said that some signals must have been misunderstood. The Republic signaled, too, she would go to the right, and perhaps it was that she went to the left instead. Something of that sort. The Captain of the Florida said he

understood the Republic was to go to the right, and she went to the left."

"On the other hand, an officer of the Republic made the assertion that the man at the Florida's wheel had turned the wheel the wrong way, causing the collision, and that the Captain had struck him. This officer, while declining his name, asserted positively that the Quartermaster in question, who was then aboard the Baltic, had made an affidavit for the White Star Company's lawyers.

At the White Star offices this was denied. Counsel for the company, William S. Montgomery, said that, as far as he knew, no such affidavit was in existence, and certainly had not been given into the custody of his firm. He characterized the story as "gossip." Vice President Phillip Franklin also declared that the affidavit did not exist, and that he put no faith in the story.

SEALBY HERE EXHAUSTED.

Republic's Captain Gets His First Sleep on Seneca at Quarantine.

The derelict destroyer Seneca of the Navy Department, in command of Capt. Reynolds, and having on board Capt. Sealby and forty-two officers and men of the sunken steamer Republic, steamed into Quarantine last night shortly before 10 o'clock.

The vessel was met by the tug Edward T. Deltzell, Capt. Edward Gull, on which were a score of newspaper men. After the Seneca had cast anchor she was hailed through a megaphone and the reporters were invited on board.

Capt. Reynolds, looking tired and pale, and not a little nervous, said he would gladly tell of the part the Seneca played. Upon being asked if Capt. Sealby could be seen, he replied:

"No. The Captain is worn out, is now asleep, and has given orders that neither he nor the officers or men on board could be seen or interviewed."

According to Capt. Reynolds, Capt. Sealby stated that when he was struck by the Florida he thought that her bow had completely cut his vessel in twain. This was due to the fact that the bow of the Florida crumpled up like an egg shell. Then Capt. Reynolds said Capt. Sealby told him that the crew of the Republic acted manfully and bravely, and that all the passengers stood the test well, especially the women.

The Republic Is 45 Fathoms Down.

It is estimated by Capt. Reynolds and Capt. Sealby that the Republic lies in about forty-five fathoms of water, that she will probably never be raised, and will never be a source of hindrance to navigation.

All the officers and crew of the Republic on board the Seneca were confined to the cabin, and not one of them last night was allowed to talk. Jack Binns, the Marconi operator, is also on board the Seneca, but he even could not be seen.

When Capt. Reynolds was asked how Capt. Sealby appeared when taken from the water and carried on board the Gresham, and later came to the Seneca, he said he looked like a man that had been through about everything he could go through and yet live to tell the tale. He was pale, careworn, but nevertheless talked feelingly about the loss of his ship, yet he was overjoyed at the fact that it had not proved a second Bourgoyne disaster.

According to Capt. Reynolds the Seneca was off Cape Henry, Va., when the wireless told her that there was some trouble. Cape Henry is 300 miles from the scene of the disaster to the Republic. The text of the wireless he could not exactly understand and asked Washington to repeat it.

In the meantime he had proceeded on his way and was about 100 miles off Cape Henlopen when he

received definite news that it was the Republic which had been in collision. The Seneca, in her trial trips, made twelve and one-half knots an hour, but in reaching the scene thirteen knots were made.

Arriving in the vicinity of Nantucket at about 8:15 Sunday night, in the midst of a thick fog and a heavy sea, Capt. Reynolds found that the cutter Gresham was already there and had a line out to the Republic. The Seneca then made fast with 250 fathoms of hawser and with the Gresham started to tow.

After two hours the Republic began to settle and flounder. There was no one on board the Republic other than Capt. Sealby and Second Officer R. Williams, and it had been arranged that in case the ship was going down two blue lights were to be set off, one by the Captain and the second by means of a mechanical device, which makes the light flame up as the water touches a certain portion of the ship.

Blue Lights Tell the Story.

It was 10 P.M. Sunday night, when probably one of the most dramatic scenes upon the sea ever enacted, was witnessed. Through the fog and rain came the blue signal lights telling of the Republic’s doom. First came one, and then the other. The last gave the signal that the Republic was actually going down. Her plunge to the bottom and the rescue of Capt. Sealby and his second officer are told elsewhere.

MARCONI IS GRATEFUL.

Inventor Is Glad Wireless Has Helped to Save So Many Lives.

Special Cable to The New York Times.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—William Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, who is at present at the Marconi station in Galway, from which transatlantic messages are dispatched, said to-day, in reference to the sinking of the Republic:

“I am exceedingly gratified and very grateful that wireless telegraphy has been the means of saving so many lives. I am confident its usefulness will go on increasing with the extension of the adoption of the system by smaller ships as well as by the great liners, because of the ever-increasing range of the instruments.”

Not a Man in the Whole Republic’s Crew but Did His Duty.

MARCONI MAN’S PART

Binns Stayed with Capt. Sealby After the Passengers Departed - The Republic’s End.

The full story of the collision between the White Star liner Republic and the Lloyd Italian liner Florida, the greatest shipwreck in years, came out yesterday, when the White Star liner Baltic brought the survivors of both ships to this port. It proved to be a story of lives saved rather than of lives lost, of earnest effort and not of exploitation; a story of the triumph of human ingenuity, thoroughness, sacrifice, fortitude over disaster, even over death itself, of what may have been the mistake of one man causing the dire peril of many.

Although it is three days since the disaster off the island of Nantucket and the great majority of those whose lives were endangered have been saved through the instrumentality of the steamship Baltic, it is nevertheless true that the real story of the wreck of the Republic had not been told till the survivors reached here yesterday. Out of the ether, from many sources, have come tales and parts of tales, confusing, contradictory, annoyingly brief, but not until yesterday afternoon was the full narrative of the shipwreck available.

The Republic left here last Friday afternoon. Yesterday the passengers who waved good-bye to friends from her deck returned quietly to port to be met by the same friends and anxious relatives. Meanwhile they had passed through scenes which not one of them will ever forget. More different experiences had been crowded into the two intervening days than usually come to a man in a score of years.

Both Ships Out of Their Course.

As usual in making the trip from New York to the Mediterranean, the Republic coasted up the shore of Long Island in the late afternoon, passed far east of Block Island, and in the early hours began, some distance below Nantucket, the long, circling course which in the course of time would cause her prow to point southeastward to the Azores. The night was dark and foggy, but this condition is not unusual in the neighborhood of Nantucket, and while the passengers went to bed to the unaccustomed sounding of the ship’s deep-voiced siren, few felt alarm. The very sound itself seemed to spell safety.

Some time in the night the Florida, an immigrant carrier belonging to the Lloyd Italiano Company, bound from the Mediterranean for New York, swung around the upper half of the circle above Nantucket Light and began a journey southward, which by daybreak should have brought her well along the shore of Long Island toward the Ambrose Channel Lightship.

Thus it was, all unknown to the passengers and crew of either ship, that the two vessels approached each other in the murk with virtually only the compass and the clouded yellow glimmer of the beacon on the Nantucket Lightship to guide them. It appears now that the Florida was the further to the westward of the two and that both vessels were slightly out of their course—the Republic scarcely at all, the Florida perceptibly so.

Noiselessly, to all intent and purpose, the two ships drew nearer each other. Each sounded fog sirens. Neither could see the other’s lights. Yet the Captain of each could hear the deep note of warning that the other sounded from time to time, and by the sound solely the Captains located each other’s vessels. And still the two ships drew together.

Mistaken Order Did the Rest.

According to the best accounts obtainable yesterday, the Captain of the Republic, William A. Sealby, when he judged by the sound of the Florida’s siren that the boats were too close for comfort, sounded two sharp blasts. In the mysterious parlance of the sea this is a signal for the vessel approaching to turn to port. The intent of the Captain of the vessel signaling being to do the same thing immediately, to the end that each ship may turn away from the other, and thus pass safely.

The Captain of the Florida heard the signal and knew its meaning. From his point of vantage on the bridge he turned quickly to the man at the wheel in the wheelhouse. “Port!” he shouted in Italian—“Hard a-port!”

Into the matter was then projected the agency of human fallibility. It was alleged yesterday on board the Baltic that the Quartermaster whirled his wheel to the right instead of to the left, sending the vessel to starboard instead of to port and heading her directly toward the Republic, still invisible, in fact, though dimly discernible as a glow of dirty yellow amid the blackness of the fog.

In less time than it takes to narrate it, the accident, which has set the world talking for three days, happened. The boats were so close together that once the prow of the Florida turned more directly toward the Republic’s side, the collision was inevitable. The Florida’s bow struck the port side of the Republic about amidships, not directly, but a glancing blow. The impact, however, was sufficient to send the sharp prow of the smaller ship crashing into two of the cabins on the upper decks of the Republic, while its full force was directed against the plates that protected the engine room. These plates were torn away and a great hole opened in

the side of the Republic, through which immediately the water began to rush.

Almost Noiseless Collision.

Strangely enough, the collision made little or no noise. The Florida, seemingly, slid backward out of the rent on the Republic's side, and in another instant was shrouded again in the fog that overhung the sea. Within a few seconds even her lights were out of sight, and, to those on the Republic, save for the damage she had wrought, the Italian vessel might have been regarded as a phantom.

Within these few seconds, however, much had happened. On the White Star boat death had come to two persons, Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston and W. J. Mooney of Langdon, S.D., the latter dying instantly. The crash, however, had disturbed only a few, though the terrific rush of the sea as it poured into the hole in the Republic's side awakened all the rest. What made the situation more terrible was that every light in the boat went out.

Passengers who attempted to obtain light to ascertain what had happened, or to dress by, found no light available. Outside could be heard the shouting of men on the deck and the terrible inrushing of the water. Needless to say, no one stopped to dress. Grasping a few garments loosely, every one, steerage and first-class passengers alike, rushed on deck. Within a minute the decks were crowded with anxious, confused persons, hastening hither and thither, not knowing what to do, nor where to go; all asking questions, disturbed, yet withal cool in the emergency. And above all sounded the constant inrush of the water amidships.

Perfect Order Among the Crew.

Capt. Sealby was on the bridge of the Republic when the collision took place. Almost before the Florida struck the call to quarters was sounded from the bridge. Equally quick action was taken in the engine room; in this instance the most important part of the ship. The second and fourth assistant engineers were on watch. As the order was issued from the bridge to close the water-tight doors, an order was issued from the engine room to rake down the fires.

These orders were given in the pitch darkness of the foggy night, neither officers nor men knowing exactly what had already happened, or what was to happen next. Every order was promptly obeyed. Not a man hesitated, and to the strict discipline and implicit obedience to orders under the most trying circumstances the passengers of the Republic unquestionably owed their lives in the first instance.

As though it was simply a case of regular drill and not a deadly earnest matter, each officer, petty officer, and sailor on the Republic went to his station, took his orders, attacked his task, and kept at it. Petty officers went about among the scantily clad passengers, reassuring the nervous, getting order out of chaos little by little. Two rockets, signals of distress, were fired from the bridge. Meanwhile the water-tight bulkheads had been closed on the engine room and the inrush of the sea had been stayed. The work of raking down the fires had to be done speedily and was a perilous task. To have left the fires would have been to risk an explosion which would have sent the ship, and in all probability every soul on her, to the bottom. The great fires that had driven the ship throughout the night were raked down in a few minutes while the water was still rushing in. When the coal passers and engineers at last jumped up to safety they leaped out of water nearly three feet deep.

Waiting in a Calm Sea.

It was 5:45 in the morning when the collision occurred. The dawn should have been breaking, but the fog obscured the light. In the darkness the passengers huddled together on the decks and kept still. Some of the more venturesome felt their way through dark alleyways to staterooms and obtained additional wraps. The murk without, the utter darkness in the cabins, the absence of the throbbing of the engine to which the passengers had already become accustomed, and the sullen washing of the calm sea against her sides, all served to accentuate the mystery of the

thing that had happened and to make the timid more fearsome. From the time the two ships met until the light of day came was a period of quiet, except for those who had tasks to perform.

One of those whose task was all important was J. W. Binns, the Marconi operator, to whom the survivors owe the swift summoning of distant ships to their aid and the world owes what news it received within a few hours of the collision. Of Binns's courage and energy, of his efforts and their results, a great deal has already been written. Within a few minutes after the Florida had faded back into the mist whence she came the air above the ship was transmitting the magic code signal, "C.Q.D." which apprised the world of what had happened, and brought to the scene, at full speed, the vessels that were to prove the salvation of the passengers and crew.

The Florida Reappears.

While there was any steam available the Republic's whistle was kept going continuously, and it was this that brought the Florida back out of the fog to the aid of the ship she had wounded. Although it was apparent, almost as soon as she hove in sight, that she was the cause of the Republic's damage, she was none the less welcome to the passengers on the decks of the larger ship. The mere sight of her was cheering, and, while the Florida's bow was literally torn away and a gaping hole stood out double black in the dim light of the early, fog-hidden dawn, it was easily seen that she was not nearly so badly smitten as was the Republic. So, with the coming of the light, every one aboard the White Star liner took courage.

The extent of the injury to the port side of the Republic ascertained, and an examination made of the bulkheads to see whether they would withstand the strain which the tons of water were putting upon them, Capt. Sealby turned his attention to the possibility of getting the passengers off. He got into communication with the Captain of the Florida, which had come up alongside within hailing distance. The arrangements were soon made. Then Capt. Sealby summoned the 449 passengers to the deck below the bridge. They came straggling, some of them still confused. Their appearance, too, in the half-light would have been ludicrous had the occasion not been so serious. They were dressed in every imaginable garment from blankets to overcoats. Many were barefoot. Some had stockings, but no shoes; others wore slippers, but no stockings.

Captain's Speech From the Bridge.

Speaking from the bridge, the Captain reassured the passengers and asked for their co-operation. He said there was no immediate danger, but that their transfer to the Florida was thought advisable. The embarkation in the small boats must be done slowly and carefully, he said, and of course it must be a case of "women and children first."

Capt. Sealby had been so busy directing the saving of his vessel that few of the passengers had seen him after the vessel was struck until he spoke to them from the bridge. He said:

"Passengers of the Republic: I want to advise you that the steamer has been injured in collision. We are in no immediate danger, but I want to ask you to stand by me and act with coolness and judgment. There is, I repeat, no immediate danger; but to be on the safe side it is necessary for you to be transferred to the Florida as soon as possible. It will take some time, and I expect that you will be cool and not excited. Take your time getting into the lifeboats. Remember, the women and children go first, and the first cabin next, and then the others. The crew will be the last to leave this vessel."

There were shouts of approval, a cheer or two, and then, with a direct objective before them and the prospect of not standing by helplessly any longer, the passengers hastened in an orderly manner to gather together what belongings they had and to follow the directions of the officers and crew as to taking the boats.

When the boats were lowered the women and children were taken aboard, and trip after trip was made until they were all safely transported to the Florida. Luckily the sea was calm, very calm indeed, but even as it was the trip across the stretch of water to the Florida was somewhat of

an adventure to many of the women. The transfer of the passengers, 449 of them, occupied two hours and a little more, and was accomplished without mishap.

Binns Stayed at the Key.

During the morning, in response to the “C.Q.D” signal, ships began arriving in the vicinity of the Republic. On board were then only the Captain, the second officer, a boat’s crew, and the indomitable Binns, the Marconi operator. The oncoming vessels were guided by Binns, still at his instrument ticking away messages, first to this port, then to that; one to this ship, then one to the office. News was going out to the world that the passengers were safe, that the boat had not sunk, that there was no immediate danger.

Instructions were going out, too, as to the exact locality of the disabled steamer. Binns was doing it all. He and the Marconi instrument kept the whole thousand-odd souls on board the two boats in touch with the world out beyond the fog. Now quite alone in his little cabin, and now with Capt. Sealby standing by him and telling him what to send and where to send it, Binns kept at his task all the livelong day and well into the night. When darkness came the electricity in the storage batteries gave out. The dynamos had gone when the engine room was flooded.

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His instrument silenced, Binns was perforce idle. But he had done a great day’s work in the estimation of all who knew of it.

The Baltic Appears.

In the early evening the great Baltic hove in sight. The Gresham, from Wood’s Hole, had arrived earlier, and thus, though the batteries failed aboard the Republic, the stricken ships were able to keep up communication by proxy, as it were.

But with the arrival of the Baltic another and much more momentous change took place. Careful consideration of the injury done to the Florida in the collision showed that though her engines were unharmed, she was in a condition which made it inadvisable to leave aboard of her the 1,600 or more people who now constituted her burden, when a much safer means of conveying them was at hand. Therefore it was decided that the passengers should be transferred once again. Not only were the Republic’s passengers and crew to be taken aboard the Baltic, but the passengers and most of the crew of the Florida were to be transferred, too, and there were 839 of the Florida’s passengers.

Transfer in a Choppy Sea.

The task was stupendous. To make matters worse the sea had risen in the evening and was very choppy. To transfer from one ship to another approximately 1,400 passengers, even in calm weather, is a difficult undertaking. It had to be done, however, and, as it was at every stage, the men were there who dared to do it.

The boats of the Baltic and the Republic were used. Each carried about ten passengers, in addition to its crew. The first boat left the Florida’s side about 8 o’clock on Saturday night, according to Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, and the transfer was finished twelve hours later. Thus all through the night the boats plied back and forth, the passengers none too well pleased at the ordeal through which they were put.

This second transfer was totally different from that which had been made in the morning. To begin with, the Republic’s passengers had found much to dislike on the Florida, which is an immigrant ship. Gen. Brayton Ives was so disgusted that he volunteered, elderly man as he is,

to handle an oar in one of the boats, and his services were accepted.

Trouble Over Second Moving.

The same caution that is always given on such occasions was sung out on board the Florida before the boats were lowered. It was to be a case of women and children first, of course. There are stories, somewhat vague and probably not quite true, to the effect that the Italian steerage passengers on the Florida, or some of them, objected to the order of things proposed by the officers. Little or no objection was made to the women and children first order, but the proposal that after the women and children had been taken the men of the first class should take precedence over those in the steerage was not kindly received.

“There are no classes here; we are all equal,” the Italians are credited with crying. The officers, however, were adamant, and orders were obeyed. Two or three men stood by the head of the gangway all night long and saw to it that the women and children did take to the boats first, and that the first-class passengers took precedence over the others. One of the men who did a great deal to maintain discipline and order and to make the transfer to the Baltic a success was Chief Officer Frederick R. Spencer of the Republic. No one “got by” Spencer.

It is in connection with this transfer, however, the tale that was told by a great many who reached port on the Baltic yesterday of the conduct of the writer of nautical stories, James B. Connolly. This story is emphatically denied by Mr. Connolly. It was that he insisted on going aboard a boat with the women. The feeling against Connolly on the Baltic yesterday seemed to be very strong indeed. He denies emphatically, however, that he did anything of the kind.

Republic Long at Sinking Stage.

Twenty-four hours after the Florida struck the Republic the two ships were lying in almost the same place side by side, destroyer and destroyed. The great Republic now had tarpaulin hung over her side hiding the big rent. The boat had a list to starboard, though the hole was on the port side. A little distance away the Florida, the great gap in her bow the most noticeable thing about her, “stood by.” She had refused assistance, and it was believed that she could make New York under her own steam, as proved to be the case.

Even while the transfer of the passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was going on, it was feared that the Republic would sink. At one time soon afterward, so great was this fear, that Capt. Sealby and his chief officer, together with a few of the crew in a small boat, stood off for hours waiting for the liner to make her last plunge. She had some hours of existence left, however.

Five Deaths on Two Ships.

With the arrival of the Baltic the night before there had come an opportunity for a roll call, and it developed during the night, as printed in The Times in the morning, that there had been five deaths—two on the Republic and three on the Florida. One steward, Hugh Roberts, had charge of the four cabins on the Republic which were literally destroyed when the Florida’s bow crashed through the superstructure. As soon as some semblance of order was obtained he had gone from room to room, looking to the safety of the passengers in his immediate charge. He helped Mr. Lynch out of Cabin 34 and Mrs. Mooney to gain the deck from Cabin 32. He found, too, that Mrs. Lynch’s body had been terribly mangled and carried some distance aft by the collision. Mr. Mooney had apparently been sleeping on one of the settees, his wife being in a lower berth. His body was carried some distance, and the head was terribly crushed.

When Capt. Sealby heard Roberts’s story of the finding of the bodies he quietly ordered that they be placed in coffins and left on the boat. There was hope then of saving the vessel. When she was abandoned the first time the coffins were left on board. So it was the second time. And finally they went down with the ship.

Owing to the fact that the quarters of the crew on the Florida were far forward, the men off watch were those to suffer. One of them, a lad of 18, was the only survivor of a family which lived until a few weeks ago in Messina. His family all dead, he had turned his face to a new land and was working his way across the ocean on the Florida to the country he was doomed never to see.

Even those closely concerned knew little of these events until the early hours of Sunday, for only then was there a chance to gather up loose threads, to check over passengers lists, to hear reports from petty officers who had been on duty twenty-four hours without a break, always busy and with no time to attend to details.

Sealby’s Fight for His Ship.

After the passengers had all been transferred to the Baltic, and safely transferred at that, though the odds had been all against the undertaking, and one or two persons had fallen overboard, but had been rescued, Capt. Sealby determined that the Republic was going to withstand the terrific battering she was getting from the waves and that, with care, she could be saved. He was on board again, and soon let Capt. Ranson of the Baltic know that he wanted back on board the members of the crew who had been taken to the Baltic.

Standing on the bridge of his damaged ship, confident and active still, though he had passed through twenty-four hours of experiences such as come to few men, and would try the soul of most, Capt. Sealby called through a megaphone to the Baltic, that he believed the Republic was going to stay afloat. Across the stretch of sea on the bridge of the Baltic stood Capt. Ranson.

“Do you want us to continue to stand by?” asked Capt. Ranson through his megaphone, while the great crowd of passengers on the deck below looked and listened and wondered.

Sealby’s laugh could be heard across the water. “You can go on,” he shouted. “We’re all right.”

Then he went on to explain that it all depended on one bulkhead. If the bulkhead known as No. 1 held, all would be well. If it went, the ship would go, too. And Sealby yelled across the water that he believed the bulkhead was going to hold.

There were standing by at this time the Anchor Line boat Furnessia and the revenue cutter Gresham, in addition to the Baltic. The New York, which had stood by for some hours and which it was expected would have to tow the Florida to New York, in all probability, was also within sight.

The Baltic Starts Homeward.

So it was that when Capt. Sealby announced that he was all right, the Baltic got under way for New York. It was a mixed crowd of passengers she carried—Italians who had never seen America, pleasure seekers returning to their native land after weeks and months of absence, and other pleasure seekers, whose thought had been but two days ago, that they would not see New York again for many weeks or months. It must have been with mingled emotions that the latter class gazed back at the partly submerged Republic as she lay like a great log, making her fight against the sea.

The fog did not delay the Baltic much, and she came down from the wreck to Long Island in good time. There she was picked up by the wireless station at Sagaponack, and later by the Sea Gate station, so that all New York would have known of her coming had it not been that the day was Sunday. The Cunarder Lucania had preceded her by about four hours, and had been in communication practically all day, so that every knot of her progress toward this port was watched.

Early yesterday morning, only a few minutes after midnight, in fact, watchers off the Ambrose Channel Lightship heard the big boom of the Baltic’s siren off in the fog, which had come down

again after lifting. Soon she appeared, a great, yellow blear in the fog. The pilot was taken aboard at about 12:30 o’clock. Then the run was made down past the lightship to a point not far from where the Lucania had anchored. The anchor was dropped and the big boat lay still. The Republic’s passengers were all asleep by that time. It had been many hours since they had any rest.

Last of the Republic.

Back at the scene of the wreck Capt. Sealby was making good his promise to try and save his ship. With a small picked crew he was on the Republic, and the Gresham and the Furnessia had passed lines aboard in preparation for towing. The Furnessia was to act as a rudder, the lines being passed from her bow to the stern of the Republic. The Gresham was dead ahead, trying to pull the disabled ship along. The whole intent was to get the Republic in shallow water along the Nantucket Shoals somewhere, so that if she sank something could be saved from the wreck.

Progress was slow. The little Gresham had tackled a big job. The derelict destroyer Seneca joined in the work of towing early in the evening. The Gresham kept her searchlight playing on the disabled boat. Before long, when the Republic was about six miles further to the north than she had been on Saturday night, Capt. Sealby decided that the chances were greatly against him. He feared the ship would sink at almost any minute. Eventually he sent the crew aboard the Gresham, but refused to follow. His chief officer declined to leave him, so the two stayed.

When about 8 o’clock in the evening the Gresham’s searchlight was held steady on the wreck for a few minutes, it was noted that the bow was rising fast. Shortly afterward two pistol shots sounded and blue lights burned on the wreck.

Captain on Her When She Sank.

Capt. Sealby and his chief officer knew when the fight was over. They knew when the sea had won its victory. Just after the shots were fired and the blue lights lit, the chief officer jumped from the rail. The Captain made for the foremast. The bulkhead he had counted on had not held. He went up the mast and when he reached the mast head light he paused. Then the ship went down.

The plunge of the Republic was witnessed from the Gresham, which had lowered its lifeboat as soon as the pistol shots were fired. The big ship went down stern first. In point of fact Capt. Sealby was on her when she sank. The Gresham’s lifeboat picked him up within three-quarters of an hour, and the chief officer was found, too. The boat was rowed away from the spot toward the Gresham. Just an angry swirl of water for a few minutes, and then the surface of the sea at that particular point off Nantucket Shoals regained its usual appearance. The Republic had gone.

ONE WOMAN SAW THE CRASH.

She Stood on the Florida’s Deck, Dumb with Terror.

There is just one woman in the world who with her own eyes, stood, struck dumb with terror, saw through the gloom of night and fog the Florida ram her bow into the vitals of the Republic and then reel back, her prow torn and crushed from the shock. This woman is Miss Filomena Cayliafern, living at the Hotel Winthrop, Seventh Avenue and 125th Street, Manhattan. She didn’t faint, and saw the whole of the marine tragedy. She was returning from a visit to relatives in Northern Italy, and was one of the Florida’s thirteen cabin passengers. She told her story to a Times reporter yesterday after the arrival of the Baltic.

Miss Cayliafern had gone to bed on Friday night, but because of the deep booming of the Florida’s siren she was unable to sleep. Finally at an early hour in the morning of Saturday she got up, dressed, and went to the deck. She was nervous, and walked the deck with rapid strides.

“We were going at reduced speed,” she said, "and the whistle of the Florida was going almost constantly. The sound had driven sleep from me, and I was pacing the deck. Suddenly there came to my ears the sound of another whistle, so faint that it seemed to me to be an echo of our own blasts. I paid no attention to it for a time, and as it grew louder I went up to a sailor and asked him if that was not the whistle of another vessel off in the fog.

The Tragedy One Woman Saw.

“I walked forward and was peering into the darkness ahead when the hull of the approaching vessel came into view almost ahead of us. There was more and more hurried whistling, and then, almost as soon as it takes to tell it, the bow of the Florida went crunching into the side of the Republic. There was a shock through the Florida, and I gripped hold of the rail. It seemed to me that there were two distinct blows struck. The bow of our steamer seemed to rebound a bit from the Republic, and then the two vessels came together again.

I saw the officers move about quickly after that. Sharp orders were given and some of the men ran toward the bow to see what damage had been done.

"In the meantime, the two vessels had drifted apart and we came to a stop. The crew was then examining the bow and making temporary repairs. It all happened very quickly, but it did not take long to realize that we had damaged the other vessel severely, for immediately her whistle began to sound short and frequent blasts, and then there came the boom of a rocket from the Republic.

"Below, aft, were the steerage passengers, and they came pouring up to the deck in a great state of excitement. Some were shouting out in fear and some were crying; all appeared to be overcome with fear. I myself was frightened, but those on the deck below were more frightened, to judge by their cries and the activity among them. The men immediately gave them their attention, telling them to keep cool, that there was every chance that we were not going to sink. When the hurried examination of the bow was done the officers passed among the passengers assuring them that the Florida had not been hit in a vital spot and would keep afloat. This soon had the effect of restoring calm, but it was many an hour before an appearance of calm was restored. Even then there were many who prayed aloud for their deliverance.

The Men Killed Instantly.

"The men who were killed were members of the crew who were not on watch and were asleep in the extreme forward part of the vessel. They must have been instantly killed when the terrific force of the impact caved in the stern of the liner, crushing them.

"Two of the bodies were found, I understand. The bodies of the other two had not been recovered when we left the vessel. The water in the forward compartment was too deep to allow a search being made.

“The Florida worked back to a position alongside the Republic, and there was an exchange of talk between the skippers of the two vessels, and then the Republic’s passengers began to come to us.”

Another passenger who could not sleep was Dominic Roberto of 84 Howe Street, Hazleton, Penn. He occupied a first-class cabin on the Florida with Albert Zigari of 13 State Street, Paterson, N.J., who was also awake. Mr. Roberto said that a few minutes before the shock came he had called his companion’s attention to the annoying sound of the oft-sounding whistle.

“I think I hear another whistle,” said Roberto, and then came the blow that hurled both men from their berths to the floor half dressed. They jumped to their feet and rushed on deck.

“As I got to the deck,” said Roberto, "I saw the big hull of the Republic, a faint blur in the darkness, and immediately there came over the water the boom of a rocket, and the darkness was

for a second illuminated. The bow of the Florida was in bad condition, and there was a running and scurrying of men down there, investigating the nature of the damage and repairing it as best they could.

The Panic in the Steerage.

"Already the steerage passengers awakened from sleep were swarming in terror to the deck. Looking down from the deck we could see them by the light of the ship’s lamps running about, some crying, while others huddled under the side of the deckhouse; others were praying.

"All was excitement when the ship’s officers went about among the half-crazed, praying crowd and assured them that there was no danger. Some were soon quieted, but others had to be almost driven below before they would cease their wails. In the end a measure of quiet was restored. It was a wildly exciting time, and among us all there was a great feeling of unrest and anxiety until we were told that the Florida had not been hit in a vital spot and that she would keep afloat. This anxiety was intensified when we saw the crew spring to the boats and get them ready to be dropped into the water.

"The Florida was worked into a position near the Republic, and from bridge to bridge a communication was established by megaphone. Those on the deck of the Florida strained their eyes watching the great hull of the White Star liner, wondering how badly she had been injured and, their own safety assured, wondering if she would keep her passengers and the crew off, or whether she would go down with those on board before the boats could be cleared away and got away with those on board.

“Minute after minute we watched, many of our own passengers still crying and praying with fright until from out of the darkness we made out the first of the Republic’s boats coming toward us, now appearing and now disappearing as she rose and fell on the waves.”

Roberto, who was with his friend, told the same story of their flight to the deck after the vessels came together. He said that the blow struck by their steamer was a terrific one, though that vessel was only going under reduced speed at the time. He said that as the Florida rebounded from the White Star liner and her bow came free of the gaping hole it had made, one of the Florida’s anchors was wrenched off and left behind in the side of the death-struck Republic.

A Steerage Passenger’s Story.

One man in the Florida’s steerage who could speak fairly good English was John Vigliotti of New Haven, Conn. He had been in the earthquake-stricken district of Italy, and was returning to his work as a laborer here.

“I came up from below, where I was sleeping, as soon as I recovered from the shock,” he said. "Men and women were pushing their way up the narrow companionway to the deck. Many were almost overcome by fear, and all felt uncertain as to what had happened. The officers soon went about telling us that there had been a collision, but that an examination of our bow showed that we would keep afloat.

"Then came the call from the Captain of the Republic, in reply to our offer to stand by, saying that his boat was in bad condition, and his passengers were to be sent to us.

Dr. Colomri, Italian Royal Commissioner, who comes here as a co-worker to Count Massiglia, the Italian Consul General here, was on the Florida. He was thrown from his berth by the force of the collision, but was uninjured.

“I was just getting up and I was sent rolling about the floor,” he said. “The boat seemed to rise up and then settle down, and all was still for an instant. When I got to the deck I found that the water was coming into the forward part of the Florida. We were told that there was no

danger. I looked in vain for the vessel we had struck, but could not see her. Then, after we found her we stood by and her passengers were taken on board our vessel."

Count Massiglia was down at the pier to meet the Royal Commissioner. The Italian Consul General was the first man aboard the Baltic after she reached her pier, and his welcome of his colleague, Dr. Colomri, and the rest of the party, was very demonstrative.

A Boston Humorist's Account.

George F. Merritt of Norfolk House, Boston, was in the crush at the head of the ladder on the Florida.

"In the jam on the Florida," he said, "I had an excitable Italian right ahead of me. He wasn't taking any chances. He had a nice light, soft life preserver on his back and a nice light, soft life preserver on his front. I say nice and light and soft because that is the part that particularly interested me. We were jammed so tight that I think if he hadn't placed that soft rear fender on himself his spine might have made a journey through my chest and abdomen."

Mr. Merritt is bald, very bald. He says that when he was on the deck of the Republic, a few minutes after the collision with the Florida, a woman came running to him excitedly, with her hair hanging down, and shouted:

"Have you any hair combs?"

Merritt says:

"I looked at her very sadly. Then I took off my hat."

BALTIC'S CAPTAIN TELLS OF SEARCH

Republic's Wireless Messages Guided Him to the Sinking Steamship.

TRANSFER TOOK ALL NIGHT

Passengers Behaved Splendidly, and Only One Woman Fell Overboard—Republic's Captain Stuck to Ship.

Ever since the wireless message early Saturday morning halted the Baltic on her way to port and sent her back on her course, groping to find her disabled sister liner, Capt. Ranson was almost constantly on his bridge. He was there when she came through the misty channel to her pier yesterday morning. As soon as he saw the last shore line made fast he doffed his uniform and started for the Custom House to enter his vessel. Before going he gave out a statement, and then declared that he was coming back to his ship and turn in for a long-needed sleep. He threatened dire things for anyone who would awaken him.

Here is the statement he left:

"We got notice at 6 o'clock on Saturday morning that the Republic had been in collision and needed assistance, and we turned, went back, and commenced the search. It began at 11 o'clock and continued till 8 P.M.

"She was found finally by the Marconi. The first thing we did was to take off the Republic's crew, as she seemed to be in a sinking condition. Then we went alongside the Florida and began to transfer the passengers to our vessel.

"First we transferred the Republic's passengers and then the Florida's, using the crews of all three ships. We used only the Republic's boats. We have seven or eight of the Republic's boats on board the Baltic now. The transfer was made from 8 P.M. to 8 A.M.

"The weather was threatening and very misty, but there were no accidents. We took off 1,650 persons, including the crews and the Florida's passengers. I also took off of the Republic 3,200 sacks of mail.

"All the passengers behaved splendidly. Only one person fell into the water. She was an Italian woman, and was rescued. After we had finished with the passengers we went back to the Republic, finding her all right at that time. The officers and the steward all went back to the Republic.

"The Captain then spoke of the difficulty and delay in finding the Republic.

"We could not find the Republic for a long time," he continued, "but there was an American steamer named the City of Everett, and her conduct was grand. She stayed by the Republic all night and blew for us until we found her. After we had sent back the officers and crew to the Republic, the Furnessia came up."

The Captain then told some of the details of how he had found the Republic after getting her first messages of distress.

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"This is how the Republic got us to her," he said. "She used our whistle and steered us by the Marconi. As fast as our Marconi operator got a message he rushed with it to me. I have all the copies. One of them reads, 'You are now on our port bow. Can you see us?' Republic. Other messages read: 'You are now very close. Can you see our rockets?' Republic. 'You are too close to us for safety.' Republic. 'You are getting louder. Steer east-southeast; listen to our bell.' Republic. It was a sort of blind man's buff, with the wireless messages coming, 'Now you are hot,' and 'Now you're cold.'"

"Then came messages giving us different steering directions, and in between we caught flashes of other messages. There was one I received that made me very anxious. It read: 'Siasconsett says: Hear from Republic, says to Baltic to hurry. Sinking fast.'

"I think I received this about 6 P.M. Saturday, just before we found her. When I got alongside the Republic I asked Capt. Sealby to come on board my vessel.

"'I can't leave my vessel,' was his reply. I tried to induce him to come, but he would not. So I left on board the Republic's chief officer, bo's'n, Chief Steward, and a boat's crew.

"Throughout the whole trying time the passengers acted with coolness."

PASSENGERS PRAISE OFFICERS.

Vote to Give Them Medals and Raise £212 for the Crews.

Resolutions indorsing the seamanship, courage, and devotion of Capt. Ranson and the officers of the Baltic were adopted at a meeting of the passengers of the Republic and Baltic on board the Baltic on Sunday evening. Two other meetings were held. At one of them a sum of money was raised to be distributed to the men of the two White Star ships as a mark of the appreciation of the passengers, while, at the other, a committee was appointed to consider all matters pertaining to the collision, action of the officers, &c.

This resolution was adopted at the meeting on Sunday:

Whereas, On approaching New York word was received by wireless that the steamship Republic had

been in collision with the steamship Florida in the vicinity of Nantucket Lightship and was in urgent need of assistance, and

Whereas, The prevailing dense fog made ordinary navigation difficult and of searching for a crippled vessel especially so, and

Whereas, The commander of the Baltic successfully carried out this duty, also that of transferring over 1,000 souls in open boats without a single mishap; therefore be it

Resolved, That the passengers of the Baltic hereby convey to J. B. Ranson, R.N.R., his officers, crew, and men their high appreciation of the seamanship, courage, and devotion displayed; it is further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Co. of Liverpool, managing owners of the White Star Line, and to the Secretary of Lloyd’s, London.

HARRY DUCROSS, Chairman. ALBERT E. ASHCROFT, Secretary.

After the second meeting this letter was sent to Capt. Ranson:

To Capt. J. B. Ranson, R.N.R.: We are requested on behalf of the saloon passengers of the Royal Mail steamships Baltic and Republic to hand over to you the inclosed sum of 212 pounds sterling, to be given to the officers, crews, and stewards of the two White Star Line ships and of the Florida as a mark of their appreciation of the splendid efforts made by them in transporting and assisting passengers who were in such urgent need as a result of the unfortunate accident of yesterday morning.

We shall be grateful if you can do us the favor, leaving the disposition of the sum contributed to each vessel in your hands. We are, Sir, yours sincerely, the committee.

CHARLES WARD, Chairman, S.S. Baltic. J.E. LAMBIE, S.S. Baltic. ARTHUR BLESS, S.S. Baltic. Dr. M.E. WALDSTEIN, S.S. Republic.

This meeting also decided to have medals struck off to be given the three Captains, Ranson of the Baltic, Sealby of the Republic, and Volotin of the Florida.

The third meeting was held yesterday morning. The Chairman was Major John Elspy of St. Paul and the Secretary was M.L. Fischbein of the same city. Major Elspy stated that the meeting had been called for the purpose of considering all matters pertaining to the accident, action of the officers, transfer of the passengers, and sympathy for the bereaved and injured.

W.P. Devereux of Minneapolis, W. Snyder of Middletown, N.Y.; A.L. Clark of Winsted, Conn.; L.G. Phelps, and J.B. Connolly of Boston were appointed a committee of five with instructions to select a committee of twenty-five, including themselves, to take fitting action.

RESCUED SAILORS IN NEED.

Seamen’s Friend Society Shelters Them and Appeals for Funds.

The American Seamen’s Friend Society, at 307 West Street, took care last night of from 75 to 100 of the Republic’s crew. All yesterday the men kept drifting into the institute, where writing material and free postage were furnished them, so that they could let their friends know of their welfare. They expect to return to England on the Baltic when she sails Saturday.

Last night at the institute was held the regular Monday night concert, and about a hundred of the crew of the Republic were present. The majority of them looked to be of the common stocky type of English seamen, but here and there was noted a face that showed signs of the recent long hours of strain. One of them, when asked about the wreck, said:

“That chap who sent the wireless messages saved all our lives. He’s the real hero. We just done our duty. I’m sure that we’re all thankful that we’re here to tell the tale, but we are all sorry that the Republic is at the bottom of the Atlantic.”

SEALBY TELLS OF DEATH WATCH ON LOST REPUBLIC

Captain Who Stuck to Ship Till She Sank Under Him Gives Graphic Account of Vessel’s Last Hour.

RACED WITH DEATH TO RIGGING AS CRAFT SANK.

Caught Bit of Wreckage and Floated Long Before Gresham’s Crew With Searchlight Could Find Him - Overcoat as a Life Buoy.

Here are the accounts of the two men who kicked the Republic away from under their feet as she dropped into her final resting place:

BY CAPT. WILLIAM I. SEALBY.

"I don’t want to say anything about the collision itself or the happenings after except in a general way. Others have told those things. But I can tell just what happened on board the Republic as she went down.

"Mr. Williams and I had arranged to stick to the ship until she should sink or be beached. The derelict destroyer Seneca, the revenue cutter Gresham, the steamship Furnessia and the tug Scully were standing by—the Seneca and Gresham towing. All four vessels had their searchlights trained on the Republic. It was very dark and somewhat foggy.

"Mr. Williams and I were on the bridge. We were quite comfortable with our overcoats and blankets and really did not think the Republic was going down so soon. Both of us were tired out and somewhat stupid from loss of sleep. There was some wind and quite a little sea.

FELT VESSEL SINKING.

"Suddenly we heard a terrible rumble and crack aft and below. The stern began to go down rapidly. Then, I think, I turned to Mr. Williams and asked him what he thought about it.

"‘Well, Captain,’ he replied, ‘I don’t think it will be a long run. Let’s make a sprint for it.’

"‘All right,’ said I. ‘When you are ready let her go.’

"‘Let us burn a blue light,’ said Williams. This I did. Then I fired five shots from my six-chambered revolver to attract the attention of those on the neighboring vessels in case they should not see the blue light.

"Then Mr. Williams and I ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, making for the foremast. We carried our blue lights and a lantern. I suggested making for the fore-rigging.

When we got to the saloon deck forward the water was just creeping up on the deck aft and the stern was sinking rapidly. The incline of the deck was so steep that it was like climbing a steep hill to make our way forward, and we had all we could do to keep from slipping back. The water climbed up right after us at our heels.

"I saw Mr. Williams catch at the port rail and hang on, half over the side. I took to the rigging and climbed up as far as the masthead light—about 100 feet. The ship was standing with her nose out of the water and the foremast was at such an angle that if I had dropped I would have landed about amidships of the deck.

COAT WAS LIFE-PRESERVER.

"I rested at the masthead light a moment while I took another blue light from my pocket and tried to light it. The light was wet. Then I fired the last shot from my revolver just as the water swirled up and caught me under the armpits.

"Fortunately I had my coat buttoned and my revolver and my binoculars in my pockets kept the skirts down. The water forced air up under the coat and it acted like a life-preserver.

"I was afloat, spinning around like a top for a little bit. Then the ship went under and I went down in a whirl of roaring seething water. The noise and power of the whirlpool were terrible. But I shot to the surface pretty soon and tried to get my coat off.

"I came up in a mass of floating wreckage, out of which I managed to catch a couple of spars. Then I got hold of a large hatch and pulled myself up onto it, where I lay spread-eagle fashion.

"The search lights were directed on the spot where the Republic had gone down and everything about me was light as day. But I was too low in the water for the search lights to reach for any length of time and the men in the boats did not see me. After what seemed an interminable time I felt myself getting numb and indifferent.

WAVED TOWEL AS SIGNAL.

"I roused myself, got out my revolver, loaded it with greased cartridges and fired it again. Just then I saw a towel float by. I grabbed it and waved it aloft and the searchlights picked it out and it showed like a signal. A few minutes later a boat from the Gresham picked me up. I found they had already rescued Mr. Williams, who shook hands quite gayly with me as I was dragged aboard.

"That ended our danger. I want to speak in the highest terms of the officers and crews of the cutters Gresham, Capt. Perry, and Seneca, Capt. Reynolds. I cannot say too much for them or for the service they honor.

ALL SHOWED BRAVERY.

"During all our operations on board the Republic the wireless proved invaluable. It was to operator Binns that we owed our ability to communicate with the vessels around us. If he had failed our wireless would have been of little use. Mr. Binns is a young man, but he has real sand and will be heard from as he grows up.

“I can speak only in terms of praise of my officers and crew. As for the passengers, they were a remarkably cool lot. The behavior of the ladies was especially admirable. The men rendered invaluable service in assisting in safely conducting the women and children from under the bridge to the boats at the time of the transfer to the Florida. The passengers on this occasion could not have gone out of a theatre in a more orderly manner.”
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Jumped for Life as the Republic Went Down

No less interesting is the story of Second Officer Williams of what happened to him after he parted company with the captain on the forward saloon deck of the sinking vessel. Here is his account:

BY R. J. WILLIAMS.

"I was hanging on the rail by my elbows—I was going to say by my eyebrows—when I lost the

captain. The ship had been going down steadily by the stern. As I hung on the rail I thought she was going to stand right straight up in the air and dive stern first.

"But her stern finally rested on the bottom. You see, she was 100 fathoms long, and the water there was only about 40 fathoms deep. So her stern struck the bottom and rested there, and I could feel the shock as she struck and feel the hull stiffen. For maybe about five seconds she remained solid and motionless.

"Then she broke in two, probably abaft the engine-room. I thought she would go that way and when I felt the shock I jumped from the rail into the water, forty feet below. I am a fair swimmer. As soon as I got into the water I turned on my back and shed my overcoat. Then I struck out with all my might to get away from the ship before she went down.

"I was swimming on my back and moving away from her foreward. I could see her keel when the searchlights played on her. Capt. Sealby was hidden from my view by the hull. I could see her settling steadily and knew that if I was within range of the suction she would pull me under when she took her last dive.

DOWN WITH FLAG FLYING.

"I was about five fathoms away when she went to the bottom. She left a hole for a second that looked like the jaws of hell to me, and then I heard a roar as if I was under Niagara Falls. The water boiled and whirled and dragged me under. I wasn’t frightened and I thought with satisfaction that about the last I saw of the Republic was her flag, for she went down with her flag flying.

“I caught hold of a small hatch, but was unable to climb upon it. But it supported me until I got another, and between the two I kept afloat for twenty minutes. The searchlights did not seem to pick me out, but I could see them feeling all over the ocean around like fingers of light. Just as the small boat from the Gresham was picking me up I heard Capt. Sealby fire his revolver, and the sound guided the rescuing party in his direction.”

Capt. Sealby, Who Stuck by His Ship, and Operator Binns Accorded Remarkable Reception at Pier and on Broadway.

With the survivors, officers and crews of the vessels which were in collision off Nantucket last Saturday safe in port, with funerals arranged for the dead and assurances in plenty that the injured will recover, today was devoted to honoring the heroes of the disaster and clearing the decks for the litigation which is to ensue between the White Star line and the Lloyd-Italiano.

The White Star line will claim from the Italian line the value of the liner Republic, which was sunk by the Florida, but the amount of damages, even if the claim is sustained, will be limited to the actual value of the latter vessel, her cargo carrying charges and fares, a total of $1,020,000, it is estimated.

Capt. Sealby, of the Republic, landing this morning with his officers and part of his crew from the derelict destroyer Seneca, which had conveyed him from the scene of the wreck, spent a day of embarrassment.

SEALBY, LIONIZED, IS EMBARRASSED.

He is a sailor, retiring as seafaring men are in general, and the lionizing to which he was subjected from the time he set foot on the White Star line pier until he escaped into privacy was more of a trial to him than his vigil over his sinking vessel off the coast of Massachusetts.

A remarkable demonstration, indicating what the Republic’s passengers who survived the

collision think of the commander of the ill-fated vessel, was tendered him at the White Star offices, No. 9 Broadway, this afternoon. He visited the office with Binns, the wireless operator; Second Officer Williams, Fourth Officer Morrow and Chief Engineer McGowan to make to the officials of the company a formal report of the accident. As a result of the mishap at sea his license has been automatically revoked, and he will have to go to England, stand trial before the Board of Trade, and be exonerated of responsibility before he can take charge of another vessel.

There was assembled at the offices of the company when Capt. Sealby and his officers arrived a large crowd of Republic survivors. The company has given them the opportunity of demanding the return of their passage money or following their plans for the cruise of the Republic by departing from New York on the Red Star liner Vaderland, sailing tomorrow for Antwerp, the White Star liner Baltic, which sails tomorrow for Liverpool, or the White Star liner Romanic, which sails from Boston Saturday to cover the route laid out for the Republic.

GREETED BY HIS PASSENGERS.

Among those who were at the offices of the line making arrangements along those alternatives were Mrs. M. R. Baskerville, Dr. Arthur Besson, F. D. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bourgeois and their infant daughter, who was the only baby in the collision; Major and Mrs. John Espy, Robert Friederichson, Miss Leslie Jackson, J. E. Lilly and Dr. Martin E. Waldstein. Scores of other survivors who were in the vicinity rushed to the White Star building when Capt. Sealby and his men arrived.

As soon as the Captain appeared a great cheer went up from the crowd that packed Broadway and the steps in front of the White Star headquarters. Hundreds of hands were put forward in greeting to the Captain, who bowed and blushed and grabbed here and there, all the time working his way toward the door. Behind him came Binns, the wireless hero, and others worthy of praise which was freely accorded.

The cheering was deafening as Sealby and his little company crowded through the jam in the office. Shipping men from all over the Battery neighborhood were on hand to chip in with congratulations. Sealby was overwhelmed. He shook hands with J. H. Thomas, chief of the operating department; W. W. Jeffries and David W. Lindsay, of the passenger department, and these gentlemen tried to force a way for him to the private office of Vice-President Franklin, upstairs.

INSISTED ON SPEECH.

But the crowd wanted a speech. Sealby was lifted bodily and placed upon a table. The man who remained on his vessel until he felt her touch the bottom of the ocean under his feet quailed and shivered in the face of the crowd that confronted him.

“I can’t make a speech,” he faltered, “because I’ve nothing to say. I’m glad to see you here. You must excuse me.”

With that he made a leap from the table into the crowd, opened a way and rushed up the stairs. A great throng gathered outside and waited long and patiently for his reappearance.

Capt. Sealby and Operator Binns had been accorded a remarkable reception when they landed at the White Star line pier with forty-nine other officers and members of the crew of the sunken liner. The crowd was brought up from the Seneca, off Tompkinsville, by the revenue cutter Manhattan.

As it was not known that Capt. Sealby and his men would reach the pier the general public was not represented there. But the other 150 men of the crew of the Republic, the entire crew of the Baltic and the pier employees of the White Star Company, less than 500 in all, made as much noise and generated as much enthusiasm as a crowd of a hundred thousand.

Sealby and Binns landed first. They had no sooner stepped on the dock than a rush was made for them and they were hoisted to the shoulders of cheering men. Then they were carried the entire length of the pier and into West street, around in a great circle on the plaza fronting the pier and back again and upstairs into the office of Supt. Penne.

All this was to the accompaniment of such cheering as only sailor men could do. The noise was heard for half a mile up and down the river front. Tug boat captains, catching the spirit, turned loose their whistles and pandemonium reigned for a time.

Capt. Sealby, although born in England, is an American by education and training. He has made his home in Vineland, N. J., since he was a small boy. At the age of fourteen—thirty-one years ago—he entered the White Star service, and since then he has sailed the seven seas. He has been commander for thirteen years.

While Sealby was being lionized in Manhattan stevedores were engaged down in South Brooklyn in taking out the cargo of the Florida preparatory to placing her in dry dock. The bodies of the seamen who were crushed to death in the vessel were removed this morning to an undertaking establishment. Whether they will be buried here or returned to Italy has not been decided.

Eugene Lynch, of Boston, whose wife was killed by his side in their stateroom on the Republic and who sustained frightful injuries himself, died this morning in Long Island College Hospital. The other persons injured in the wreck are doing well.

FLORIDA NOT TO BLAME FOR CRASH, AGENT SAYS

The following official statement, setting forth the position of the officers of the Italian steamship Florida concerning the collision with the Republic, was given out this afternoon by O. L. Richards, agent of the Lloyd-Italiano Steamship Company:

"The officers of the Florida are in no way to blame for the collision. On the bridge at the time were Capt. Rustini, First Officer Rafaello Garguile and a quartermaster. They were proceeding cautiously in their course, sounding the fog signal frequently. They first heard the Republic’s fog whistle at a distance of probably a mile and a half to the northwest. They held their course. No signal was given them by the Republic indicating that they should go to starboard or port.

“The sound of the Republic’s whistle became plainer. Capt. Rustini reduced the speed of his boat to two miles an hour. Suddenly the Republic, which had turned to the southeast from the course she held when her fog signals were first heard, loomed up right in front of the Florida. The collision was unavoidable.”

If the Admiralty Courts hold that the officers of the Florida were at fault Saturday morning when the Italian steamship rammed the Republic, the owners of the Florida will be liable to the extent of $1,020,000. This is the value of the Florida, her passenger fares and cargo charges.

In explaining this today a member of the firm of Wallace, Butler & Brown, of No. 54 Wall street, counsel for the Lloyd Italiano, or the Societa di Navigazione, as the company which owns the Florida is variously known, said that the line purchased the Florida three years ago for $1,000,000. The value of the fares and cargo carrying charges amounted to $20,000. No matter how many millions the Republic and what she went down with may be worth, the owners of the Florida cannot be held responsible beyond the value of the Florida.

The Italian line’s attorneys said, however, that it would take at least six months to examine into the evidence concerning the collision and prepare papers.

MEN.

The marvel-working wireless piercing the air with appeals for help and assurances of safety is the novel feature of the wreck of the Republic. There is another—an old, old story, but one of which the generous-hearted will never tire—of the courage, discipline and iron endurance of the captains courageous and their crews.

There were passengers of the Republic who did things in the flurry they would now wish to forget; small blame to a few poor immigrants on the Florida who had just escaped an earthquake to incur peril of shipwreck if they became frantic with fright. But the officers and crews of both the stricken ships and of the Baltic bore themselves like men.

The transfer of the Republic's passengers to the Florida, and especially that of the passengers of both ships to the Baltic at night in a rougher sea, was a memorable feat. Capt. Sealby and First Officer Scott clinging to their ship while any part of her was above water were true to the British tradition. And Capt. Voltolin of the Florida, wherever lies the blame of the collision, displayed after it, in his more difficult post, with his smaller crew and badly crowded decks, the qualities of a brave commander of plucky men.

The wireless is a wonder, collision bulkheads that keep a wounded ship thirty-eight hours afloat are a safeguard, but so long as we go down to the sea in ships there will be need of Men.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The news stories of telegraph operators remaining for two days at their keys without sleep following the Republic collision have a familiar ring. They are related of all great disasters, the telegraph service having a roll of honor for devotion to duty in time of emergency peculiarly its own. The fact for note is that the operators in this case were the servants of a new science, trained employees of an industry which has been created, developed and systematized all within a decade. The evolution of the telegraph and the telephone presents no such marvel of inventional progress as that shown by wireless telegraphy while yet in its infancy.

Only eleven years have elapsed since the time of Marconi's wireless signaling at Flatholm—but six years since the exchange of wireless messages between Cape Breton and Cornwall. Now the globe is virtually girdled with wireless stations—at Nome, in Hawaii, Hongkong, Burmah, Mozambique, Trinidad, Tripoli. Paris talks with Messina, press reports are flashed across the Atlantic, steamships at sea receive daily bulletins, cabs are ordered from a point 200 miles out of port, fugitives from justice are overhauled in mid-ocean.

The eighty-eight land and sea wireless stations on the American continent in 1906 have been multiplied. A wireless fire-alarm system for the preservation of forests is projected and wireless weather reports from fifty coast stations are proposed. The crowning demonstration of the usefulness of the wireless in summoning aid to a ship in distress has shown the ocean alive with such sentinels, all with ceaseless vigilance safeguarding sea travel. Wireless telegraphy has changed the nature of military evolutions and given a new aspect to naval warfare. The Republic disaster should make obligatory its installation on all vessels of the world's mercantile marine. If the Florida had possessed a wireless apparatus there need have been no collision.

Not the least of the wonders of wireless telegraphy while yet in its early stages is its creation virtually out of space of a new line of employment and a new field of endeavor for young men. Marconi and his companion inventors have literally produced national wealth out of the impalpable air.
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CROWDS IN LOWER BROADWAY CHEERING WIRELESS OPERATOR "JACK" BINNS AND CAPTAIN SEALBY ON THEIR WAY INTO THE OFFICES OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.

When the officers of the lost White Star liner Republic came into this port yesterday on the revenue cutter Manhattan they received a welcome that, as Capt. Sealby said, “was nearly as bad as a shipwreck.”

There were crowds at the White Star pier, where the revenue cutter put in, and they cheered Capt. Sealby, Second Officer R. J. Williams and Wireless Operator Binns, of the Republic, until those three conspicuous figures in the great sea catastrophe were at a loss for words.

Hysterical men, survivors of the wreck for the most part, were waiting for the arrival of the gallant commander and his mates; they rushed past the few guards on duty at the pier and carried Sealby and Williams out to the street. Binns was hoisted on the shoulders of two men also, but he struggled loose—as he expressed it, “ducked.”

The demonstration lasted for ten or fifteen minutes; and during that time Capt. Sealby was busy shaking hands and expressing his appreciation of the words of cheer and gratitude. He literally had to fight his way out of the crush to the Ninth avenue elevated train, which he took for the White Star Company’s offices at No. 9 Broadway. He went there to make a formal report of the wreck and loss of the Republic. Word of his coming had preceded him, and there was an immense crowd gathered in Bowling Green awaiting his arrival.

Another Crowd Surrounds Him.

Some one in the assemblage recognized the ruddy face of the captain as he neared the entrance to the offices, and a cheer went up. Then there was a rush for him that he tried vainly to avoid. Hundreds of men lined up and yelled for Sealby and Binns and Williams. The three were still together.

Capt. Sealby tried to get through, but it was a vain effort. A sea of hands extended toward him, and he began the impossible task of shaking each one. This seemed to encourage the crowd, which was getting larger every second, and the captain was soon the center of as lively a crush as lower Broadway has seen in many a day. Williams and Binns came in for their share of attention, too, but main interest seemed to center in Captain Sealby.

After laborious effort the trio succeeded in gaining the entrance to the White Star offices and were swept inside by the human tide. There they were greeted by another crowd, mostly employees of the White Star Company. Capt. Sealby bowed repeatedly, but that did not satisfy, and a dozen hands grasped him and “boosted” him up onto a table.

“Speech! speech! speech!” yelled the crowd.

The Captain was visibly embarrassed.

“I am not a speechmaker,” he said, “and I haven’t anything to say if I were. I can’t make a speech.”

“Speech! speech!” yelled the crowd again.

“I am glad to see you,” answered Capt. Sealby. “I am glad that you are here. Also I am glad that I am here. Let’s all be glad that it wasn’t worse.”

That was all of the speech. Sealby made a flying leap from the table into the crowd and was permitted to elbow his way through and up the stairs to …
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…

the private offices, where he presented his formal report.

Capt. Ranson, of the Baltic, had started out from the White Star Line pier with Capt. Sealby, but had been separated from him in the crowd. He got into the White Star offices just as Capt. Sealby's brief speech was concluded and was recognized. A yell went up for him, but he backed away blushing like a schoolgirl, and then turned and ran up the stairs.

"My heavens," he panted as he went through the door at the top landing; "I'm glad they didn't want me to make a speech."

Capt. Sealby's Own Story.

Capt. William Inman Sealby is close to forty-five, but doesn't look it. His hair is just a bit silvered, but his blue eyes are clear and his cheek is ruddy. His sandy mustache matches his seafaring complexion; his step is buoyant as that of a schoolboy. He spoke simply of his thrilling experience.

"I don't know why I should be cheered," he said. "I only did that which hundreds of better men have often done. Don't think that I stuck to that ship for fun. I did it because it was my duty to do it. No officer should leave his ship until it is absolutely necessary.

"I guess Williams and I stayed until there was no question about the necessity. Williams is a brave chap. Do you know he really ought to be disciplined (this with a laugh) because he refused to obey my order to leave the ship. Not that he exactly defied me, but he pleaded so to stay that I had to let him.

"And there he stuck on that bridge for hours and hours. I don't know how long it was, but it seemed like a century. Of course, I thought that there was a chance to get our vessel into port. We could see that she was getting lower and lower, but we still believed that she would keep afloat long enough for us to make harbor.

"Williams and I each carried a lantern and a blue light, and arranged for signaling in case the ship went down.

"It was cold up there on the bridge, and the sharp air made us hungry, too. Williams went down and foraged and got some marmalade and cakes and some raw eggs and water. I don't know how he managed it, but he came back pretty wet and laden with victuals. And that food did taste good.

Bottom Seemed to Drop Out.

"On Sunday evening the stern of the Republic began to sink rapidly. We could feel it plainly from where we were, and we tried to signal the derelict destroyer Seneca and the revenue cutter Gresham, which were towing us. But it was dark and foggy, and, although the searchlights of these two vessels and of the Furnessia and the tug Scully, which were standing by, were trained on us, our efforts were useless.

"Of a sudden there was a roar, a terrific swish of the waters, and the very bottom seemed to be dropping out of the Republic. I cannot describe it to you. Williams knew what it was in a minute. So did I. There was a wrenching sound and something seemed to pull apart toward the sinking stern. I asked Williams what he thought about it. I guess we'd better get out of here and sprint for the bow; he said: 'it will not be a long run.'

"Then he suggested that we burn a blue light, the last resort in the signal line, to let the vessels that were assisting us know that the end had come for the Republic. I lit a blue light. Then I fired five shots from my revolver, in order that the attention of the vessels might be attracted if the fog was too dense to permit them to see the light.

"Then we began the sprint that Williams had suggested. I can't tell you much about what happened after that. It is all confused in my brain. The ship was wabbling terribly and the bow was going up, up, up into the air, while the stern was sinking.

"The rush of the water was deafening, maddening. We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck and headed for the foremast. The incline of the deck had become so steep that we had to climb uphill to make our way forward. I grabbed the rail, and Williams was right with me.

Climbed the Foremast.

"The water was right at our heels before I had reached a point from which I could slide over to the foremast. The deck was then inclined at an angle of about forty-five degrees, I should say, and I began to climb up it as rapidly as I could. I looked back and saw Williams clinging on to the port rail and making slow progress toward the nose of the ship, which by that time was way out of water.

"I managed to get up to the masthead light and stopped there to take a breath. Then I tried to light another blue light, but it was wet and wouldn’t work. So I slipped a waterproof cartridge into my revolver and fired another shot.

"I felt the stern of the ship strike the bottom. At least I think it must have been that. A quiver ran through the vessel that nearly jarred me loose. Then the bow began to sink, and I knew that the end was reached. The ship settled rather slowly. If it hadn’t, I suppose Williams and I would have been carried down by the suction to such a depth that we would have been drowned.

"The water hit me under the armpits with a rush that broke my grip on the rope I had hold of, and then I went down. I don’t know how far under I went, and I don’t want to go down that far again.

"I had my overcoat buttoned tightly and had my revolver in one pocket and my binoculars in the other. That made a sort of life preserver of the coat, I believe. At all events, I came up mighty quick, and found myself in a perfect whirlpool.

"I tried to swim, but the clothes I had on made it impossible to make any progress. I couldn’t see a thing. Something bumped into me and I grabbed it. It proved to be a spar. In a few moments I caught sight of a hatch floating near and I got to that. I pulled myself up on it, holding onto the spar the while. Then I spread out on my stomach and kept afloat.

"The searchlights had been turned my way meanwhile, and the light hit me several times, but I was so low in the water that those on the ships could not see me. I was getting so cold that my hands were numb, and I began to fear that I should lose consciousness.

Rescue at Last.

"I loaded my revolver again and fired. I am told that no one on the boats heard the shots. Williams says he heard them. I found afterward that he was floating right near where I was. It seems providential that a long bath towel came floating by. I got hold of it and waved it and the searchlights played on it.

"A few minutes after that a boat from the Gresham picked me up. The happiest moment I experienced was when I got into that boat and found Williams was there. They had found him but a minute or two before.

"I cannot express too highly my appreciation of what was done by the officers and crews of the Gresham under Capt. Perry and of the Seneca under Capt. Reynolds.

"And I want to say something for Operator Binns, who sent the wireless messages that brought assistance. If he had failed us, I shudder to think what might have been our fate. Mr. Binns is real grit all through.

"My own officers and crew behaved admirably. So did the passengers. There was really no panic. When the passengers were transferred to the Florida the work was extremely hazardous, but it was accomplished splendidly.

“I cannot speak of the collision itself until I have permission from my employers.”

Capt. Sealby after the conference with officials of the White Star line went to the Baltic at Pier 49, North River. Second Officer Williams is also there, the guest of the Baltic’s officers.

PROUD TO STAY AND SINK WITH CAPTAIN.

Officer Williams Gives His Account of the Last Hours on the Republic.

Lieut. R. J. Williams, second officer of the Republic, was found in a stateroom in the officers’ quarters on the Baltic at the White Star line pier yesterday afternoon, and he was a very tired and nervous man.

“I ought to sleep,” he said, “but I can’t. I cannot get calmed down. All I want to do is smoke, smoke, smoke.”

This is the second shipwreck Lieut. Williams has been in. He was an officer on the Avoca in the East Indian trade when that vessel burned at sea several years ago, and drifted about for seven days in a lifeboat with nine negroes.

“The Republic settled stern first,” said he, "and the sensation that accompanied that movement, when the nose of the vessel shot up into the air, was the most horrible feature of our whole experience. The roar that accompanied the thrush of the waters is something that cannot be described. It was simply deafening. It sounded as though the sides of the vessel were being crushed in.

"I am not so sure that she didn’t break into two as she sank, although it appears almost incredible that that could have happened.

"The vessel was almost perpendicular, it seemed to me, when the bow began to go down. The way the water was churning up around us was awful. I had climbed up the inclined deck toward the bow by holding on to the port rail until I was past the foremast when I saw that the final plunge was coming.

"I don’t know just why I did it, but I clambered over the rail and slid down alongside the ship and then fell about forty feet, I should say, into the water. I knew that there was going to be a big whirlpool and I thought I might get out of the zone of it.

"I suppose I went under about twenty feet. I thought a lot of things. I remember thinking of the marmalade and the raw eggs that Capt. Sealby and I had eaten on the bridge of the Republic just a short while before. Funny what things a fellow will think about in a case like that.

"When I did come up I began swimming as hard as I could and then climbed on to a hatch.

"I heard the shots fired by Capt. Sealby. They tell me that it was about twenty-five minutes before I was picked up. I told the men about the shots I had heard fired by Capt. Sealby. They rowed in that direction and in a few minutes we found the captain hanging on to a hatch.

"I’m proud to have been with Capt. Sealby. He was cool all that time we were on the bridge together. He even joked once or twice about our situation, and said that we were the entire crew. After we had eaten our last meal on the old Republic Capt. Sealby had a few cigars and we lit them and tried to be contented under the circumstances.

“Please say something nice about Capt. Sealby. I don’t think he has been given half enough credit for his bravery. And mention Chief Engineer James McGowan and Second Engineer W. Scott, of the Republic, too. They did heroic service in getting the passengers off after the collision.”

LYNCH FOLLOWS WIFE IN DEATH.

Boston Merchant Does Not Survive Injuries He Received In Collision.

Surrounded by the friends who took charge of him immediately upon the arrival of the Florida. Eugene Lynch, whose wife was killed aboard the Republic, died at 4 o’clock yesterday morning in the Long Island College Hospital. Soon after midnight Mr. Lynch was seized with hemorrhages of the stomach. It was realized that the end was near, and the last rites were read by Father James Lee and Father James Prendergast.

The bodies of the three dead members of the Florida’s crew were taken ashore yesterday afternoon from her berth at pier No. 42, South Brooklyn. They were Balogero Martuccilli, sixteen years old; Salvatore D’Amigo, fourteen, and Pasquale La Valle, twenty-three. D’Amigo was the only member of his family to escape death in the earthquake at Messina. Both of his parents lost their lives there and his only brother.

After the debris forward is cleared away, the Florida will be towed into Robins’s yard and placed in drydock.

Mrs. Lynch Had $10,000 Accident Policy, Taken Out a Week Ago.

(Special to The World.)

BOSTON, Jan. 25.—Less than a week ago Mrs. Eugene Lynch, who was killed on the Republic, took out an accident policy for $10,000 through a Boston agent. Husband and wife now being dead, the claim becomes an asset of the estate.

CREW’S WAGES STOPPED WHEN REPUBLIC SANK.

Men Whom Capt. Sealby Praised for Bravery Astounded to Find They’re Docked for Lost Time.

STOKERS HAD EXPECTED BONUS FROM COMPANY.

Will Be Carried Back to Liverpool Free, but the Law Requires That.

“You men will receive your pay slips on Thursday morning at 11 o’clock. Your wages will date up to the time the Republic sank on Sunday night. Any of you who need money will be given a small advance by the company. This will be deducted from your pay when you reach Liverpool. The White Star officials are prepared to furnish you with such articles of clothing as you need. The company expects to provide accommodations for you on this ship which sails on Saturday.”

This in substance was the announcement made yesterday to the several hundred stokers, trimmers and minor employees of the Republic, whose courage during the thrilling experience off Nantucket when their vessel received a wound which eventually sent it to the bottom has been one of the fine features of that remarkable sea story. The announcement was received with groans of dissatisfaction. The amazed expressions on the faces of the men indicated that they had expected more from the company which has been singing their praises.

Had any of the White Star officials happened along West street last night they would have heard some picturesque criticisms of themselves. In every saloon along that thoroughfare, what was variously denominated as “stingy treatment” and “rotten deal” on the part of the company was the chief topic of discussion. The stokers spoke plainly and profanely. Stokers generally all do, but last night they outdid themselves in descriptive expression.

Surprise for the Crew.

When word was passed along the line yesterday that Capt. Sealby would hold a general muster of his former crew on the Baltic during the afternoon, the men, who had stood by him in the crisis, began to anticipate things. They figured it out that they were to receive notification of some substantial reward.

The meeting was called for 4 o'clock, and at that time the messroom was packed with a singing, rollicking crowd. It was the first time so many of the crew had been assembled together since last Saturday morning, when, after they had transferred the passengers of the doomed Republic to the Florida, Capt. Sealby gathered them around him, complimented them on their bravery and told them they could go to the Florida.

At the last moment word came that Capt. Sealby was "too tired" to address them. He sent J. L. Barker, the Republic's purser, as his representative. Along with Barker was E. W. P. Thurston, first vice-consul of the British consulate at this port. On behalf of the company, Thurston made the announcement which disturbed the sturdy stokers a great deal more than the experiences they have just gone through. And to make matters worse, Thurston didn't seem to be positive that the White Star company would even do what he said it would do. He prefaced nearly every statement with "I dare say!"

"Is there anybody here with a grievance?" he asked when he had finished.

Sullen faces on every side showed that the stokers were too stunned to protest. Several of them mumbled that they thought the company should pay them until they landed in Liverpool. Then one fellow, better educated than the others, climbed up on a table and said he had a grievance. He said he would like to get a place to sleep. He had been knocking around for twenty-four hours and had not had any rest to speak of.

Chorus of Protests.

"Are there any more complaints along that line?" asked Thurston.

The chorus of "ayes" that came back was practically unanimous. Purser Barker said he would call Capt. Sealby's attention to the matter and see if it wasn't possible to provide the men with sleeping quarters.

Then the meeting broke up and the men went back to West street to unload their troubles on sympathetic bartenders.

"I was simply acting as the representative of my Government in the matter," said Thurston, when seen afterward. "According to the marine law the wages of the men will date up to the time their ship sank. I don't know whether or not the company intends to compensate the men further when they reach Liverpool."

A World reporter was present at the meeting below decks. Most of the stokers were afraid to talk for publication, giving as a reason that the steamship companies might blacklist them if they found out who they were. Some of the more angry ones spoke right out, making it a condition that their names be withheld. Said one big fellow, who was pointed out by his companions as the bravest of the bunch:

"All I got to say is that it doesn't take the company long to forget. We were all great heroes while we was saving the passengers and working like hell to shut out the water. We was cheered until we was dizzy. Not that we deserved cheers, because most of this crowd has been in a tight pinch before. There wasn't a quitter in that crowd. Why, we was all singing as we hoisted the boats over the side.

“We didn’t expect any reward, but there isn’t a man on this job who dreamed he’d be docked for his time on shore. We did all we could and expected that the company would see that we didn’t lose any money by the accident. It’s no credit to them to take us home. They’ve got to do that.”

CALL LIFE-SAVING DEVICES ABOARD LINERS AMPLE.

Companies Closely Obey Rules of Foreign and American Governments as to Equipment, Agents Say.

LIFEBOATS TO HOLD ALL ON BOARD NOT REQUIRED.

Water Tight Bulkheads and Wireless Telegraphy Great Factors for Safety.

The question of the adequacy of life-saving equipment aboard ocean liners looms more than ever large since the Republic disaster, but the agents of the chief lines gave assurance yesterday to World reporters that every possible precaution is being taken to provide against every emergency that may arise.

Since the American flag practically ceased to float over passenger steamers plying between this country and Europe, the regulation of life-saving equipment has likewise passed into foreign hands in great measure, because of a reciprocal agreement between the United States and the principal foreign countries to recognize one another’s inspections and rules.

It was pointed out that the regulations of the British Admiralty and the maritime departments of most other countries are at least as strict as those of the United States, and that nothing would be gained by compelling the steamships flying foreign flags to conform to the letter of the American regulations.

All that is required of the United States inspectors—all, in fact, that they can do—is to see that the certificates of inspection granted by the countries whose flag a vessel flies are lived up to, as to the number of life boats, life rafts, collapsible boats and rafts and other devices called for in the certificate.

Republic Up to Requirements.

The Republic was thus inspected before she left port on what was to prove her last voyage, and was found to conform in every respect to the requirements of her certificate granted a short time ago by the British Admiralty.

According to the maritime regulations, which are approximately the same in all the principal countries, it is not necessary that there shall be enough lifeboats to carry all of the passengers and crew at the same time. The capacity of the boats is figured not upon the number of passengers and crew a vessel is permitted to carry, but upon the vessel’s gross tonnage. The Baltic, for instance, has a gross tonnage of 23,876, which requires a life-saving capacity of 14,220 cubic feet. Officials of the line said yesterday that in fact the capacity of the boats, rigid and collapsible, and of the life rafts of several approved types, considerably exceed the ratio required by the certificates of inspection.

“In regard to the complaint of a passenger on the Baltic, which has been called to our attention,” said a White Star official, speaking for General Manager Thomas, "that the vessel is not sufficiently provided with lifeboats, the facts are very far from being as this man states them. He said we have only eighteen lifeboats, whereas we have more than twice that number. He failed to see the collapsible boats piled beneath the regulation boats, I guess, which take up comparatively little room, but would serve the same purpose as the other boats if they were needed.

“As to the complaint that we did not send out tugs to transfer the passengers, instead of using the small boats, it is not our fault that a fleet of tugs was not on hand. We tried to get tugs

out from every point within reaching distance of the wreck, but not one would go out in the fog. No amount of money had any effect on the fears of the tug owners and captains. If we could have got tugs to the Republic on Saturday she would be afloat to-day."

North German Lloyd's System.

Gustav H. Schwab, American representative of the North German Lloyd line, said:

"The lifeboat equipment on the steamships of the North German Lloyd Line consists of lifeboats, semi-collapsible lifeboats and life rafts. This equipment conforms to the requirements of the German, the American and the British passenger laws and regulations, and as many boats and rafts are carried as there is deck room for without interfering with the space necessary for the management of the steamer and the proper working of the boats in time of emergency.

"The hydraulic apparatus for closing the watertight bulkhead doors on the steamships of the North German Lloyd is worked daily during the voyage to insure the proper functioning of the doors in the case of need."

Emil L. Boas, resident director and general manager of the Hamburg-American line, declared that every possible precaution to insure the safety and protection of passengers had been taken by the company.

"In the first instance," he said, "the steamers of the Hamburg-American line are equipped with every device which has been conceded to be of practical value, such as double bottoms, regular and collapsible lifeboats, hydraulic system for closing water-tight doors, and system for detecting and smothering flames by means of forcing sulphuric acid gas into burning compartments, submarine signal bells, including, of course, sufficient life preservers to provide one for every person on board, as well as the customary rockets, signals, life belts, &c.

"Every passenger steamer of this company is equipped with wireless telegraph apparatus. Some of the systems installed have a range of 2,000 miles."

Cunard Line's Bulkheads.

At the Cunard line offices it was said that water-tight bulkheads are depended upon more as safety devices nowadays than any number of lifeboats and life rafts. Since the wonderful illustration of the efficiency of wireless telegraphy this, too, will be depended upon to a great extent.

"You do not hear of a vessel sinking suddenly nowadays," an official of the line declared. "In the case of the Republic she remained afloat forty hours and gave plenty of time for other vessels to go to her aid. It was not necessary for all of her passengers to take …
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… to the small boats at once, and it is almost impossible to imagine such a contingency arising.

"It would be physically impossible for a vessel to carry enough small boats to take all of the passengers and crew on at the same time. If that number of boats were required there would be no room for passengers except in the hold, so that the proposition would be reduced to an absurdity.

"There need be no fear that the great liners are not provided with all possible safety devices. There is too much at stake for the lines to take any chances in that direction."

REPUBLIC VICTIMS TO ABANDON THEIR TRIP

Many Get Money Back and Give Up Plans for Travel Abroad.

OTHERS TO TRY AGAIN.

Captain, Whose Offer of Tow Was Refused, Says He Could Have Saved Steamship.

Up to a late hour this afternoon only eight of the survivors of the Republic disaster had definitely announced their intention of resuming the journey interrupted by the collision. The Vaderland, sailing to-day, which was at the disposal of any of the survivors who desired to continue their journey, sailed without any of them. The plucky eight will sail on Saturday.

About twenty of the survivors demanded and received their passage money. Among them are Samuel Cripples, the aged St. Louis millionaire, who declares he will never go to sea again.

There have been many inquiries concerning opportunities of sailing on other ships on Republic tickets, but few of the women passengers have called at the White Star offices. This is accounted for by the fact that they were rescued with only the clothes they wore. The following arrangements have been made by the eight survivors:

How They’ll Go.

Sailing on Romanic from Boston Saturday for Mediterranean ports: Dr. T. J. Lusk, Miss Doepke, Robert Friedelsson and Miss A. Margedant.

Sailing on the Baltic Saturday for Liverpool—Dr. and Mrs. Martin C. Waldstein, Charles F. Law.

Sailing on the New York Saturday for Southampton—Miss Olga Epotchan.

Four passengers are sailing on the German line.

None sailed on the Vaderland this morning on account of not having time to replenish wardrobes.

The White Star Line has requested that all the passengers turn in an inventory of their belongings on the Republic so that it can be used in suing the owners of the Florida.

The use of wireless telegraphy after the wreck of the Republic bids fair to bring into the matter of settlements for damages questions which have never before been presented in admiralty law. A modern invention has created conditions undreamed of when present laws regulating financial responsibility for disasters at sea were framed.

It seems, from statements made in various quarters to-day, that if Capt. Sealby had allowed his disabled vessel to be taken in tow on Saturday night, and had permitted pumps to be put aboard of her, the ship with her cargo and the baggage of the passengers could have been saved. At least one could have been guided to some shoal-sheltered harbor and there allowed to sink in such a way that it would have been a comparatively easy matter to salvage her.

Capt. Thomas Fenlon, of the Standard Oil whaleback towboat City of Everett, states positively that he could have saved the Republic if Capt. Sealby had permitted. The Everett, he says, could have yanked the waterlogged liner through the water without any trouble and landed her on the shoals back of Martha’s Vineyard in six hours.

Offer of Tow Refused.

Capt. Fenlon, with the Everett, was close alongside the Republic at 8.20 o’clock Saturday evening and offered to tow the disabled vessel to shoal water. Capt. Sealby, with that bugaboo of the mariner—salvage—staring him in the face, refused assistance.

It would have cost the White Star line about $20,000 in salvage had the City of Everett towed

the Republic to a safe harbor. Capt. Sealby feared to commit his owners to the expenditure of that sum. They had told him White Star tugs were on the way and he knew a couple of revenue cutters were close by. To save $20,000 he sacrificed his $2,000,000 ship, according to Capt. Fenlon and other seafaring men. Now comes the question as to what bearing this will have upon the settlements for damages.

If the Republic could have been salvaged can the Italian steamship Florida be libelled for her value by the White Star line in the way of reimbursement, even if the Florida is shown to have been at fault. Would not the damages awarded be confined to the actual damage done to the vessel and the cost of salvage if she had been saved?

As to Other Losers.

The Republic’s passengers also figure largely in this complication. Under the rules of the White Star line no passenger can recover more than $100 for baggage lost at sea.

But if it is shown that the Republic could have been towed to safety and the baggage could have been recovered undamaged, would not the White Star line be held liable for the full value of all the baggage destroyed? And could not the United States Government recover $40,000 for the consignment of stores bound for Gibraltar that went to the bottom in the Republic’s hold?

How far, in other words, may a captain go to save his owner’s salvage and still avoid liability? In these days of wireless the question must be settled, because in any frequented part of the high seas a disabled vessel may summon assistance within a short time.

Asks for Fenlon’s Report.

That the White Star managers realize the importance of the situation was shown to-day when Vice-President P. A. S. Franklin sent word to the Standard Oil Company that he would like to have the report of Capt. Fenlon. O. L. Hollenbach, manager of the local marine department of the Standard Oil Company, immediately transmitted a copy of the report to Mr. Franklin, and Capt. Sealby was summoned to the White Star offices to give his side of the story.

Capt. Fenlon is in Philadelphia with his ship. They were bound for that port when they ran across the Republic Saturday evening. Capt. Fenlon tells the following story of what happened on that occasion:

Offer of Aid Refused.

"The City of Everett arrived at the side of the Republic a few hours after the collision. My ship contains some of the most powerful apparatus for wrecking purposes afloat. Our pumps have a capacity of 40,000 barrels, or 2,000,000 gallons and hour, and the barge we had in tow would have held the baggage of the Republic’s passengers and a large part of her cargo.

"When it was represented to him that we could tow him to shore Capt. Sealby curtly declined our offer and said a couple of Government boats were then coming to his relief.

"Those little Government boats could not do what was required of them. If our tow had been accepted it would probably have cost the White Star line $20,000. Our help was refused to save this $20,000 and the company lost $2,000,000.

“The first news I had of the collision was a wireless message to us from the Nantucket Lightship. Then messages came which read: ‘Still afloat,’ and finally word came that the Republic had transferred her passengers to the Florida. Finally at 8:30 o’clock Saturday night I ran alongside the Republic and was told no assistance was needed. At 8:30 we ran alongside the Florida. Men and women cried to us from the sides and offered large sums of money if we would take them off.”

Handed a Blackjack.

"When my first officer, Mr. Tucker, went on board the Florida, the first officer on the Italian boat handed him a blackjack and told him to use it if necessary to keep the passengers from trying to jump from the Florida to the City of Everett.

"All Saturday night I remained in the vicinity of the Republic and Florida, ready to give assistance if called upon, and on Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, I again ran alongside the Republic and offered to give assistance. Again Capt. Sealby refused my offer. I was desperate at the way things were going and felt I could do nothing.

"On board my boat were nine deep-sea towing hawsers and two spare ones. The fact that the Republic kept afloat until Sunday night is proof positive in my mind that had my assistance been accepted by Capt. Sealby the Republic would be safe in New York Harbor to-day."

Vice-President Franklin, of the White Star line, refused to discuss Capt. Fenlon's contentions this afternoon. He said he would wait until he got additional facts from Capt. Sealby and the officers of the Republic and the Baltic.

"As for the official statement of the Italian line placing the blame for the collision on the Republic, we expected they would do that," said Mr. Franklin. "The responsibility, however, will be fixed by a United States Court of Admiralty.

Not Going Full Speed.

"I have only one comment to make upon the statement referred to. They charge the Republic with running at full speed. That is preposterous. The Republic was running at greatly reduced speed and was right in the position she should have occupied at the time of the collision.

"As for the statement that the Florida was moving at the rate of five miles an hour, I call attention to the hole she made in the side of the Republic. It does not seem reasonable that a ship moving five miles an hour could go almost half way through another ship in a collision, the other ship being of modern construction and nearly twice her size.

WIRELESS LOG OF JACK BINNS TELLS REPUBLIC'S TALE

From First Flash of "CQD" to "Good-by" That Ended the Suspense.

KEPT HIS VIGIL ALONE.

In Darkness Hastened Rescuers and Caught Their Calls for Directions.

The last Marconi log of the Republic was supplied to The Evening World by Operator "Jack" Binns to-day from comparison with the log furnished the local Marconi office by Operator A. H. Ginman, at Siasconsett and from notes which he retained as he left the ship.

The Republic's heroic young operator prized his collection of wireless logs among his souvenirs and was accustomed to consume hours in giving the minutest details of ocean travel and gossip with passing liners in these prized records.

The log begins at 6:38 A.M., when Binns found himself on the floor of his cabin and the splintered woodwork piling in about him. He lost only a second rushing to his wire and calling C.Q.D. Owing to the darkness the time is fixed approximately.

The most dramatic tale of the sea ever unfolded is this log of Binns. It reads: "6:38—Called 'C.Q.D.' "6:40—MSC (Siasconsett) answered C.Q.D. "6:41—Tell him here, 'Republic shipwrecked. Stand by for captain's message.' (Message comes.) Cabin wrecked, telephone gone, must run to captain's bridge.

First Message of Disaster.

“6:42—Send MSG (captain’s message). ‘Republic rammed by unknown steamer 175 miles east Ambrose Light. Lat. 40.7, lon. 70. No danger to lives.’ ”6:45—MSG says: ‘Have wired Wood’s Hole for tugs to send to your aid. Will also tell BC (Baltic). Lever of key broken in darkness.’ "6:50—Standing by MSG (captain’s message) working BC. Can hear BC O.K. but impossible to get our weak spark.

“7 A.M.—Tell MSC occasionally our condition. ‘Hurry up assistance.’ Still pitch dark. Can’t see lever. ”8:00—Now getting light. Send more MSG to MSC (Siasconsett). “8:20—MSC calls us. Can’t read our answer through jamming. Boat settling fast. Tried to tell them to hurry aid. Jamming fierce. ”8:30—BC now reads our spark. Mighty cold here. Tell him our condition and to make haste. Give him our position. Steward taking messages to and from bridge. My ’phone gone.

** Florida Looms in Sight.**

“8:45—Get MSC. He tells me BC and LI (La Lorraine) rushing to our aid. ”8:30 (about)—Florida comes up. Her bow is smashed. She willing to take our passengers. Transfer begins. “8:46—Answer O.K. Tell BC and LI to ‘hurry, please, old man.’ No sign of anything to help us. Passengers remarkably calm. Two bodies outside my room. Don’t know who they are. Killed in their staterooms. ”9:12—Hear LI tell MSC, ‘We are rushing to MKC (Republic). Our boilers bursting.’ “9:15—Captain sends message saying passengers all aboard Florida and all O.K. ”9:45—LI (La Lorraine) calls us, but don’t get our answer. “9:47—LI now gets our spark. Asks ‘What depth of water and what course shall we take. Thick fog. Hard to navigate. Have you got fog?’ ”9:50—Rely. ‘Thick fog here. Listen for our rockets. Florida about, but can’t see her. Now 26 miles SW of Nantucket Lightship. Florida disabled, has no wireless and on starboard side. Our passengers on Florida.’ "10 A.M.—Working to BC. Giving him steering directions. Steward says we will surely sink and to watch for signal to leave boat. Heard that only two were killed. Jamming fierce.

Baltic Drawing Near.

“11:30—Hear LA (Lucania) faintly working MSC. He tells him of our condition. ”11:55—Get through to MSC again. Tell him we are in bad condition. To rush aid. Looks like we’re going down. “12 Noon—Working continually with BC, who is coming fast. Got something to eat out of pantry. Haven’t had anything since last night. Only half dressed. ”2 P.M.—Still working continuously with BC and LI, but they can’t find us. Ship settling fast tell BC. Stern going down. “3:30—BC tells CQ (all stations) to keep quiet. He is getting near us. ”4:15—Working BC all the time. He’ll be alongside shortly. He hears our rockets. Gee, I wish he’d hurry. This place isn’t pleasant, but I’ll stick with the Cap. “4:30—BC still trying to locate us. Captain says: ‘Hear bomb to eastward.’ I ask BC if it was his. BC says ‘Yes.’ Tell him to steer to west. Fine work. ”5:10—BC now tells us she can hear our submarine bell. Fog not raising. Almost pitch dark yet.

Found at Last.

“5:12—Tell BC we hear his last bomb to west-nor’west. Tell him to run east-sou’east. ”5:30 P.M.—Send MSG to BC. “6:30—BC says ‘Think we can find you.’ Also, ’Think LI and LA have found Florida. Give me plenty notice when we are nearing you. Sending up rockets. Look out for ‘em.’ ”6:08—Tell BC his foghorn is getting stronger. “6:14—LI says ‘Can hear four blasts.’ Tell him that it is Florida’s foghorn and to go to her assistance if he can find her. ”6:20—BC now getting very close. Say ‘Come carefully.’ He is near our port side. Boat now lower. Very dark now. Funny BC can’t find us. All alone here. “6:40—BC tells LI to go to Florida and he’ll stand by us. ”7—Tell BC to come extremely careful, as he is too close for comfort. We can’t see him, however. "7:20—Hear cheer. See Baltic through cabin. Fog lifting. Great Guns! BC looks good to me! Captains exchange greetings. Sealby says, ‘Come on our leeward and stand by to take up our boats.’ Wireless now closed. Say goodbye to BC’s ‘Goodbye, old man, until we meet again.’ Hate to leave Republic. Release key and go forward to take boats.

Returns to the Ship.

When Operator Binns left his wrecked Marconi cabin he was off the Republic until next day, Sunday. Capt. Sealby and Chief Officer Crossland remained aboard the Republic during the night. Binns insisted on rejoining his captain and took up his station when a select crew were sent aboard the Republic. Mr. Binns's next entry is at 9 A.M.

"9 A.M.—Try station. Find everything O.K. Spark weak. Report to captain. Republic has big hole in port side. Covered with tarpaulin. Jammed abreast engine room. She looks like sinking. "9:10 A.M.—Send message for captain asking where tugs are. "10 A.M.—Give good-bye to Baltic. She has all of Republic's and Florida's passengers and part of our crew. Florida gone on. Commence with FI (Furnessia), who has come up to stand by. "10:55 A.M.—Revenue cutter Gresham comes up. Takes line from our bows and commences towing. Tell FI to come to stern and stand by to take lines to steer us. "11:30 A.M.—Tell RCG (Gresham) to come to starboard, as his line is fouling our port anchor. Republic appears to be holding up now. May save her.

All Standing My Captain.

"11:55 A.M.—Ask RCG what course he is taking. Reply nor'west. "12 Noon—Tell FI that RCG is taking nor'westerly course. "12:30 P.M.—Towing operations now under way. Going mighty slow. Captain and crew numbers thirty-eight. All standing by captain. "1 P.M.—Send message to MSC (Siasconsett) saying 'Towing now, RCG ahead, FI astern, steering.' "2 P.M.—Standing by RCG and FI talking. "3 P.M.—Listening in case of calls. No one wants me. FI and RCG talking about towing. No ships on horizon. Baltic and Florida disappeared. "4 P.M.—Boat settling fast. Fear she can't stay up much longer. No time to get effects together. "5 P.M.—Captain sends down and orders me forward. Ready to take to boats. Ship badly off. Go back for one last look at station, and go forward. Last message to FI and RCG says 'Good luck, old man.'"

Operator Binns and all but Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams departed from the Republic at Captain's orders. They went at once aboard the Gresham and stood by to watch the last struggle of the Republic. Two hours later the Republic went to the bottom.

NEW WIRELESS TERMS.

Marconi Company Wants Subsidy from Lines It Equips.

The part the wireless system played in the wreck of the Republic has naturally made wireless installations on passenger vessels a subject of great interest in the last day or two, and it was learned yesterday that there was some disagreement between the Marconi company and some of the steamship lines as to the terms on which the installations are maintained. In the early days of wireless the company installed its apparatus free, and the only cost to the steamship lines was the expense of feeding and housing the operators, the company relying on charges for private messages to clear expenses.

Now the company wants a subsidy from the lines for every steamship equipped with wireless, to insure the company against loss, and some of the smaller lines are objecting. John Bokotely, vice-president of the company, said yesterday, however, that there was no real trouble and that everything would undoubtedly be adjusted.

Emil Boas, agent for the Hamburg-American Line, and Gustav H. Schwab, agent for the North German Lloyd, said they were more than ever convinced of the usefulness of wireless, and that they thought every liner should be equipped.
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Owners of the Florida Put the Blame on the Republic.

Italian Line Issues Statement Declaring Its Ship Was Going Moderately, While Other Was at High

Speed—White Star Line Will Report To-Day.

Responsibility for the collision between the Republic and the Florida was placed officially upon the White Star line vessel last night by the American agents of the Lloyd Italiano line. It is charged that the Republic was running at high speed, while the Florida was travelling at “moderate speed.” It is denied that there was any misunderstanding of orders and that there is any ground for criticism of either officers or crew of the Florida.

After an investigation lasting all day, at which Capt. Rospini and most of the other officers of the Florida were examined, this statement was issued by C. B. Richard & Co., agents for the Florida:

"The circumstances of the collision between the Republic and the Florida were as follows:

"The Florida had experienced fog at intervals for some hours before the collision, and a dense fog existed at the time of the collision. The Florida had been proceeding at moderate speed, blowing her fog whistle frequently.

"The captain and chief officer were in charge of her navigation on the bridge, and a quartermaster was at the wheel, and the lookout was doubled on account of the fog. The Florida was proceeding slowly, when the fog whistles of another steamer, which afterward proved to be the Republic, were heard by the officers and lookouts of the Florida off the starboard bow of the Italian steamer.

"The engines of the Florida were reversed and two signals of three whistles each were blown, indicating that the engines were going astern; the collision nevertheless took place, the bow of the Florida striking the port side of the Republic somewhat aft of amidships, causing serious damage to both steamers.

“Republic at High Speed.”

"When the Republic became visible in the fog she was crossing the bow of the Florida from starboard to port, and running at a high rate of speed. The helm of the Florida was promptly put to starboard, hoping to swing the bow of the Italian steamer to starboard, and to assist in avoiding the danger of collision. The other steamer was, however, running so fast that the vessels collided.

"It was afterward ascertained that the steamer which collided with the Florida, was the Republic, of the White Star line. The collision occurred some distance southeast of Nantucket Lightship, about 5:45 A.M. Saturday, the 23d of January, 1909.

"The statements which have appeared in some of the papers to the effect that there was any misunderstanding of orders on the bridge of the Florida are not true. The orders given by the captain were promptly and properly executed. The seaman whose head was bandaged was turned in asleep at the time of the collision, was not on duty, and was, therefore, not the quartermaster at the wheel.

"No criticism whatever is made by the captain or any of the officers against any member of the crew of the Florida. The captain and officers are satisfied that every man did his duty. There is no foundation whatever for the story that any member of the crew was struck or reprimanded by the captain or any of the officers.

"After the collision occurred, and after the Florida had ascertained the extent of her own injuries, she rendered such assistance as lay in her power to the Republic and her passengers.

Capt. Rospini’s Statement.

Capt. Rospini, of the Florida, made no effort to conceal his pride in having brought his vessel

to port without accepting any of the offers of assistance from other vessels, which would have resulted in a heavy loss to his line for salvage.

“We were running at half speed through the fog,” he said through an interpreter, "sounding our fog horn every second. Suddenly I heard the blasts of a whistle on the right side and I answered with another whistle. A few seconds later what looked like a mountain loomed out of the fog straight across our path. Another instant and we had crashed into the side of what we later learned was the Republic. Immediately afterward the impetus of the collision caused the Florida to back away from the hole which she had cut in the side of the other vessel.

"I do not see how the accident could have been avoided by the Florida. We were running at only a moderate speed, and as soon as the whistle of the other vessel was heard our engines were reversed, but it was too late then to avoid the collision.

“There was not the slightest disobedience of orders on the Florida. I did not strike anybody with a marline spike or anything else, and I have nothing but the highest praise for the conduct of all the officers and crew of the Florida from the instant of the collision until this moment. I do not see what more we could have done to avoid the accident, and after it occurred I believe everything was done that possibly could be done, both for the safety and comfort of the passengers.”

Capt. Rospini was closeted most of yesterday with the agents of the Lloyd Italiano line and the Italian Consul General, the Count di Massiglia. His deposition and those of the other officers were taken as to everything that occurred, from a few minutes before the collision until after the Florida’s passengers and those of the Republic had been transshipped to the Baltic.

White Star Line to Report To-Day.

The officers of the White Star line began yesterday an investigation of the disaster, at their offices, No. 9 Broadway. All the officers of the Republic were in attendance, as was also “Jack” Binns, the plucky wireless operator.

Early in the afternoon it was announced that the company would give out a statement to the public at 4 o’clock. From the questions put to the reporters it was evident that the White Star officials were waiting to hear what the officers of the Florida had to say before stating their own case. The official statement of the Florida’s men was shown to the White Star officials a few minutes before 6 o’clock. Vice-President Franklin then sent out word that no statement would be forthcoming until to-day; that his investigation was not completed and that he could not talk intelligently until it was.

From other sources it was learned that Capt. Sealby, of the Republic, had made a detailed statement to his superiors, pointing out on a chart his exact position at the time of the collision and stating his theory as to the causes of the accident. Whether or not he blames the officers of the Florida his superiors refused to state. He did assert that there was no blame attached to anyone connected with the Republic.

The officers of the White Star line have made an inventory which places the value of the baggage that went down with the Republic at $160,000. They claim that under the admiralty laws they cannot be held liable for this loss to the passengers.

FIGHT ON BETWEEN SHIPS AND WIRELESS.

Dispute Over Charge for Service Discloses Poor Wages Paid to Men Like Binns.

Stories to the effect that many of the larger ocean liners were about to lose their wireless telegraph equipment because of the refusal of their owners to pay for the service, were denied yesterday by representatives of the Marconi and the United Wireless Telegraph companies. It was admitted that some of the steamship companies were reluctant about paying a rental which would

insure the wireless people against loss in the dull season, but both telegraph companies were certain that the matter would be settled amicably.

Only as a last resort would any vessel be shorn of its wireless apparatus. No such move was contemplated on the part of the telegraph companies. Investigation of the stories, which undoubtedly gained their origin from the universally expressed opinion that all vessels will have to be equipped with wireless in the future, brought out many interesting things. It was learned that the steamship companies and the wireless telegraph concerns have been trying to make satisfactory financial arrangements for some time, and that the situation is no more strained now than it has been for months.

It was learned that wireless telegraph operators receive ridiculously small wages. Men like “Jack” Binns, whose nerve during a most exciting experience saved more than a thousand souls, get about $12 a week. They live on the ships as officers and get their board, but the amount of real money they handle doesn’t weigh down their pockets to any extent. Sometimes they get as high as $15 a week. On land they receive better wages. The head of the Cape Cod station is said to receive $125 a month.

It was with a view to having the steamship companies pay the salaries of the operators, and a little bit more to put a balance on the right side of the ledger, that the wireless people asked $1,000 a year for the service. This proposition was made some months ago, and it is understood that the steamship companies refused to entertain it. Since the wireless service was installed on vessels, about seven years ago, the steamship companies have been getting it virtually gratis. Both wireless concerns were willing to make such arrangement at that time in order to advertise their business. The ship boarded the operator and allowed his company to collect all the telegraph tolls. In return the wireless carried all the ship’s official business free.

This arrangement has worked all right in the summer when travel is heavy. In the winter time the wireless people say the service is operated at a loss. It is to cover this loss that they ask $1,000 a year rental. They feel now that the value of wireless communication has been established, the justice of their contention will be recognized by the steamship companies.

CAPTAIN TELLS OF THE WRECK

SHIP SANK UNDER HIM AND HE WAS RESCUED FROM THE SEA.

Williams, the Second Officer, With Him to the End—Fished From the Water First, He Directed the Search for the Captain—Praise for All the Ship’s Men

Capt. William Inman Sealby of the wrecked White Star liner Republic told yesterday the story of the disaster. One thing he did not tell was why he had elected to stay with his ship until it sank. Being an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve and a commander for the White Star, Capt. Sealby presupposed that this act needed no explanation.

“Before 6 o’clock on Sunday night we knew that the Republic would never live to reach Martha’s Vineyard,” was the way Capt. Sealby began his tale. By 8 o’clock she was way down in the stern and wallowing with long, painful rolls, that meant there was very little more life left in her. Williams (R. J. Williams, the second officer) and I stood on the bridge and kept our eyes ahead on the lights of the Gresham and Seneca which were towing. The ship was so low in the stern that the waves were breaking over her at that point and the water was swashing clear up to the ladder of the saloon deck aft.

"I think it must have been just about 8 o’clock when we both saw that she was going to drop under us within a very few minutes. First thing we did was to prepare a Holmes distress light, which burns when it touches water. This we left on the bridge with us so that when we went down the men on the revenue cutters could be directed to the spot where the Republic went down. While we were working over the light Williams, who has a bit of sporting blood in him, joked

about our situation.

“What do you make of it, Williams?” I had asked him.

“I don’t think it will be a long race to the bottom,” he laughed. “When you are ready let her go and we’ll make a sprint of it.”

"Before we had finished with the Holmes light, we began to hear a roaring and cracking of the deck seams back of us. It was the air driving out ahead of the advancing water. That is the last call of a sinking ship. I directed Williams to burn two blue lights, the signal to the revenue cutters that we were going down and for them to cast off. Then I let loose five shots with my revolver.

"We were going down steadily then and pretty fast. I yelled at Williams to make for the fore rigging. We both dropped down the ladder to the saloon deck, each carrying a blue light in one hand. By the time our feet touched the saloon deck it was at an angle of nearly thirty degrees, wet and slippery. We could not keep our feet, so we grabbed the rail and crawled. The water was rushing up on us from behind and the explosions and rending of the timbers from midships told us that already the stern was under water.

"We had reached the forecastle head when Williams slipped to the deck and grabbed a post of the rail with his elbow. That was the last I saw of him until after it was over. I managed to get forward to the foremast and to climb the rigging as far as the forward running light, about a hundred feet up. Below me about half of the ship was visible and she was tipped up like a rocking chair about to go over backward.

"My blue light would not burn because it had become wet. I fired one more shot from my revolver, the last. Then everything dropped and I was in the water with the foremast slipping down beside me like an elevator plunger.

"There was a boiling, yeasty mass of water about me and a great roaring. I went under, but came up again, for the air had gathered under my greatcoat and buoyed me up. I guess I went around spinning for a time; then I hit a spar. From the spar I managed to get to a hatch cover. Things were flying around in the water and I came near being badly banged up before I managed to pull my body up on the hatch cover and lie there all spread out with nothing but my head and shoulders above the waves.

“It was very cold. I saw the searchlights on the Gresham and Seneca trying to pick me up, but they went around and missed me. I managed to load my revolver again and it went off, although it had had a ducking. Soon after that a boat manned by four of the Republic’s crew and four sailors from the Gresham commanded by Gunner’s Mate Johnson slid up near me. I waved a towel I had picked up out of the water. They saw me and came and picked me up. I was weak and cold—quite finished. Williams was in the boat when it picked me up. I was glad to see. He was quite done up too. We were quite back on our feet again after the men on the Gresham had ministered to us. I cannot speak too highly of the work of the revenue cutters that were trying to tow us. It was magnificent.”

Capt. Sealby had a word to say about his officers and crew.

“I have nothing but praise for the actions of the officers and crew of the Republic both at the time of the collision and subsequently during the very trying task of getting the passengers transferred to the Florida. The success of this manoeuvre I attribute to the remarkable discipline and cohesion between officers and crew. The passengers themselves aided greatly by their conduct. There was absolutely no panic among them and the women behaved splendidly.”

The Republic’s commander also paid a generous compliment to Binns, the wireless operator who had stuck to his key although part of the wireless cabin on the boat deck had been carried away by the Florida’s prow.

Second Officer Williams told of his experiences after he had become separated from his superior on the slanting deck of the Republic. He said:

"When I fell down on the saloon deck on the port side I hung onto the rail with my elbow. In three minutes it was all over. I felt her lift straight up in the air and saw the prow right over my head; then she just slid down. I felt the stern strike bottom, for there was a jar and then I felt something give. I believe she broke in the middle where she had been rammed by the Florida.

"I was pitched off the deck before the last of her dropped out of sight. I just caught a glimpse of the keel dropping past me as I hit the water. I tread water for a second to get my balance, then I struck out for about a dozen strokes before the boil of the water got me.

“A grating hatch hit me and I held on. I couldn’t climb onto it because the seas rolled me off every time I scrambled up. I was getting tired of trying when another grating came along. I grabbed it with one hand and held on between them. I guess I was in the water almost half an hour when the boat from the Gresham came along and pulled me out. I directed the men where to look for the captain and we found him in another five minutes.”

Williams saved a brier pipe and a pocket-piece out of the wreck and that was all. Jack Binns, the wireless operator who flashed the news of the Republic’s ramming to Siasconset wireless station and who subsequently kept at his place communicating with the ships hastening in relief, seemed to believe that the loss of 500 cigarettes he had with him when the Republic left New York on Friday was one of the most serious features of the wreck.

“Part of the wireless cabin was torn away in the crash,” said Binns yesterday, “but the instruments were not hurt. As soon as the captain heard what the damage was he sent me orders to send out the distress signal. I found that the instrument was dead. The electric motors had gone bad with the flooding of the engine room. I knew where the accumulators—storage batteries you call them—such as that one were kept, and I groped for them on the dark. When I got them coupled up I tried the key and found that the spark was right. Then I got Siasconset. Later the other ships began to call in—the Lorraine, the Baltic and the Lucania. We helped guide them to the Republic by flashing them the position. Our wireless got pretty weak before the ships got very close to us and finally it went out altogether. But by that time we didn’t need it.”

FLORIDA BLAMES REPUBLIC.

Italian Liner Says White Star Boat Was Going at Full Speed.

The version of the Florida’s captain was officially told yesterday in a statement issued by the agents of the Lloyd-Italiano, after an all-day conference between the agents, C. B. Richard & Co., their counsel, Wallace, Butler & Brown, the captain and purser and other officers and members of the crew of the Florida and the Italian Consul-General at this port. It is a short and simple statement, but charges that the Republic was proceeding at high speed at the time of the collision.

The Florida was being unloaded at her Brooklyn pier yesterday preparatory to being hustled to drydock to have her bow rebuilt.

Eugene Lynch of Boston, whose wife was killed in her berth in the collision, while he was severely injured, died yesterday at the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn. He had said on Monday that he was going to die and that he might as well die where he was.

The statement made by Richard & Co. follows:

The circumstances of the collision between the Republic and the Florida were as follows:

The Florida had experienced fog at intervals for some hours before the collision and a dense fog existed at the time of the collision. The Florida had been proceeding at moderate speed, blowing her fog whistle frequently.

The captain and chief officer were in charge of her navigation on the bridge and a quartermaster was at the wheel and the lookout was doubled on account of the fog.

The Florida was proceeding slowly when the fog whistles of another steamer, which afterward proved to be the Republic, were heard by the officers and lookouts of the Florida off the starboard bow of the Italian steamer.

The engines of the Florida were reversed and two signals of three whistles each were blown, indicating that the engines were going astern; the collision nevertheless took place, the bow of the Florida striking the port side of the Republic somewhat aft of amidships, causing a serious damage to both steamers.

When the Republic became visible in the fog she was crossing the bow of the Florida from starboard to port and running at a high rate of speed. The helm of the Florida was promptly put to starboard, hoping to swing the bow of the Italian steamer to starboard and to assist in avoiding the danger of collision. The other steamer was, however, running so fast that the vessels collided.

It was afterward ascertained that the steamer which collided with the Florida was the Republic of the White Star Line.

The collision occurred some distance southeast of Nantucket lightship, about 5:45 A. M. Saturday, the 23d of January, 1909.

The statements which have appeared in some of the papers to the effect that there was any misunderstanding of orders on the bridge of the Florida are not true. The orders given by the captain were promptly and properly executed. The seaman whose head was bandaged was turned in, asleep at the time of the collision, was not on duty and was therefore not the quartermaster at the wheel.

No criticism whatever is made by the captain or any of the officers against any member of the crew of the Florida. The captain and officers are satisfied that every man did his duty. There is no foundation whatever for the story that any member of the crew was struck or reprimanded by the captain or any of the officers.

After the collision occurred and after the Florida had ascertained the extent of her own injuries she rendered such assistance as lay in her power to the Republic and her passengers.

WIRELESS COMPULSORY.

Bill in Congress to Make All Passenger Ships Carry It.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—One of the passengers aboard the Republic was Reuben Miller, a wealthy Pittsburg man, who was accompanied by his family. Mr. Miller was so much impressed with the practical utility of the wireless as demonstrated in the case of the wrecked Republic that he appealed to Congressman Burke to inaugurate an international movement that would result in the passage of laws requiring all passenger-carrying vessels to be equipped with wireless telegraphy. He wired Mr. Burke as follows:

“I was on the wrecked Republic and had it not been for the wireless and the relief it brought to us I feel sure all would have been lost. Could you not start an international movement to compel vessels carrying passengers to equip themselves with wireless telegraphy?”

Mr. Burke thereupon introduced a bill which will attract the attention of foreign legislative

bodies. It requires all vessels carrying fifty passengers or more going on journeys of five hundred miles or more to be equipped with wireless apparatus. Clearance to be refused to vessels whose owners fail to comply with the law. Foreign vessels not equipped with wireless, the bill provides, shall be refused admission to American ports.

REPUBLIC PASSENGERS MEET.

Committee Recommends That Each Present His Own Baggage Claim.

The committee of five named by the passengers of the Republic held a meeting at the Waldorf yesterday afternoon and discussed the matter of recovering for the baggage lost on the steamer. The committee was composed of W. P. Devereux of Minneapolis, chairman; A. L. Clark of Winsted, Conn., L. G. Phelps of Wyoming, William Snider of Watertown, N.Y., and J. J. Gilfellen of St. Paul. J. B. Connolly was a member of the committee, but he did not appear at the meeting.

Resolutions thanking and congratulating the White Star Line were adopted. Mr. Devereux was selected to convey the message.

Mr. Devereux said that the committee was entirely agreed as to the good faith of the White Star people. The members were satisfied that the company intended to make good, and were pleased with the efforts being made to route each passenger to his satisfaction. The conclusion reached was that it would be best for each one to take up his own claim with the company.

NEARLY HIT LIGHTSHIP.

Disaster Off Nantucket Shoals Has Been Long Expected.

NEWPORT, Jan. 26.—A disaster similar to that of the White Star liner Republic off the Nantucket Shoals in the thick fog of last Saturday morning has been expected by the crew of the Nantucket Shoals lightship for a long while, according to a member of the crew who is on leave in Newport at this time.

“I remember one morning,” said this man, “when a thick fog prevailed that one of the ocean greyhounds came within fifty feet of the lightship.”

When the weather is thick the location of the lightship is especially dangerous and the big siren is kept constantly blowing, but, nevertheless it is said that the lightship has had several narrow escapes.
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Great Throng on Hand to Greet the Commander and Wireless Operator of Ship.

BINNS’ FIRST REQUEST IS FOR A CIGARETTE

Captain Sealby and His Officer Tell of Their Desperate Battle as the Vessel Sank.

BOTH CAUGHT IN SUCTION

Owe Their Lives to the Searchlights of the Seneca and the Gresham, Which Stood by Doomed Vessel to End.

Captain Sealby, his second officer, Lieutenant R. J. Williams; “Jack” Binns, the wireless operator, and other officers of the ill-fated Republic met a noisy and enthusiastic reception when they arrived in New York yesterday morning.

The first demonstration occurred at the White Star pier when they were landed from a revenue cutter, the Manhattan, which had taken them from the Seneca at Quarantine, and the second at the White Star office in lower Broadway, when the men appeared there to make their official

report to the company.

At the pier several hundred persons were waiting and everybody shouted and tried to shake hands with the brave seamen when they came ashore. Captain Sealby appeared utterly unprepared for the reception, but he and his men met with a still greater surprise when they got in sight of Bowling Green and saw there a crowd of about five thousand citizens waiting to “whoop it up” in American fashion for the men who had stuck to their posts of duty and saved the lives of those on the Republic.

Greeted by Women.

The portals of the White Star office had been decorated with flags for the occasion, and porters stood guard to prevent too large a crowd getting inside. A score of passengers from the Republic, however, were there and were the first to greet the men and express their appreciation of what they had done. Several of the women wept hysterically as they grasped Captain Sealby’s hand, and the young wireless operator showed much embarrassment under the load of praise that was heaped upon him.

They had a hard struggle getting through the crowd, as hundreds of persons wanted to shake hands with the men and tell them what they thought about the collision. On the inside of the office it was the same performance, but only at shorter range. Captain Sealby could only bow and smile in recognition of the warm congratulations from many lips, and then somebody yelled “Speech!” A dozen voices took up the call, and as the Captain showed no signs of responding to the call a group of men caught him up and placed him on a table. The Captain pulled off his cap in sailor fashion, turned red, cleared his throat and said:—

“I’m glad to see you all again. I am glad we are all here, and safe. Thank you.”

Story of the Sinking.

It wasn’t much of a speech, but it meant much, especially to the Republic’s passengers, and then, after another season of handshaking and congratulations, the Captain and his men were allowed to go into the private offices of the company and make their reports. Later both Captain Sealby and Lieutenant Williams told briefly the thrilling story of their experience when the Republic went down. These two men stuck to the ship until she sank and were picked up by the crew of the Seneca, which was standing by.

“There isn’t much to say about the last moments of the ship, except that she went down and Williams and I were saved, thanks to the good sailors who picked us up,” said Captain Sealby. "Williams and I had been together on the bridge for a long time. We realized that the ship was gradually going down and at about eight o’clock we could feel that she was going pretty fast.

"Finally there came a rumbling and cracking sound in the after part of the ship and we saw that her stern was settling. Turning to Williams I said, ‘Well, old man, what do you think about it?’ He answered, ‘I don’t think it’s going to be a very long race from now on. My notion is we’d better sprint for it. When you are ready, let her go.’

Into the Water.

"A few seconds later we became aware that she was going down very fast and I told Williams to burn blue light and get ready to get away. I fired my revolver to let the men in the boats near us know that we were about to go into the water. ‘We’d better take to the forward rigging,’ I said to Williams, and we ran from the bridge to the saloon deck burning blue light as we went. As we ran forward we could feel that she was going down and the incline became so steep that when we got to the fore rigging we slipped back so that we could hardly keep our footing.

"I finally got into the rigging as far as the mastheadlights. I tried to burn more blue light, but it was wet and so fired the last cartridge in my revolver. The water had now caught up to

me, coming up under my great coat, and I partly floated and partly swam away. The last I saw of Williams he had crossed the port rail and was hanging on the side.

"Well, then came the final act. With a tremendous roaring and rushing of the water the ship went down. I was caught in the whirlpool and churned about pretty badly for some time, but finally came to the surface again and began to catch at the débris swirling all about me.

"At last I got hold of a hatch cover and clung to it, sprawling out upon it spread eagle fashion. It was cold. I remember that very distinctly. I also remember that it seemed a very long time before the searchlights of the Gresham and Seneca found me. They flashed all about, played and flickered over the spot where the Republic had gone down, but it seemed as if they were trying to keep me in the dark.

Picked Up at Last.

"I had picked a towel out of the sea while floating and kept waving that. I shouted occasionally, but kept pretty quiet on the whole, for I was somewhat exhausted and wanted to save my strength as much as possible. That was about all, except that the Gresham’s men finally saw me and picked me up in one of their boats.

“I thought Williams had gone to the bottom, and of course it is unnecessary for me to say that I was mighty glad when I found him comfortably tucked away in a warm spot on the Gresham. They found him before they did me. To be sure we got wet, but if there is any praise due to anybody it should go to the passengers of the Republic, who showed remarkable fortitude all the way through. Sailors are expected to keep their heads and always be prepared for a ducking. It’s different with passengers—some passengers I mean.”

Lieutenant Williams told his story, describing as the captain had done how they stood together on the bridge until the stern of the ship began to sink and it became necessary for them to leap into the water. Beginning at that point, he said:—

"After Captain Sealby climbed into the rigging I clung to the rail with my elbows and waited. It was not a very enjoyable wait. I remember very distinctly how the Captain looked climbing up into the rigging with the agility of a squirrel. The searchlight from one of the boats was constantly playing on him and his body was outlined so that it looked like part of some odd spectacle on the stage. I knew the ship was going down very rapidly and could see the water racing up over the deck and hear the heavy gurgling and rumbling as she filled. Suddenly the searchlight veered away from us and I could no longer see the Captain in the rigging.

The Last Plunge.

"Then the stern began to go down very rapidly. The bow lifted and reared high out of the water and the ship seemed to be lying nearly on edge. Down, down went the stern, until there came a sudden, dull shock, and I am sure the stern of the ship struck bottom. The Republic is one hundred fathoms long, and it could easily have rested one end on the bottom in that depth of water. I clung to my place on the rail for several minutes, lifted pretty well out of the water, and then there came a violent jar followed by a prolonged roar and the bow of the big ship sank out of sight. It is my belief that the ship split in halves amidships as she sank.

"After that came the hardest part of the night’s work. As I felt the ship going down I released my hold on the rail and was thrown into the sea. I fell about forty feet, striking feet first, and as I am a good swimmer I managed to get a fair distance away before the mighty suction caught me. I feared I would be sucked down after the ship, and fought hard to get out of the whirlpool. As the vessel sank out of sight there was a roar like heavy thunder, and then a great hole seemed to open in the sea. The water closed in, and after that came a furious boiling and swirling and foaming all about me, with a great deal of débris of all kinds. At last I caught hold of a hatch cover, but it kept turning over and over with me until I became exhausted and simply held on to it and floated. Then I caught another hatch cover and, bringing

the two together, made a sort of a raft of them and, with my legs and body submerged, kept afloat until the Gresham's searchlight caught me and I was picked up. I was in the water about twenty minutes.

Meal of Marmalade.

While Captain Sealby and I were waiting on the bridge earlier in the night we became very hungry and I managed to find my way into the pantry and get some bread and marmalade. I took that up on the bridge, and while we had to spread the marmalade with our fingers I think it was the most delicious meal I ever ate. Binns, the wireless telegraph operator, who stuck to his post and doubtless saved the passengers by calling help to the ship, had very little to say in reply to the hundreds of congratulations given to him. He said he got pretty hungry at times during the long vigil and wanted a cigarette. Part of the office in which he worked was torn away by the bow of the Florida when she struck the Republic, and much of the time he was exposed to rain. During all the demonstration yesterday at the pier and at the White Star offices he remained in the background and finally slipped out of the office by a private door and joined a group of friends on the outside.

While no blame is attached to Captain Sealby for the loss of the Republic, it was stated yesterday that as a legal formality his license had been revoked temporarily. Captain Sealby will remain in New York for several days, until he has given all information desired by the company's agents at this end, and then he will go to Liverpool, where he will appear before the Board of Trade for further examination. If the tribunal which hears the testimony concerning the accident shall decide that the Captain is in no way responsible for the loss of the Republic his license will be at once restored.

Sealby Hailed as a Hero

Much Embarrassed Skipper Lands in New York.

With Binns, Wireless, and Others of the Republic's Men He Is Brought to the Dock by the Revenue Cutter Manhattan—Crowd at White Star Offices.

Probably a man who has felt a ship as big as a skyscraper rear and sink under his feet and who has had to fight for his life knows the meaning of danger. Yet when that same man is hoisted to a pedestal for the hero worship of New York he is in greater danger still, and he is a great man if he knows it. Capt. Sealby of the wrecked Republic had to face this greater danger yesterday and he knew that he was under test.

With him in the ordeal of idolizing that began at Pier 49, at the foot of West Eleventh street, carried to the White Star offices at Bowling Green and there continued until the captain sought refuge in a Turkish bath uptown, were Jack Binns, the wireless operator aboard the Republic; R. J. Williams, second officer and various others of the little group of officers and forty-one members of the emergency crew who had remained on the Republic until near the end.

The revenue cutter Manhattan had dropped alongside the Seneca anchored off Tompkinsville early yesterday morning and the commander of the Republic and all his men, who had been getting a much needed sleep securely locked from the intrusion of inquirers during the night, transshipped to the Manhattan and were brought up the bay.

The cutter drew alongside of the long pier, on the opposite side of which the big Baltic was lying. Most of the Republic's crew that had been brought in on the Baltic, a bevy of stewardesses and Supt. Pennell hurried down to the gangplank of the Manhattan to give the Republic's commander and his officers the proper reception. From West street a big crowd of stokers, longshoremen and marine idlers had invaded the White Star sheds and filled the spaces between heaps of freight about the gangway.

Capt. Sealby came up the gangplank wearing the same heavy blue greatcoat that he had about his

shoulders when he went down into the ocean with his ship. He had a rough black fedora hat on his head that he had picked up from the ditty box of some sailor on the Seneca. Beneath the drooping brim of the hat his eyes looked heavy, and the marks of three nights of sleeplessness were about the corners of his mouth. Binns, the wireless operator, a chunky, florid faced English boy, still garbed in his raincoat and a service cap of the White Star, followed with Chief Engineer McGowan, Fourth Officer Morrow, Second Officer Williams and the rest of the officers that had been sent off to the Gresham by their commander before the Republic took the plunge. Some of the emergency crew that followed brought with them the only survivors of the ships's stock of pets—some canaries and a fussy parrot.

The crowd swooped down on Capt. Sealby and his companions before they had hardly set foot on the dock. The captain had to force his way through the cheering folk. Even though they did not dare to take liberties with their superior officer, the men of the Republic, who had been quartered on the Baltic, vented their enthusiasm by lifting Boatswain Charley Barrow on their shoulders and parading about the dock with him.

Capt. Ranson of the Baltic came down the gangway just then with an open hand for Capt. Sealby. For the second time in the space of three days the Baltic's commander had to rescue Capt. Sealby. He took him in tow up the gangplank and into the snug captain's quarters on the big ship. An hour later the captain of the lost liner came down the gangplank with a spot of color on either cheek, a gray cap to replace the black fedora and an overcoat; Capt. Ranson had made him presentable for the inevitable outburst of hero worship.

Capt. Sealby and his officers then went down to the White Star offices in cabs. A jam was waiting for them. Out on the sidewalk was a representation of all the shipping men from the nearby steamship offices; newsboys, white wings, bootblacks and loitering citizens filled in the crannies. Two porters at the revolving doors at the head of the steps swung the red ship flag of the White Star in their enthusiasm, while the click click of the camera batteries volleyed from nearby steps and waterplugs.

Capt. Sealby's face was red when the crowd took up his name and bandied it about with scattering cheers. He bowed his head and ducked for the revolving doors.

Inside the offices there was a crowd of the Republic's passengers. A housewarming started right there. Two dozen of the men and women who had been on the Republic and who were down at the steamship office booking for other boats out rushed the mortified captain to a table, hoisted him to the blotter in the middle of the rosewood and then yelled for a speech.

"I can't make a speech." Capt. Sealby began with confusion written all over his pink countenance. "I don't know what to say. I am glad to see you here. That's about all. You must excuse me, really."

Mrs. Leon Bourgeois with her baby daughter, the only first cabin baby on the ship that had been rammed on Saturday morning, was standing near the table where the captain had been placed. She lifted the pink bonneted youngster high above her head and called out to Sealby: "Here's one of the survivors who wished to thank you, captain!"

Just before the captain made for the stairs up to Vice-President Franklin's office Mrs. J. P. Weyland, an old friend of his, pushed through to his side and gave him a warm invitation to visit her home at 48 East Fifty-third street.

"Oh, I can't do it, please," Capt. Sealby stammered in his haste. "You know others are waiting to see me in my own home at Vineland."

When the Republic's commander disappeared the crowd in the offices seized upon Binns, the wireless man. It was a sad moment for Binns. He blushed, crossed one foot over the other and jammed his hands in the pockets of his raincoat. His round British face was split with a wide grin of mortification.

“Oh, I say now!” he protested. “Call it off, call it off!”

Binns had to take refuge upstairs. When he came down it was by an elevator in the rear and through a side door. He slipped out to report to Mr. Bottomley, the manager of the Marconi American Wireless Company at 27 William street, and subsequently he had a difficult time saving himself from being kidnapped by enterprising theatrical managers and other interested persons. Mr. Bottomley said yesterday afternoon that he thought Binns would hide himself for a few days to rest up; then he would go back to England to take a job on a ship that the Marconi people have already slated for him. His salary of one shilling a month from the White Star people stopped the minute that the Republic sank, but Binns will not suffer from that loss. He is employed by the Marconi people, and that shilling salary is a nominal one, necessary to comply with the English maritime law.

After Capt. Sealby had had a conference with Mr. Franklin and the other officers of the International Mercantile Marine Company, the nature of which was not given out by the company’s officers, he slipped into a cab and made for a Turkish bath uptown, saying that as soon as he got fixed up and had some of the stiffness taken out of his joints he was going to make for his home in Vineland, N. J. The rest of the Republic’s officers who had come in with the Seneca scattered to various hotels to await the time when they will be sent back to England by the company.
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The Modesty of Mr. Binns.

Mr. Binns says: “Any other man in my place would have done the same.” It is a characteristic saying—characteristic of brave men.

It is not quite true. The truth is that any other man might have done as Binns did; the possibility of fine, faithful deeds is in every man. But not all men realize the possibilities of their own nature.

Brave men like Binns always take it for granted that they are like everybody else. Brave men are never conceited. And conceited people—though they may sometimes bluff through great difficulties—are never really brave.

If real courage were not in its nature something very modest—making its appeal to what is commonest in men—it could not be so contagious as it is. It wouldn’t be possible for the courage of one or a few to infect a whole ship’s company and make everybody heroic—if courage were not a characteristic of plain, unaffected human nature.

When we cheer for Binns, therefore, or Sealby or the stewards and stokers of the Republic, we cheer our own near-heroic hearts with the assurance of the big things that lie latent within them.

“Any other man in my place would have done the same.” Well, perhaps so, Mr. Binns. Anyhow, hooray! Millions of men, on account of you, will be a little more likely to “do the same.”

SEALBY TELLS STORY
HOW HE STUCK BY HIS SHIP TO THE END.

Williams and Binns Describe Their Part on the Republic—Throng on Hand to Greet Them.

It was left for Captain Inman Sealby, of the Republic, and the men who aided him so stoutly in his fight for the lives of all on board the wounded White Star liner to tell the tale of the last moments of the ship. The story was told as he came up the bay from Tompkinsville yesterday. Captain Sealby described the last struggle of the vessel, his plunge into the waters and his rescue by the men of the Seneca. “Jack” Binns, the man who stuck at his key by the

wireless instrument and flashed the calls for help that brought every ship within range hastening to the rescue, had his modest story to tell, too, and not the least interesting part of the narrative was the contribution of Robert J. Williams, second officer of the Republic, who stood by his captain to the last and shared with him the peril of the plunge into the icy water, with the chance of being sucked down to death in the whirlpool created by the disappearance of the liner.

It was like drawing teeth yesterday to get Captain Sealby to tell of his experience, just as it had been the day before to induce Captain Ruspini, of the Florida, to tell of his wonderful trip from Nantucket to New York without accepting a line or a bit of help from any other craft.

RECEPTION FOR CAPTAIN.

But Captain Sealby and the others got a reception when they came up the harbor that showed plainly what others thought of the work they had done. Whistles blew and men cheered, and there was a demonstration that lacked nothing in real and spontaneous enthusiasm. It seemed as if all the enthusiasm had been kept for the men from the Republic, for there were no whistles and no cheers on Monday when Ruspini brought his crippled and almost wrecked vessel triumphantly into port. To some this seemed a bit unfair, but there was plenty of appreciation of the Italian’s work by the passengers he saved.

There was a great crowd on the White Star pier when the little party that had come from the Republic on the Seneca was landed, and Captain Sealby was lifted on the shoulders of a dozen men and carried to the street. Thence he, escaping from the cheering crowd, made his way to the offices of the line, where he and Williams were mobbed by another throng before they could get inside. Someone had found a bugler, and he headed the procession from the pier, blowing triumphant blasts all the way. Captain Sealby began his story down the bay, and this is how it ran: "Williams and I were on the bridge when it was close to the time for us to leave her. The stern began to go down, and she began to rumble and crack.

“Well, what do you think about it?” I asked Williams.

“I don’t think it will be a long race,” he said. “Let’s make a sprint of it. When you’re ready, let her go.”

“Burn the blue lights,” I said, and fired five shots from my revolver. That was the signal to the Gresham to let go. We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, burning blue lights and carrying lanterns. As we ran the stern of the ship was sinking rapidly, and the deck was so steep we slipped back. The last I saw of Williams he had caught the port rail and was hanging on. I went up the mast as far as the masthead light, about a hundred feet up, and tried to set off a blue light, but it was wet. Then I fired the last shot from my revolver.

SUPPORTED BY COAT.

“Then the water caught me. It got under my great coat and supported me by the air inside, while the weight of my revolver, binocular and cartridges supported me as a sort of life belt. By this time there was a roaring mass of water all around me. I was churned down in it, but came up and tried to pull off my coat. I did not succeed. There was a lot of wreckage all around, and I finally reached a hatch. On this I lay spreadeagle fashion.

“The searchlights of the cutters played on the Republic as she sank, and finally they were concentrated on the spot where she had gone down. It seemed an interminable time that they played around without striking me, but I managed to reload my revolver and fired it to attract their attention. It was very rough and cold, and I was getting benumbed, so I lay on the hatch and saved my strength, shouting at intervals. Finally the lights struck me and I waved a towel I had found, and then a boat picked me up and took me on the Gresham. I was nearly finished then. The boat was in charge of Gunner Johanson, and he handled her well. Four of the eight men in her crew were from the Republic.”

In his stateroom on board the Baltic yesterday afternoon Williams told how he and Captain Sealby stayed on the bridge of the sinking ship until compelled to slip into the water when the steamer finally settled herself for her long sleep.

“I am glad I am alive,” said Williams, “but it would have been an honor that any man would be willing to fight for, to die with the captain. I would not have been the lucky man permitted to stand by the captain, maybe, if I hadn’t been the first to get to him and beg for the privilege.

“He said ‘No,’ at first. He said he was going to stay on the ship alone; but I kept begging him to change his mind. He wouldn’t, though, and finally he said: ‘Williams, go ashore; you have a father and a mother.’ ‘I have,’ I said to him, ‘and I have a few dollars in the bank, too. But I will be a richer man dead, if I die here with you, than if I should go home and tell my folks that I left you in this condition, captain. My parents wouldn’t care to see me under those circumstances, and the money I’ve saved up would be poisonous to touch.’

“And then the captain said, ‘All right, Williams, I’m obliged to you for the offer,’ and we were then on the bridge together.

"‘Well,’ says the captain after a while, ‘we’ve got a gallery seat, Williams.’ I never was so close to the skipper before. It was fine having him joking with me in an intimate way like that. We got hungry, by and by, and I said to him, ‘Captain, if you’ll excuse me a minute I’ll go below and bring you some eggs, and perhaps I can rustle up something else for a meal,’ and I broke a couple of eggs in a glass, with a little water, and we had a couple apiece, and some bread and marmalade that I ran across. I got him some blankets to put around his knees, and for my own, too, and we sat there, chummy like. I never was so close to the skipper before, let me tell you.

“When the nose of the steamer was pointing upward we knew she was going. I don’t believe any man can explain the sound of the water as it rushed in at that time. It was an awful roar, and had a vicious snarl to it that said everything except what was pleasant to think about.

“The captain and I started for the bow, arm in arm. When I felt the ship sink I let go and fell into the water; it must have been forty feet.

HELD ON TO HATCHES.

“While I was swimming,” Williams continued, “a hatch struck me and I tried to get on it, but couldn’t. Then another came along, and I got between the two and supported myself that way. I heard Captain Sealby fire three shots, and I had been in the water about twenty minutes when the Gresham’s boat picked me up.

“Having heard the shots, I was able to help the boat’s crew in the search for the captain. They found him at last, and he was shivering when he was pulled in. He didn’t know I was there at first, and I reached over and touched his elbow. He knew who it was, and threw his arms around my neck.

"‘Williams,’ he said; ‘game to the last.’”

“JACK” BINNS MODEST FELLOW.

“Jack” Binns, the young wireless operator of the Republic, who had nerve enough to stick on the steamship to the last, was ready to signal “C Q D” the moment that he was landed from the revenue cutter Manhattan. He shared in the demonstration accorded Captain Sealby at the White Star offices. He stood it fairly well, keeping his courage up with a weak grin, until a girl stenographer grabbed him and kissed him. That was the last straw, but before he could get by the big negro porters who were waving the red house flags at the entrance he had been kissed

half a dozen times.

He got inside after struggling with his fair assailants. “Give me a cigarette,” he said. “This is the worst yet.”

Offers from theatrical managers were waiting for him before he got ashore. He waved them all aside. “None of the cheap notoriety for me.” he said. “All I want is a cigarette, a long sleep and a chance to get back to work.”

When he landed he already had received a message telling him of the praise given to him on the floor of Congress by Representative Bountell. “That’s nice.” said Binns, “but I did not do much.”

Binns ought to be in the Fire Department, for when it comes to talking about himself he is about as communicative as an oyster; but when it comes to telling about the heroism of others then Binns is as good a press agent as an opera promoter could want.

Not from Binns, to any degree, but from others, the story of his work on the sinking Republic was gathered. The dynamo out of commission, he had to rig up accumulators after the collision, and the power in these, he knew, would be short lived. So he sent out his “C. Q. D.” call, telling all those he picked up that he would “listen in” on all messages, but would not send more than absolutely necessary. The roof of his deckhouse had been torn away, and for ten hours he sat wrapped in a blanket with the receiving harness on his head. Then he got hungry for food and cigarettes. He had to dive and swim into a galley, and found only a dish of almonds and a biscuit. From then on he did not take the wireless harness from his ears until the order to abandon the ship was given.

SEALBY PRAISES BINNS.

“During all the operations the wireless was invaluable,” Captain Sealby said, in giving enthusiastic praise to the young fellow. “It is to such operators as Mr. Binns, who stuck to his post to the last, in spite of the fact that most of his operating room had been carried away, that we were able to maintain communication with the various ships that came to our relief.”

The praise heaped upon Binns on his arrival shook his composure but not his modesty. The White Star officials wanted him to make his formal report before he talked for publication. A representative of the Marconi system also warned him not to say anything yet about what had occurred.

Binns is only about twenty-five years old, but he has knocked about the world a good bit, having been at Jamaica at the time of the Kingston earthquake, and in a good many other corners of the world.

Efforts were made to get Binns to talk the moment he was inside the owners’ office. He had nothing to say, he said, for he had not done much of anything. All the credit, in his opinion, belonged to Captain Sealby. While efforts to get some part of his story out of Binns were being made, James C. Douglas, steward of the Republic, came along.

“Here’s a man you ought to write about,” said Binns; “he saved lives. Last night was the first that he has slept since the accident. He was with me all the time. He carried my messages back and forth, and kept me supplied with food. He did not desert me once, and if it had not been for him I would have had a pretty hard time.”

FREE FLORIDA OF BLAME

ITALIAN’S SIDE OF CRASH.

Line May Be Liable for $1,020,000, It Is Said.

Inquirers about the Florida, of the Lloyd-Italianco Line, were referred yesterday by the agents of the line, C. B. Richard & Co., to Wallace, Butler & Brown, their counsel, and back again, and finally a statement was given out, asserting that the Florida was not to blame. No one was allowed to see Captain Ruspini or any of his officers, and no statement whatever was made by him, according to Mr. Richard, or Archibald Thacher, of the legal firm, though several were attributed to him.

The pier was strictly guarded yesterday, and the men of the Florida, who were at work on her, were not allowed to give any information or to leave the pier.

Sailors all over the city who have seen the battered and smashed Florida have nothing except praise for Captain Ruspini’s skill and nerve in bringing her to port, and say that he would have saved every soul on the Republic even without the aid of the Baltic. They say that he and his officers lived up to the finest and best traditions of the sea.

The official statement given out at the offices of C. B. Richard & Co. follows:

The circumstances of the collision between the Republic and the Florida were as follows:

The Florida had experienced fog at intervals for some hours before the collision, and a dense fog existed at the time of the collision. The Florida had been proceeding at moderate speed, blowing her fog whistle frequently.

The captain and chief officer were in charge of her navigation on the bridge, and a quartermaster was at the wheel, and the lookout was doubled on account of the fog.

The Florida was proceeding slowly when the fog whistles of another steamer, which afterward proved to be the Republic, were heard by the officers and lookouts of the Florida off the starboard bow of the Italian steamer.

The engines of the Florida were reversed, and two signals of three whistles each were blown, indicating that the engines were going astern; the collision nevertheless took place, the bow of the Florida striking the port side of the Republic somewhat aft of amidships, causing serious damage to both steamers.

When the Republic became visible in the fog she was crossing the bow of the Florida from starboard to port, and running at a high rate of speed. The helm of the Florida was promptly put to starboard, hoping to avoid the blow by the other steamer’s starboard bow, and to assist in avoiding the danger of collision. The other steamer, however, was running so fast that the two vessels collided.

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It was afterward ascertained that the steamer which collided with the Florida was the Republic, of the White Star Line.

The collision occurred some distance southeast of Nantucket Lightship, about 5:45 a.m. Saturday, January 23, 1909.

The statements which have appeared in some of the papers to the effect that there was any misunderstanding of orders on the bridge of the Florida are not true. The orders given by the captain were promptly and properly executed. The seaman whose head was bandaged was turned in, asleep, at the time of the collision, was not on duty, and was, therefore, not the

quartermaster at the wheel.

No criticism whatever is made by the captain or any of the officers against any member of the crew of the Florida. The captain and officers are satisfied that every man did his duty. There is no foundation whatever for the story that any member of the crew was struck or reprimanded by the captain or any of the officers.

After the collision occurred, and after the Florida had ascertained the extent of her own injuries, she rendered such assistance as lay in her power to the Republic and her passengers.

Should the admiralty courts hold that the officers of the Florida were at fault her owners will be liable for $1,020,000, the value of the Italian steamer, her passenger fares and cargo charges. This was explained by counsel for the line. The Italian line is a stock company with a capital stock of $1,000,000. Nearly all the stockholders and officers are in Italy.

COMPULSORY WIRELESS.

Government May Require It on Every Ocean Passenger Ship.

[From The Tribune Bureau.]

Washington, Jan. 26—Urged by a telegram from Reuben Miller, of Pittsburg, one of those who sailed on the Republic, Representative James Francis Burke, of Pennsylvania, to-day introduced a bill providing for the compulsory equipment of vessels with wireless telegraph apparatus. Mr. Miller’s telegram says: “I was on the wrecked Republic, and had it not been for the wireless I feel sure that all would have been lost. Could you not start an international movement to compel all vessels carrying passengers to equip themselves with wireless telegraphy?”

Mr. Burke immediately drew up a bill which provides that every vessel carrying more than fifty passengers and sailing more than five hundred miles shall be equipped with wireless or that clearance be refused. It allows one year before its provisions go into effect.

The bill was referred to the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and Mr. Burke hopes to obtain a hearing before that committee and to have the bill favorably reported to the House in time to permit its passage before the adjournment of the present Congress.

CREW HEARS ITS RIGHTS.

Republic’s Men to Get Pay Up to Time She Sank.

The crew of the Republic stood on the chairs and tables in the steerage department of the steamship Baltic at 3 o’clock yesterday afternoon to listen to E. W. P. Thurston, first British vice-consul at this port, outline in crisp sentences what the seamen could expect to receive from the White Star Line, in view of the laws governing the merchant marine.

The men were without money, without jobs, and in many cases lacked sufficient clothing, and yet, deprived of these benefits, they were a jolly, good-natured lot. Only once was there a groan of protest from the more than two hundred men in the dark hold of the vessel, and that was after one of their number, who acted as spokesman, urged that proper sleeping facilities be afforded the crew. The men were then asked by Mr. Thurston if the speaker had voiced a grievance that was general. A deep rumbling “Aye, aye!” was the quick answer from all present.

“You can’t hope for the same entertainment on the Baltic, now overcrowded, that you had on your own ship, you know,” said Mr. Thurston, “but I will see what can be done to improve matters.”

“All we ask is a place to sleep,” said a member of the crew. “We are nearly dead for rest. Can’t we be put on shore until the steamer leaves port on Saturday?”

Mr. Thurston, in detailing the rights of the crew, said that they would receive their wages up to the hour when the Republic sank. They could not, he said, expect any money from the company for the time it would take to carry them back to Liverpool. The company would probably arrange to send them to a boarding house on the Baltic on Saturday, he said. The men cheered this part of the statement.

The crew was also informed that it would not receive the full amount of wages until it applied for it at Liverpool. Whether employment could be given to the men by the officers of the White Star Line, he did not know. He hoped the men would all find work, but that was a matter that was solely in the hands of each man present.

The company would arrange, said Mr. Thurston, to advance a small amount of money to such men as were greatly in need of it, the sum drawn to be deducted from the wages due them when they arrived at Liverpool. Also, to those men who were suffering for lack of clothes the company would supply such articles as were positively necessary, and for this accommodation had agreed to make no charge.

Republic Passengers Deny Stories About J. B. Connolly.

The committee of passengers chosen by the survivors of the wrecked steamship Republic to look after the interests of all decided yesterday at a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria to take no action against the White Star Steamship Company to recover damages. The question was just casually discussed.

The members of the committee present were W. P. Deveraux, of Minneapolis; A. L. Clark, of Winsted, Conn.; J. C. Phelps, of Meteetsee, Wyo.; William Snyder, of Watertown, N.J.; and J.F. Gilfallen, of St. Paul. J. B. Connolly, of New York, who was selected as a member of the committee, did not attend any of the meetings.

It was also determined to leave claims for baggage, fixing value and other matters of personal interest to the individual passengers. After the meeting the committee called on the managers of the White Star Line and congratulated them on the excellent manner in which the comfort of everyone had been looked after.

One of the members of the committee absolutely and positively denied any misconduct on the part of James B. Connolly, the Boston writer of Gloucester sea stories.

“I was ordered by the captain to assist in lining up the women of the steerage,” said L. G. Phelps. “On one side we lined up the steerage women, and on the other the women from the first and second cabins. When the last woman cabin passenger had been removed from the Florida an elderly man tried to break through. I stopped him and told him that ‘women first’ went for the steerage as well as for the first cabin. He gave no more trouble.”

Mr. Connolly was defended first by William P. Deveraux, of Minneapolis, and J. F. Gilfallen, of St. Paul, his roommate on the voyage.

“I stood where all the work of transshipment was going on,” said Mr. Deveraux, “from start to finish. In all that time I did not once see Mr. Connolly. If he did any of the things charged against him I would have seen him and known of it.”

“The whole story is a downright falsehood,” said Mr. Gilfallen. “It is only the attempt of certain persons to get even for an attack Mr. Connolly made on them. I did not see him do any of the things that he was charged with and heard nothing about them until the Baltic docked.”

EUGENE LYNCH DIES.

Lost Wife in Republic Crash—Succumbs to His Injuries.

Eugene Lynch, the wholesale liquor dealer of Boston who was injured in the collision between the Florida and the Republic, and whose wife was killed, died early yesterday morning at the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, where he was removed on Monday from the Florida. Father James Lee, rector of Boston, was with him until he died. Several friends were also at his bedside.

Before his death Mr. Lynch told his friends how the accident occurred. He was sleeping in the berth and his wife was lying on a couch. The crash awoke him, and he saw his wife struck by the bow of the Florida and borne away. He was pinned under the wreckage and could not move. He knew that she was killed. In great mental and physical agony he lay calling for help from time to time for four hours before aid came.

“I do not care to live any longer, now that my wife is dead,” he said repeatedly.

HEROES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

As between the wireless operators on the Republic and the Baltic in the emergency which recently arose off Nantucket, it would be hard to say which is entitled to the more honor. Binns, of course, knew that his life was in danger, at least for a short time, and that the worst misgivings of Captain Sealby might be realized before help came. In sticking to his post, therefore, he showed high courage, as well as devotion to duty. Such heroism cannot be admired too heartily. Tattersall, however, had no easy task. A part of his work was performed under peculiar disadvantages. For several hours after the Baltic turned back on its mission of mercy he had much trouble in discovering what the Republic was trying to tell him, because after the wounded White Star liner’s engine room filled her wireless apparatus was obliged to rely on storage batteries in sending dispatches. The difficulty was increased, as Tattersall says, by the louder tones in which one or two land stations were speaking at the time. The strain thus imposed on his nerves may well have exceeded that to which Binns was subjected.

For ordinary marine service “untuned” instruments are used. In consequence, messages sent from one ship are pretty sure to be heard on other vessels within a given range, though the range depends on the power employed for transmission. Captain Sealby sent one dispatch which was especially addressed to the revenue cutter Gresham, but he also sent another which was meant for all stations within reach. It was both a warning (not to run into him) and a call for help. Either directly or by repetition it was conveyed to four or five liners and nearly as many revenue cutters, and all of them sooner or later participated more or less actively in the work of relief, and those which were provided with Hertz wave apparatus gave an assurance of their intentions.

In ordinary telegraph service under the Morse system every operator on a line hears all messages which are going through, but only one at a time tries to send. A somewhat similar usage seems to prevail in wireless telegraphy. Under exceptional conditions one operator may interrupt another, but, as a rule, when an operator begins to send he is given the right of way until he finishes. As the land stations mentioned by Tattersall in the interview printed by The Tribune yesterday had more powerful transmitters than the partly disabled one on the Republic, it is easy to understand why they drowned out the feeble whispers from that ship. It may safely be assumed, however, that the operators who thus hindered communication between the Republic and the Baltic did not realize what they were doing. Perhaps the impulses from the ship which had received her death blow were too indistinct to be heard on shore.

WANT ONE WIRELESS SYSTEM

STEAMSHIP MEN COMPLAIN OF RIVAL SERVICES.

Don’t Object, They Say, to Paying Reasonable Charges, but Do Object to Having Some Boats Equipped With the Marconi and Others With the United

The Republic-Florida collision has brought to a head a question which has been in dispute

between the steamship companies and the wireless companies for some time. A steamship man who asked that his name be not mentioned summed the whole matter up in the following way yesterday:

“I hope that the collision will serve to bring the question of wireless telegraphy protection to the notice of our lawmakers. That there is a positive need for wireless on every passenger carrying ship cannot be disputed, but there certainly should be some universal system. The Government uses one system and the transatlantic steamers another, while some of the coastwise steamers use the Government system, some the Marconi and some a third.”

At present the Atlantic liners use the Marconi system, but all is not peace between the steamship lines and the wireless company. As it is now arranged, the liners give board and lodging to the operators and have free use of the wireless service for company business. The wireless companies make their money out of private messages transmitted. The steamship New York arrived Tuesday with only nineteen first cabin passengers, and it is plain that the wireless company did a small business.

The Marconi company wants the steamship companies to pay them $1,000 a year for each ship equipped with apparatus. An operator receives $12 a week. An American operator, that is one who works for an American company, gets from $60 to $125 a month.

From what could be learned yesterday among the steamship men there is no strong complaint at paying a fixed price for the wireless, but the companies do protest at the fact that there is no universal system.

Officials of the United Wireless Company say they are willing to have the system made universal, but that the receipts must be equally distributed. John Bottomley, general manager of the Marconi system, said yesterday that the other companies were recognized by his concern only as imitators, and that only in cases of distress would the Marconi consent to forward messages received through any of the other companies.

“In other words,” said the steamship man already quoted, “the only solution is a trust or some legislation that will force the wireless companies to get together.”

There is a common impression that one system cannot receive or send the messages of the other system, but this is incorrect. By a very slight adjustment of instruments the apparatus of either company can be tuned to that of the other.

Emil L. Boas, resident manager of the Hamburg-American Line, said yesterday: "I think steamships with passengers should be compelled to maintain a wireless station and operator. The thing has become a necessity, as the recent collision has clearly shown.

“But again, there is the other question, which is equally important. In our company, for instance, we have to patronize two companies. Our Atlas service going to the West Indies is equipped with the United Wireless system, while our transatlantic ships use the Marconi. These two rival systems do not work together. You can imagine the inconvenience that results.”

COULD HAVE SAVED REPUBLIC, HE SAYS

Captain of the Everett Declares He Had Apparatus That Would Have Kept the Steamer Afloat.

SAYS SEALBY REFUSED AID

Standard Oil Whaleback Had Most Powerful Pumps Made and Ample Room for Baggage, Her Commander Declares.

Special to The New York Times.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 26.—“If Capt. Sealby of the liner Republic had accepted the aid I offered

him immediately after the collision with the Florida, on Saturday last, the ship would be safe in port now, and the cargo and the effects of the passengers would have been saved, beyond the shadow of a doubt."

This statement was made to-day by Capt. Thomas Fenlon of the whaleback steamer City of Everett, which docked at Point Breeze to-day. The Everett arrived near the Republic a few minutes after the Baltic, and, according to her commander, was the first ship to speak to the disabled Republic.

"The ship under my command," said Capt. Fenlon, "contains some of the most powerful apparatus for wrecking purposes afloat. Our pumps have a capacity of 40,000 barrels, or 2,000,000 gallons, an hour. The barge we were towing would have held all the baggage of the passengers of the Republic and a large part of the liner's cargo besides. The City of Everett was built for ocean towing, and is equipped with tremendously powerful machinery and towing cables seven inches in diameter. With such magnificent facilities right at hand, Capt. Sealby curtly declined our assistance, saying that a couple of Government boats were coming to his relief.

"These little Government boats could have towed a rowboat as well as they could have towed that big liner. We offered our assistance, mind you, at 8:30 o'clock that evening. We could have worked all night. All it would have cost the White Star Line would have been about $20,000. As it was, property of all kinds to the value of some $2,000,000 was lost.

"The first intimation that we had of anything wrong was a wireless message from the Nantucket Lightship. We have a De Forest instrument on the City of Everett, and there was another on the barge we had in tow. We put about at once and cruised toward the scene of the wreck.

"Messages of 'still afloat' kept coming in, and finally we received word that the passengers had been transferred to the Florida. At 8:30 o'clock we ran alongside the Republic, and I offered the use of my outfit to Capt. Sealby. He answered that he needed no assistance whatever, but asked us to go to the Florida, as all his passengers were on board that boat. At 9:30 o'clock we ran alongside the Florida.

"Men and women cried to us from the liner and offered us large sums of money if we would only take them off. When my first officer, Mr. Tucker, went on board the Florida her first officer handed him a blackjack and told him to use it on the passengers if necessary to keep them from trying to jump from the deck of the Florida to the City of Everett.

"We remained in the vicinity all Saturday night, with the boats all cleared ready to render any assistance if called upon during the transfer of the passengers from the Florida to the Baltic.

"On Sunday morning at 9 o'clock we once more ran alongside the Republic, and once more I asked Capt. Sealby to allow me to help him. Once again he refused my offer, saying that his ship was all right. He said that he had engaged assistance from New York by wireless. I felt desperate at the way things were going, but my hands were tied. The capacity of my barge was 6,000 tons.

"On board the City of Everett were nine heavy deep-sea towing hawsers and two spare ones. The City of Everett is a whaleback, built for towing oil barges across the ocean, and our pumps are the most powerful it is possible to build. The fact that the Republic kept afloat by her own efforts until Sunday night is proof positive to my mind that with very little help of the proper kind she would have weathered it out, and would be lying safe in New York Harbor to-day."

The City of Everett is the property of the Standard Oil Company.
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BINNS'S STORY OF WIRELESS WORK

Republic's Operator Gives The Times the First Account of His Long Vigil.

SIGNALS FROM BROKEN KEY

With One Hand He Holds It Together and with the Other Flashes Appeals for Aid.

SIASCONSETT REPLIED FIRST

“All Right, Old Man; Where Are You?”—Then Came the Baltic and Other Ships—Tribute to Capt. Sealby.

Plainly showing the effects of the harassing experiences he had gone through in the last few days, John R. Binns, the Marconi operator who stood at his post on the Republic and flashed forth the messages that brought aid to the sinking liner, has written for THE TIMES the story of his experiences since the moment he was hurled from his berth when the Florida rammed the Republic last Saturday until his arrival in port on Monday night.

Mr. Binns is a modest man, and will not admit that he did any more than any of his fellow-operators would have done in like circumstances. Here is Mr. Binns’s narrative in his own words:

By JOHN R. BINNS, Wireless Operator on the Republic at the Time of the Collision.

I had just turned in for a few hours after the previous day’s work when the shock of the impact shook me out of my bunk. A crunching, ripping noise followed as the Florida’s bows crumpled up on our side. The panels and side of our cabin fell in, one panel being smashed to splinters, but fortunately the wireless apparatus was unhurt and remained standing.

I had a fear, however, that the aerial wires between the masts might have been shaken down, so I hastily tested them, and most fortunately they were still intact.

My first impression was that we had run ashore, which was strengthened when I peered through the interstices of the wrecked woodwork of my cabin and saw a dark object outside over which the sea was washing. This I took to be a rock, but later found it was Boat No. 13, which is always swung but from the ship and which had been torn from its davits.

The First “C. Q. D.” Message Sent.

Five minutes after the collision the lights all through the ship went out, and we were in total darkness. I tried to make my way to the bridge in order to report to the Captain that my gear was all right, but, unable to make my way through the wreckage, I returned to my wrecked cabin. The dynamos being stopped, greatly handicapped the working distance of our station, but the accumulators were in good condition, and so I immediately sounded the “C. Q. D.” signal, which announced to surrounding ships the peril of our position.

Just then the Captain’s steward came to me from the bridge and piloted me through the debris. On the boat deck all the passengers were assembled, and the crew had already got the boats swung out, for, despite the darkness, everything was done in an orderly and smart manner.

I reported to Capt. Sealby that everything was all right with my wireless instruments, and he hastened to reassure the passengers, brave but anxious, with this most comforting bit of news. "This having been done, I returned immediately to my cabin and had the satisfaction of gaining the attention of our station at Siasconsett on Nantucket Island. This is the message flashed to A. H. Ginman, the operator there:

The Republic. We are shipwrecked. Stand by for Captain’s message.

This was the answer that was immediately flashed back to us:

All right, old man. Where are you?

At this stage our chief officer came, and anxiously inquired if I had yet got in communication with anybody, and was greatly relieved to learn that Siasconsett had answered me. He at once hastened to the Captain to convey this intelligence. Capt. Sealby then sent me this message for transmission:

Republic rammed by unknown steamer. Twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket Lightship. Badly in need of immediate assistance, but no danger to life.
SEALBY.

Five minutes later Siasconsett informed me that he had sent for the revenue cutter Acushnet, then lying at Wood's Hole, and that it was to proceed to assist us. Word had also been sent to the steamships Baltic, La Lorraine, and City of Everett.

I was now working under extreme difficulties, as it was very dark. I had unfortunately broken the lever of my sending key just after the lights went out, but eventually managed all right by holding the broken lever with one hand and sending with the other.

The Dead Discovered.

Then came the first respite I had had since the force of the crash had hurled me from my bunk. It was now getting light, and with the first streaks of dawn I was enabled to look about me and comprehend the damage that had been wrought, together with the extreme peril of our position. This was more vividly brought home to me when, glancing at the floor just outside my wrecked cabin, I saw the mangled bodies of two passengers. The light was not strong enough for me to make out who they were or whether they were the bodies of men or women, but both were mangled beyond recognition, and for the first time I knew that human lives had been sacrificed in the crash of the fog-bound ships.

Capt. Sealby was on the bridge all this time, but soon after I discovered the bodies lying near me Dr. Marsh came along, and, after examining the bodies, announced that both had been killed outright. Blankets were stretched over the two still forms, and a little later they were laid in coffins. It was not until a roll call had been made that the identity of the dead was established.

Sick with the horror of the scene that had been enacted before my very eyes, I was indeed grateful for the brief respite that followed. I drew on my boots and a waistcoat, and was lucky enough to find an apple and some water at hand, but it was bitterly cold in the cabin, for a stiff breeze was blowing through the splintered woodwork, and then, too, the blinding fog filtered all about me, chilling me to the marrow. I was soon busy again, however, and once more in communication with the Siasconsett station, doing my utmost to locate the Baltic. I could hear the Baltic's wireless signals as they were being flashed to shore, but my disabled spark was too weak to reach the Baltic's operator.

Just as the Florida returned to us the Baltic began to pick up my signals, and from then on I was kept busy notifying that ship of our position, and from that time forward it was a steady interchange of messages between Tattersall and Baltic, the Baltic's operators, and myself.

The passengers were successfully transferred to the Florida, and not a single mishap occurred to mar this perilous work. The fog lifted for a few minutes shortly before noon on Saturday, and I happened to look out at that moment and saw the Florida with her bows gone, almost to the bridge, the majority of her remaining plates forward of the bridge being in ribbons and twisted beyond recognition.

About 2 o'clock I realized for the first time that I was hungry and Douglas, my steward, who had been running to and from the bridge all morning with messages for and from the Captain, was able to get a bite of food and a cup of coffee for me, which I devoured while sending and

receiving messages.

The Lorraine Gets in Touch.

Early in the afternoon the Lorraine was able to read us, and we began to give her steering directions, but it was very difficult for her navigator to find us on account of the blanket of fog that enveloped the sea. The hours of the afternoon dragged slowly, and they were filled with anxiety for the Captain and all on board. Darkness set in early, superinduced, of course, by the thick weather. The most anxious hour of the day was at about 6 o'clock in the evening, when Capt. Sealby heard, only faintly, the explosion of a bomb in the far distance. He at once communicated with me, and I made inquiries, learning that the Baltic had been exploding bombs in an effort to apprise us of her whereabouts. We, too, had been exploding bombs, but exhausted our supply, and from now on had nothing but our almost exhausted and fast-weakening wireless apparatus to which we could pin our hopes of rescue.

The Baltic then informed me that she had but a solitary bomb left, and arranged with us that this would be exploded at a certain moment. This was done, and as we heard the faint rumble there was no further doubt in our minds that the Baltic would soon find us as we tossed about, marooned, as it were, in the fog, and not knowing how long we could remain afloat.

Capt. Sealby took the direction from which the sound came, and so I was then able to give the Baltic Capt. Sealby's orders as to what course the sister ship was to steer to reach us.

These steering directions Capt. Sealby changed at times in accordance with the change of sound direction, and a little later we heard the Baltic's fog horn blowing faintly, and this increased in volume as she lessened the distance between us. Occasionally we fired rockets, but they could not be seen through the fog, although a little later the Baltic's siren was heard so plainly that we knew the ship was close by. Realizing this, Capt. Sealby issued orders that the Baltic be told to proceed as carefully as possible, as she was now too close on our port side to be safe.

The Baltic at Hand at Last.

I had just communicated this message when I heard a cheer, and I at once realized that these sounds of rejoicing could not come from our men, as only Capt. Sealby, the officers, myself, and the crew were aboard our ship, and they were all busily engaged in standing by the boats. Looking aft through my splintered cabin I made out the Baltic quite near the stern of our ship, the fog having again lifted somewhat. She was a blaze of light, and as I sat there in my little cabin the thought occurred to me that the most beautiful sight in the world is a ship at sea, especially when that ship is needed to supply a link between life and death. Time and again it occurred to me, as I worked away in feverish haste, a mere machine voicing the words of our gallant Captain who so heroically watched over the safety of those who had entrusted their lives to him, that the end was near; that it was only a question of how long the ship could withstand the wound that pierced her very vitals, and I had practically resigned myself to the fate that every seafaring man has before him at some time in his career. I never expected to see New York again, and as I sit here writing this narrative it all comes back to me like a terrible nightmare.

We were now apparently settling fast, and Capt. Sealby sent this message to me for the Baltic:

Come to our leeward and take up our boats. Have Lorraine and Lucania convoy the Florida.

This message concluded with the words: 'Wireless now closed.'

The Captain then sent word to me to come forward from my cabin as soon as I had sent the message off. Reporting to the Captain, I was told to take to the boats with the officers and the crew, who were about to be transferred to the Baltic. By that time the weather had cleared to a considerable extent, but a heavy swell was running. After a stiff pull we reached the

Baltic, whose people gave the heartiest kind of a cheer as we came alongside. Our sailors were about to respond to the welcome when Mr. Williams, the second officer, who was at the tiller, said: ‘Now, my hearties, steady. Keep cool and let them see us come up in good style!’ And, without a word, we ran in alongside the gangway.

As soon as all the sailors and officers were aboard, with the exception of Capt. Sealby, Chief Officer Crossland, the boatswain, and a boat’s crew, who were standing by the ship, Capt. Sealby megaphoned to Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, asking him to go to the assistance of the Florida, and leave me, as I am all right.’

Perilous Transfer Successful.

When the Baltic came alongside of the Florida, the Baltic’s and Republic’s officers and sailors, using the Republic’s boats, began to transfer the passengers from the disabled Florida to the Baltic. This task was extremely difficult and perilous, as there was a heavy swell running, with the sea momentarily increasing, causing the boats to bump violently against the gangway. The greatest difficulty had was in inducing the women passengers to leap at the right moment.

Upward of 2,000 people were transferred during the night, and the greatest credit is due to our officers and seamen for the magnificent and cool manner in which they conducted this most arduous undertaking, as it was only their strenuous and unceasing efforts that prevented loss of life. “Cowards”? Not a bit of it! Never, and I mean it absolutely, was there a braver lot of men whose courage was put to the most crucial test. They came through the trying ordeal with colors flying, and reflected wonderful credit upon that most splendid and bravest of masters, Capt. Sealby.

Our officers and crew had no sleep Saturday night. I was more fortunate, having snatched a few hours’ rest in one of the cabins. The following morning the Florida (she had a very perceptible list to port Saturday night) had righted herself somewhat and her Captain apparently had decided to go to New York without assistance.

The Baltic steamed back to the Republic, and Capt. Sealby shouted across asking for volunteers to go and stand by the Republic. The officers, many sailors, a cook, and one or two stewards, including Chief Steward Stanyar and the second class chief steward, the saloon steward, and myself, all went over, which, including the Captain, who had remained aboard all night, made thirty-eight of us all told.

Arriving on board, I tested my wireless apparatus, found it to be all right, and so reported the same to the Captain, who at once made wireless inquiries for the tugs that had been sent to our assistance.

By this time the Furnessia had arrived and had been standing by; then the Florida came alongside of the Republic, remaining there as a safeguard for those of us left on our ship, and the Baltic took up her journey to New York with her tremendous burden of human freight. As she steamed by our stern, where our Captain and officers had assembled, every living soul aboard the Baltic gave us a hearty cheer.

After seeing the Baltic vanish from view, I bethought me of my wrecked cabin, and later, nailing up some blankets around the rent sides. I soon made it more habitable, and was able to keep sheltered from the chill air. Once more I was ready for business.

The volunteer cook had prepared us a meal, and this we had just partaken of when the revenue cutter Gresham arrived. She took one of our lines on board, and, steaming ahead, commenced to tow us, with the Furnessia attached by two lines to our stern, to steer us.

Ordered to Abandon Ship.

At about 4 o’clock Sunday afternoon we had shipped so much water that Capt. Sealby decided to order the crew to the boats, and transfer them to the Gresham. I had put a box of cigarettes at my side, so that in case we left in a hurry I could snatch them up, but so unexpectedly did the order come that I forgot to take them, and, being somewhat addicted to the tobacco habit, and with nothing to smoke, my pangs became more and more acute as night wore on.

One of the officers then ordered me to the boat, Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams remaining on the fast-setting Republic.

This time we were taken aboard the Gresham. Reaching across the stern of the Gresham were two steel hawsers, which were attached to the Republic’s bows. Capt. Perry then ordered that a nine-inch rope hawser be attached to that end of the steel hawser, and then paid out until the rope was wrapped around the bit of the Gresham. An axe was laid alongside of the rope hawser, so that in case the Republic settled further or sunk the rope could be cut, and thus free the Gresham. A boat was lying alongside the Gresham, ready to rescue Capt. Sealby and Williams in case it was necessary.

At about 5 o’clock the derelict destroyer Seneca, under command of Capt. Reynolds, came along, and put a line aboard the Gresham and helped the latter tow the Republic. Two hours later we missed the lights of the Furnessia. At 8 o’clock a signal was sent up from the Republic and the Gresham’s hawser was severed. The crew was in the lifeboat, and the searchlight was playing upon the spot almost before the rest of us, who were standing around, could realize it. We caught one fleeting glimpse of the poor Republic’s bows, which were shown up by the searchlight. After that we saw no more of her.

Cheers for Sealby and Williams.

A heavy sea was running and every man standing on the Gresham’s quarterdeck was straining his eyes to follow the movements of the little boat that was casting about in search of Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams. On account of the high sea running we could not make anything out, and it was an anxious time we spent until we finally hailed her and learned that Capt. Sealby and Williams were safe. Rousing cheers were given, and it was with the heartiest of warm welcomes that we received the two men on board who had last trod the decks of the Republic.

The officers of the Gresham and the Seneca are men and sailors in every sense of the word, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon them for the part they played in the stirring incidents that have just closed, and the treatment they accorded us while under their care.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Here is my tribute to the hero of the hour:

JOHNNY BINNS.

We were wrapped in fog and sleep, All was calm upon the deep, With not thought of threatening danger or of woe; But the hour was fraught with peril, (Off Nantucket, bleak and sterile), For the souls that slumbered peacefully below.

From the murk below appeared, Struck us full; we trembled, reared — The Republic tossed a wreck upon the wave.

Yet that instant, God above, In His all-abounding love, Sought and found a hero ready there to save.

Johnny Binns, Binns, Binns, Let our dear old globe forever as it spins, To all nations flash the fame And the plain old English name Of the hero of the shipwreck, Johnny Binns.

DENIS R. O’BRIEN. Brooklyn, Jan. 20, 1909.

CAPT. SEALBY TELLS OF REPUBLIC’S LOSS

Gives a Thrilling Account of His Escape as His Vessel Plunged to the Bottom.

LIONIZED AT THE PIER

Enthusiastic Sailors Carry Him on Their Shoulders and Woman Tries to Kiss Him—Second Officer’s Story.

Capt. Inman Sealby, the commander of the lost White Star liner Republic, and his second officer, Lieut. R. J. Williams, came ashore from the United States derelict destroyer Seneca yesterday morning. The now famous skipper modestly received the plaudits of a cheering crowd, among whom were two score of his own seamen, and later told the story of that thrilling last night on the Republic.

Capt. Sealby was received on his landing as a hero, and despite his energetic protests the enthusiastic sailors insisted on parading up and down the White Star pier at the foot of West Tenth Street, bearing on their shoulders the commander they had so willingly served under through all the dangers the Republic met.

Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams, together with forty-eight of the crew of the Republic, had passed the night on the derelict destroyer Seneca off Stapleton, S.I., and early yesterday morning they all boarded the revenue cutter Manhattan and came up to New York, landing at the pier from which the Republic sailed last week on what was to be her last voyage. As the Manhattan, with Capt. Sealby and his men and Binns, the Marconi operator on board, came into sight the crowd on the White Star pier began a demonstration of enthusiasm over the efforts of Capt. Sealby to save his ship.

“See the Conquering Hero Comes.”

Those of the Republic’s sailors and firemen who had been brought to New York on the Baltic were there, besides about 200 other persons, who wanted to join in the welcome to the men who had stuck to the sinking Republic until the last minute. There was no band, and the music, if such it may be called, was furnished by a bugle that was blown by the Republic’s own official bugler. This man, still wearing the few clothes that were all he had been able to save, trumpeted what sounded like “See the Conquering Hero Comes” as the Manhattan steamed into sight, and as the cutter neared the slip he switched off to “For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow.” While everybody else was cheering and waving hats in welcome to the skipper, who, with moistened eyes, was looking down upon the crowd from the pilot house of the Manhattan.

When the Manhattan was made fast to the pier and those on board began coming ashore the cheering became riotous, and amid the noise could be heard cries of “Where’s the skipper?” and “Bring out the Captain,” and so on. Finally, after a dozen or so of the sailors …
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… had landed. Capt. Sealby, still wearing the cap he had on when he jumped into the water from the bridge of the sinking liner, came ashore. His face was as red as fire.

“Please don’t; I appreciate it all so much, but not now,” said the lost Republic’s commander as a big fireman stepped forward with cap in hand, and before the skipper knew what was up he was on the shoulders of his men, who fairly danced, shouting all the time, up the pier with him on his shoulders.

Somebody shouted “Speech!” but the Captain drew the line there. “Thank you,” was all the speech that the crowd could get out of him. The demonstration lasted ten minutes, the Captain making good-natured efforts to get away and looking very much embarrassed when the enthusiastic

sailors let him go.

Sealby’s Thrilling Story.

On the way up the bay Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams talked with the reporters about that last watch on the bridge of the Republic. The skipper talked first:

“Burn the Blue Lights.”

“We could tell it was coming,” he said slowly, "and when we realized that at last the time to desert the Republic was close at hand Williams and I just stood there and waited. We knew it was not to be a long wait. Suddenly we heard a rumbling and then a cracking sound aft and the stern of the Republic began to go down rapidly.

"I turned to Williams and said, ‘Well, old man, what do you think about it?’

"I have an idea it won’t be a long race now,’ Williams answered, ‘and when you are ready I am.’

"‘Burn the blue lights,’ I said, and then, as a signal to the Gresham that it was time to cut the hawsers that bound her to the Republic, I fired five shots into the air from my revolver. That was the beginning of the last few minutes of the Republic. ‘Take to the fore rigging, get as high as possible,’ I shouted to Williams.

"From the bridge deck to the saloon deck, both of us carrying blue lights, Williams and I ran. When we got to the saloon deck the water was already coming over that deck fast, and we could see the stern sinking rapidly. The incline of the deck, as we ran forward, becoming so steep that we began to slip with every step forward.

"About that time I saw Williams for the last time on the Republic. He was hanging on to the port rail, and dim as was the light, I saw he was as game as ever. I took to the fore rigging and climbed up about 100 feet. In my pocket was a blue light, and I took it out, but it would not go off. There was still one more shell in my pistol, however, and I fired that.

"Down, down, down went the Republic, and soon she was entirely submerged. A moment later I was in the water. I wore my greatcoat, and the air getting under that made it support me, while the binoculars, the revolver, and the cartridges that were in my pockets acted as a sort of ballast, so to speak. The water around me by this time was seething and roaring, due to the suction caused by the Republic as she sank, and several times I was carried down, only to be churned back to the surface again. My greatcoat had become a perilous burden instead of a support, and I tried to get it off, but it could not be done. Fortunately there was much debris around, and I found a stout piece of lumber, and to this I made fast as best I could.

Guides Rescuers by Pistol Shots.

"All this time the powerful searchlights on the Seneca and the Gresham were playing around me. I fumbled in my pocket and got out my pistol, and then I got a cartridge and put it in the cylinder. I had no idea it would go off, but it did. Finally, the searchlights located the place where the Republic had gone down. The life crews of the Gresham and the Seneca were looking for us all this time, and were, of course, being guided by the searchlights. It seemed as if they would never find me, and once more I got out my revolver and fired, and once again, to my surprise, the cartridge exploded.

"I was getting numb now, and knew that I could not hold out for a very long time while in the water. It was a thing white in the water. My strength was going fast, and I was chilled to the bone, yet, I managed to wave that towel, and maybe that was what saved my life, for a few minutes later a lifeboat, under command of Gunner Johansen of the Gresham, came up, and Johansen, a big, strapping sailor of the type that does your heart good to see, picked me up and laid me in the bottom of his boat. A few minutes later I was safe on the Gresham. I was

almost ins, too.

Silent About the Collision.

Capt. Sealby refused to discuss in any way the collision with the Florida. The owners of the White Star Line, he said, were the people who would give out the information, if any was given out, about the collision. But for his officers and men and for the United States vessels and the anchor-liner Furnessia, he had much praise to give. Of the Seneca, the only vessel of her type afloat, a vessel built to destroy obstacles to navigation, and to assist vessels in distress, Capt. Sealby said she was one of the finest vessels he had ever seen. While as for her crew a better one, he added, does not sail the seas.

His Men and Binns.

“The derelict destroyer Seneca,” he said, “has proved beyond all doubt the necessity of such a vessel. Some day I hope other nations will own vessels of that type. And then there was the wireless. Such men as Binns — and Binns stuck to his post despite the fact that his cabin was almost carried away — do work that is invaluable. Then the work of the crews that transferred the passengers.”

That kind of work was never done better than it was on Saturday. At no time did I have any doubt of my men. I knew they would never fail me, and they didn’t. To the mad passengers is also due great credit for the way they acted in the emergency. In fact, everybody did his or her part.

That was all the skipper had to say, and he turned to where Williams, who was puffing at his pipe, was standing and nodded. Then Williams told the story as it had impressed him. Williams had listened intently to all his skipper had said, and he endeavored with good success to tell some of the things that Capt. Sealby forgot about.

Second Officer Williams’s Escape.

“When the Republic was sinking,” he said, "and the rail was near the waterline, Capt. Sealby climbed up the rigging and I went over the rail. I hung on the rail with my elbows and I could see the Captain clamber up the mast with the agility of a monkey. Searchlights from three vessels were playing on us, and one light was kept on the Captain. Finally, it was turned away and he was lost to view to me. The ship was sinking fast, and the stern commenced to settle first. The bow was pointed up in the air, and the Republic lay nearly on edge. She is 100 fathoms long, and with her stern down it impressed me that it had struck the bottom before she disappeared. I am fairly sure that the stern did strike bottom, as it seemed to hold for a moment as though resting. Then there was a violent roar and a jar, and down went the bow. It is my impression that the Republic split in two amidships, logged, as we call it, as she sank. When I felt her part I released my hold on the rail and was pitched into the water.

"I think I fell about forty feet, and I struck the water legs downward. I am a good swimmer, and fearing that the great suction caused by the sinking of the boat might draw me under the water, I struck out swimming backward, after ripping off my overcoat. I managed to get clear of the ship before the suction could catch me, and the suction was weaker than I imagined it would be. When the water closed over the vessel there seemed to be a great hole in the water and there was a roar like thunder. By this time I was thirty feet off, and the water appeared white and foamy. I swam for quite a time until I came across a grating hatch floating in the water. It was about five feet by three, and I seized hold of it. After resting for a moment I tried to climb on the hatch, but it capsized each time, and I finally became exhausted and gave up the effort. I had been clinging to it for a few moments when I saw another hatch of the same size floating some feet away and, holding on the first hatch, I struck out with one arm until I had reached the other. I then kept myself above water by holding myself between the hatches with my legs hanging down in the water.

"Suddenly I saw a light, and I knew that a search was being made for me and Capt. Sealby, for it was known that when the Republic sunk we were the only men aboard her.

"I heard three pistol shots, and I knew that they had been fired by Capt. Sealby. I learned later that he had fired the signals from his pistol. He also had been supporting himself in the water by the aid of a hatch.

"I had been in the water probably twenty-five minutes, when I saw a lifeboat approaching and I shouted to its crew. When the boat had reached me and I was quickly hauled into her and put on a seat in the stern.

Directs the Search for Sealby.

"I told the crew that I heard three shots fired, and pointing to the direction from which the shots came, I directed the crew to make haste to see if Capt. Sealby had managed to keep afloat. After a time, I don't know just how long, we found him clinging to a hatch, and two of the crew seized him under the shoulders and lifted him into the boat. After a moment he saw me, and with tears in his eyes embraced me and said, 'Williams, you were game to the last.' It was the first sign of emotion he had displayed.

Before the Republic sank Capt. Sealby and I were on the bridge. When I found that the vessel would soon be entirely submerged, I descended to the pantry, and groping about in the darkness I managed to get hold of some cake and marmalade. This was at 6 o'clock. I returned to the bridge, and Capt. Sealby and I spread the marmalade on the cake with our fingers and ate all of it. It was the best meal I ever remember eating.

Several women who were aboard the Republic at the time of the disaster congratulated Capt. Sealby, and one woman in particular tried to put her arms around his neck. The Captain bashfully avoided her, however.

"Captain, you did splendidly," she exclaimed.

"And so did every one of you," replied Capt. Sealby.

When the demonstration on the pier ended Capt. Sealby, Williams, and Binns, the wireless operator went to the White Star Line offices. There Capt. Sealby made the official report of the accident. The line would not make it public. There was another mild demonstration at the office, and it was plain to see that Inman Sealby is still considered a splendid seaman there. Capt. Sealby refused to make any additional statements to the newspapers at the line's office.

"When I get the proper permission to talk," he said, "maybe I will tell you something else. Until that time you must excuse me."

Capt. Sealby will remain in New York several days, perhaps a week, and will then proceed, it was said, to Liverpool, where he will appear before the British maritime authorities for examination in the inquiry to establish the cause and fix the blame for the loss of the Republic.

In a long conference at the White Star Line offices yesterday afternoon Capt. Sealby gave a complete history of the loss of the Republic to Vice President Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine. At the close of the conference it was said a statement would probably be given out to-day.

It was said yesterday that one result of the accident was the immediate revision of Capt. Sealby's blessing as a master of the transatlantic passenger trade. Under the rules of the British Board of Trade, where vessels are lost, the masters' their licenses are suspended pending the outcome of the inquiry that always follows. That does not mean that Capt. Sealby will of necessity lose his master's certificate. If he is found blameless his status in the

merchant marine will be the same as before the accident.

THE QUESTION OF INSURANCE.

White Star Fund Carried Bulk of Its Risk—Passengers' Losses Heavy.

Marine insurance companies will be called upon to stand little and eventually perhaps none of the loss resulting from the Republic disaster, according to information obtained yesterday. On the other hand, the loss to those companies which carried risks on the Florida may be very heavy, for if the responsibility for causing the collision is finally laid against the Florida the underwriters of the Florida will be called upon to pay to the full extent of their risks.

The Florida's insurance was placed part in Italian and part in British companies, and, so far as could be learned yesterday, no American companies had risks upon her of any considerable amount. Marine insurance men here yesterday were disposed to estimate the value of the Republic at $1,500,000. Of this amount $1,000,000 was carried through the insurance fund of the White Star Line itself, and the balance was distributed in small amounts through six or eight companies.

The actual damage to the Florida is not estimated at over $50,000 or $75,000 at the most, and, with cargo damage added in, the total would not probably be in excess of $100,000. It happens, curiously, that the Republic's cargo damage will also be small. She sailed from this port with about $40,000 of Government supplies on board, bound for the home-coming Atlantic fleet, and with practically no other cargo of consequence.

The loss of personal effects suffered by the Republic's passengers will, according to the estimates of well-informed marine insurance men, be for the 360 passengers from $250,000 to $300,000. Little insurance was carried on this personalty. The liability of the White Star Line is limited on the majority of its tickets to a small amount—say $100—on personal property, so that recovery does not lie in that direction. In the event that the responsibility for the collision is placed upon the Florida, this loss for personalty will have the same standing as any other claim for the destruction of property in the disaster.

At the White Star offices yesterday, when an inquiry was made as to the chances of the passengers in recovering, in part at least, the value of their lost property, the statement was made by an official that the losses will have to be borne by the passengers themselves, and that the line is not responsible save in the event that the Admiralty courts decide that the Republic was responsible, even in part, for the collision. In that case there might be a different result.

What amount of the passage money will be returned to those who do not care to resume the cruise has not yet been determined. It was said yesterday that this might be 40 per cent. of the passage money. The steerage passengers are understood to be anxious to resume the voyage and they will go out on the next liner owned by the International Mercantile Marine that sails from New York.

OFFICIAL STORY OF THE FLORIDA

Prepared at Office of Counsel, It Says the Republic Was Going at High Speed.

DENIES ERROR WAS MADE

The Rumor That the Captain Struck the Quartermaster Declared False—White Star Makes No Reply.

C. B. Richards & Co. of 31 and 33 Broadway, the New York agents of the Italian liner Florida, after a long consultation yesterday with their lawyers, Wallace, Butler & Brown of 54 Wall Street, in which consultation Capt. Ruspini of the Florida participated, gave out a statement in which it was declared that when the Republic first became visible to the officers of the

Florida, immediately preceding the collision, the White Star liner was crossing the bow of the Florida at a high rate of speed. The Florida, it was said by the agents, was proceeding slowly and had signaled that her engines were going astern.

It was rumored soon after the Baltic arrived on Monday that the accident was due to the fact that a quartermaster of the Italian liner, when ordered to put the helm hard to starboard, lost his head and turned the wheel in the opposite direction, and that the collision was directly due to this mistake of the quartermaster. This report Richards & Co. absolutely deny and they declare that every officer and man on the Florida did his part properly and in a way creditable to the line. Here is the statement:

"The circumstances of the collision between the Republic and the Florida were as follows:

The Florida had experienced fog at intervals for some hours before the collision, and a dense fog existed at the time of the collision. The Florida had been proceeding at moderate speed, blowing her fog whistle frequently.

The Captain and chief officer were in charge of her navigation on the bridge and a quartermaster was at the wheel, and the lookout was doubled on account of the fog. The Florida was proceeding slowly when the fog whistles of another steamer, which afterward proved to be the Republic, were heard by the officers and lookouts of the Florida off the starboard bow of the Italian steamer.

The engines of the Florida were reversed and two signals of three whistles each were blown, indicating that the engines were going astern; the collision nevertheless took place, the bow of the Florida striking the port side of the Republic somewhat aft of midships, causing serious damage to both steamers.

When the Republic became visible in the fog she was crossing the bow of the Florida from starboard to port, and running at a high rate of speed. The helm of the Florida was promptly put to starboard, hoping to swing the bow of the Italian steamer to starboard and to assist in avoiding the dangerous collision. The other steamer was, however, running so fast that the vessels collided.

It was afterward ascertained that the steamer which collided with the Florida was the Republic of the White Star Line. The collision occurred some distance southeast of Nantucket Lightship, about 5:45 A.M., Saturday, the 23rd of January, 1909.

The statements which have appeared in some of the papers to the effect that there was any misunderstanding of orders on the bridge of the Florida are not true. The orders given by the Captain were promptly and properly obeyed. The seaman whose head was bandaged was asleep at the time of the collision, was not on duty, and was, therefore, not the quartermaster at the wheel.

No criticism whatever is made by the Captain or any of the officers against any member of the crew of the Florida. The Captain and officers are satisfied that every man did his duty. There is no foundation whatever for the story that any member of the crew was struck or reprimanded by the Captain or any of the officers.

After the collision occurred, and after the Florida had ascertained the extent of her own injuries, she rendered such assistance as lay in her power to the Republic and her passengers.

When a copy of the Richards statement was taken to the White Star office and sent up to the officials of that line the answer came back that the White Star Line would have no reply to make at this time. When one of the officials was asked if he did not think that some of the statements made required an answer he only nodded his head and said, “Nothing to say.”

Richards & Co. also refused to amplify the statement in any way. Its preparation occupied four hours.

The Florida, which arrived here Monday, remained at her pier in Brooklyn yesterday. In a few days she will be towed to some shipyard to be repaired.

WIRELESS FOR ALL STEAMERS.

The Produce Exchange Favors It and Praises Both Captains.

The sinking of the Republic was officially taken notice of by the Produce Exchange yesterday. The Exchange adopted these resolutions:

Resolved, That in view of the recent disaster to the steamship Republic, in collision with the steamship Florida, and the important aid rendered in that emergency by the wireless telegraphy, the Board of Managers of the New York Produce Exchange hereby declare themselves heartily in favor of such international legislation as will compel the equipment of all ocean-going passenger steamers with systems of wireless telegraphy.

The recent disaster to the steamship Republic is an accident that we all deplore, but the large loss of property is in great measure offset by the deep feeling of thankfulness that it was attended by the loss of so few lives.

As the New York Produce Exchange is deeply interested in all matters pertaining to maritime affairs, be it

Resolved, That we express our admiration and appreciation of the splendid seamanship of the Captain, officers, and crew of the steamship Republic; the steamship Florida, its officers and crew, in standing by and rescuing the passengers of the Republic, although almost in a sinking condition herself; the Baltic, and other steamers that so promptly responded to the call for help, and the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy that gave the quick and complete information of needed succor and relief.

CHARGES FOR WIRELESS.

Differences Between Marconi Co. and Steamship Lines Being Adjusted.

The publication yesterday of the statement that there is a possibility of the wireless apparatus being removed from many of the ocean liners as a result of a disagreement between the Marconi company and certain of the transatlantic lines over the matter of rental attracted a great deal of attention among those interested in ocean travel, but inquiry proved it to be without foundation.

Some misunderstanding had arisen, it is true, over the statement by one of the Marconi officials that it had been found necessary to charge a fixed rental for the apparatus installed on certain ships to prevent a loss to the company. John Bottomley, Vice President and general manager of the Marconi system, declared last night, however, that there is absolutely no likelihood whatever of the apparatus being removed from any of the transatlantic ships. The matter has been adjusted amicably to all concerned in several instances, he said, and there is no doubt that the fixing of the amount of rental with those lines that have not already settled the matter will be straightened out in a short time.

"The plan followed is this: We put in the apparatus, pay the salaries of the operators, and transmit official messages free of charge, the steamship companies furnishing the electric current, accommodations and board for the operators, and turning over the tolls for private messages to us. On many of the boats we have been able to make this thing pay satisfactorily in tolls; but the Florida, which was not fitted with wireless, is a good example…

LIFE-SAVING DEVICE LAWS WERE OBEYED

Both Companies Observed Rules, Foreign and American, as to Equipment.

SMALL BOATS REQUIRED

But Ships Are Not Compelled to Carry Enough for All on Board.

The question of the adequacy of life-saving equipment aboard ocean liners looms more than ever large since the Republic disaster, but the agents of the chief lines gave assurance that every possible precaution is being taken to provide against every emergency that may arise.

According to the maritime regulations, which are approximately the same in all the principal countries, it is not necessary that there shall be enough lifeboats to carry all of the passengers and crew at the same time. The capacity of the boats is figured not upon the number of passengers and crew a vessel is permitted to carry, but upon the vessel’s gross tonnage. The Baltic, for instance, has a gross tonnage of 23,876, which requires a life-saving capacity of 14,220 cubic feet. Officials of the line said yesterday that in fact the capacity of the boats, rigid and collapsible, and of the life rafts of several approved types, considerably exceed the ratio required by the certificate of inspection.

“In regard to the complaint of a passenger on the Baltic, which has been called to our attention,” said a White Star official, speaking for General Manager Thomas, "that the vessel is not sufficiently provided with lifeboats, the facts are very far from being as this man states them. He said we have only eighteen lifeboats, whereas we have more than twice that number. He failed to see the collapsible boats piled beneath the regulation boats, I guess, which take up comparatively little room, but would serve the same purpose as the other boats if they were needed.

Gustav H. Schwab, American representative of the North German Lloyd line, said:

"The lifeboat equipment on the steamships of the North German Lloyd Line consists of lifeboats, semi-collapsible lifeboats and life rafts. This equipment conforms to the requirements of the German, the American and the British passenger laws and regulations, and as many boats and rafts are carried as there is deck room for without interfering with the space necessary for the management of the steamer and the proper working of the boats in time of emergency.

“The hydraulic apparatus for closing the watertight bulkhead doors on the steamships of the North German Lloyd is worked daily during the voyage to insure the proper functioning of the doors in the case of need.”

Emil L. Boas, resident director and general manager of the Hamburg-American Line, declared that every possible precaution to insure the safety and protection of passengers had been taken by the company.

“In the first instance,” he said, "the steamers of the Hamburg-American line are equipped with every device which has been conceded to be of practical value, such as double bottoms, regular and collapsible lifeboats, hydraulic system for closing watertight doors, and system for detecting and smothering flames by means of forcing sulphuric acid gas into burning compartments, submarine signal bells, including, of course, sufficient life preservers to provide one for every person on board, as well as the customary rockets, signals, life belts, etc.

“Every passenger steamer of this company is equipped with a wireless telegraph apparatus. Some of the systems installed have a range of 2,000 miles.”

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At the Canard line offices it was said that water tight bulkheads depended upon more as story devices nowadays. than any number of lifeboats and life rafts. Since the wonderful illustration of the efficiency of wireless telegraphy this too, will depended upon to a great extent.

No Lack of Life-Saving Devices, Says Uhler.

WASHINGTON. Jan. 27. — Supervising Inspector-General George Uhler, of the United States Steamboat Inspection SerVice, said to-day:

“We have hot been Informed of any lack of adequate life-saving apparatus on any of he big liners. With special reference to the Republic and Florida we do know that at the time they were last inspected all the regulations had been observed. In the case of the public, as she is a British vessel. our inspection would be in the nature of the verification of the facts laid forth in her certificate of inspection from the British Admiralty’s Bureau of Inspection. Great Britain Is one of the nations with which the United States maintains reciprocal relations in these matters.”

Mrs. Lynch Had $10,000 Accident Policy.

BOSTON, Jan. 27. — Less than week ago Mrs. Eugene Lynch, who was killed on the Republic, took out accident policy for $10,000 through Boston agent. Husband and wife, now being dead, the claim becomes an asset of the estate.

REPUBLIC SAVED FROM BLOWING UP BY NEW HERO

Captain Sealby, Second Officer Williams and Wireless Operator Binns were not the only heroes on the sinking Republic. To their names must be added that of Fourth Engineer J. G. Legg.

It was learned today that Legg, a Glasgow boy of twenty-four, was chiefly responsible for the saving of the Republic from a tremendous explosion. Had he been derelict in his duty not six or seven, but perhaps six or seven hundred might have lost their lives in the crash of the White Star liner with the Italian ship Florida.

Late at night, when passengers and principal officers were asleep, young Legg was on duty in the engine room. Under his command, shoveling coal into the stokeholes were sixteen of the “black squad," stokers and trimmers.

Danger of Explosion.

When the crash came, W. L. Scott, first assistant engineer, was asleep in his bunk. He shouted:

"Oh. Leggie!”

A moment later he ran to the door overlooking the stokehole, attired grotesquely in blue pajamas and a tennis blazer.

"Make her right, Leggie! he yelled.

Young Legg, glancing at the indicators, saw that the Republic was carrying 215 pounds of steam. He realized that If the cold sea water poured in against the plates of the boiler a terrible explosion was Inevitable.

“Turn on the Injectors!“ ordered the young Scotchman.

By this time the water had come pouring into the Republic’s stokehole until it surged around the waist lines of her boiler crew. But not a single man deserted.

Four or five of the “black squad" sprang for the injector cocks, and an Instant later a stream of cold water reduced the boiler pressure by many pounds A second order come from the cool Mr. Legg.

"Close the dampers!” he said.

Others Deserving Credit.

This was done, and by the time the water swirled around the necks of the “black squad” the sixteen men who had stuck to their posts while the deck men and officers above were doing the spectacular things, the steam pressure had been reduced to a point where no incoming water, no matter how chilled, could have caused the boilers to burst.

Young Legg was not the only one deserving of credit, although he did most of the actual work. The crash that sounded when the Florida’s bow burst through the side plates the of the Republic awakened from their bunks Chief Engineer James McGowan, Second Engineer Willam Scott, Third engineer John Tully and the fourth, fifth and sixth assistants, Smethurst, Jenkins and Richardson. Every man of Them ran down into the steam-clouded boiler room.

In less than live minutes they had done everything possible.

BINNS ALLED HELP FOR THE REPUBLIC WITH BROKEN KEY

Wireless Operator Held Broken Lever With One Hand While He Flashed the “C. Q. D.” Message Out With the Other.

By far the most graphic description of the wreck of the White Star liner Republic was told today in an article from the pen of “Jack” Binns, the wireless operator, to whom every man, woman and child on the Republic probably owes life.

Binns Is a modest hero. He doesn’t think he has done more than any other man who is paid for his services. His nerves are not in working order after his long siege in his small cabin on the Republic, when water was gurgling in the holds and the big sip was careening in the fog clouds off Nantucket. The act that he almost starved seems of little consequence to “Jack” Binns.

Binns is just an ordinary English lad with a faculty for being where there Is trouble. His home is in Petersburg suburb of London. He was On the Blucher close to Martinique when the city was wiped out by the volcano eruption, and recently, when the volcano eruption occurred in Southern Italy, he was on the Republic near Sicily.

The only pay he got from the White Star Line Company was one shilling a trip, which merely made him a member of the ship’s company. His only living salary came from the Marconi company.

Haven’t got cent, remarked the wireless operator when he landed in New York. Haven’t a cigarette either, he added.

Some man who was hovering near Binns gave him 10 cents. Another admirer supplied the cigarette. The admiration the young operator was getting drove him into embarrassment, and then into fight, and he went into seclusion to write the full story of the collision and the sinking of the Republic as he saw it. Here is his story:

"Jack” Binn’s Story.

I had just turned in for a few hours after the previous day’s work when the shock of the impact shook me out of my bunk. A crunching, ripping noise followed as the Florida’ bows crumpled up on our side. The panels and side of our cabin fell in, one panel being smashed to splinters, but fortunately the wireless apparatus was unhurt and remained standing.

I had a fear, however, that the aerial wires between the masts might been shaken down, so I hastily tested them, and most fortunately they still intact.

“My first impression was that we had ran ashore, which was strengthened when I peered through the interstices of the wrecked woodwork of my cabin and saw a dark object outside over which the sea was washing. This I took to be rock, but later found was Boat No. 15, which always swung out from the ship and which bad been torn from its davits.

Sounded the “C. Q. D."

Five minutes after the collision the lights all through the ship went out and we were in total darkness. I tried to make my way to the bridge in order to report to the captain that my gear was all right, but, unable to make my way through the wreckage. I returned to my wrecked cabin again. The dynamos being stopped greatly handicapped the working distance of our station, but the accumulators were in good condition, and so I immediately sounded the “C. Q. D.” signal, which announced to surrounding ships the peril of our position.

Just then the captain’s steward came to me from the bridge and piloted me through the debris. On the boat deck all the passengers were assembled, and the crew had already got the boats swung out, for, despite the darkness, everything was done in an orderly and smart manner.

Reassured the Passengers.

“I reported to Capt. Sealby that everything was all right with my wireless instruments, and he hastened to reassure the passengers, brave but anxious, with this most comforting bit of news.

“This having been done. I returned Immediately to my cabin and had the satisfaction of gaining the attention of our station at Siasconsett on Nantucket Island. This is the message flashed to A. H. Ginman, the operator there:

“’The Republic. We are shipwrecked. Stand by for captain’s message.’

“This was the answer that was immediately flashed back to us:

“AII right, old man. Where are you?’

"At this stage our chief officer came, and anxiously inquired if I had yet got in communication with anybody, and was greatly relieved to learn that Siasconsett had answered me. He at once hastened to the captain to convey this intelligence. Capt. Sealby then sent me this message for transmission:

Capt. Sealby’s Message.

“’Republic rammed by unknown steamer. Twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket Lightship. Badly in need of immediate assistance, but no danger to life. SEALBY.’

“Five minutes later Siasconsett informed me that he had sent for the revenue cutter Acushnet, then lying at Wood’s Hole, and that it was to proceed to assist us. Word had also been sent to the steamships Baltic, La Lorraine and City of Everett.

“I was now working under extreme difficulties, as it was very dark. I had unfortunately broken the lever of my sending key just after the lights went out, but eventually managed all right by holding the broken lever with one hand and sending with the other.

The Dead Discovered.

"Then came the first respite I had had since the force of the crash had hurled me from my bunk.

It was now getting light, and with the first streaks of dawn was enabled to look about me and comprehend he damage what had been wrought, together with the extreme peril of our position. This was more vividly brought home to me when, glancing at the floor just outside of my wrecked cabin, I saw the mangled bodies of two passengers. The light was not strong enough for me to make out who they were or whether they were the bodies of men or women, but both were mangled beyond recognition, and for the first time I knew that human lives had been sacrificed in the crash of the fogbound ships.

“Capt. Sealby was on the bridge all this time, but soon after I discovered the bodies lying near me Dr. Marsh came along, and after examining the bodies, announced that both bad been killed outright. Blankets were stretched over the two still forms, and a little later they were laid in coffins. It was not until a roll call had been made that the identity of the dead was established.

Horror of the Scene.

“Sick with the horror the scene it had been enacted before my very eyes, I was indeed grateful for the brief respite that followed. I drew on my boots, and a waistcoat, and was lucky enough to find an apple and some water at hand, but it was bitterly cold in the cabin, for a stiff breeze was blowing through the splintered woodwork, and then too, the blinding fog filtered all about me, chilling me to the marrow. I was soon busy again, once more in communication with the Siasconset station, doing my utmost to locate the Baltic. I could hear the Baltic’s wireless signals as they were flashed to shore, but my disabled spark was too weak to reach the Baltic’s operator.

Just as the Florida returned to us the Baltic began to pick up my signals, and from then on I was kept busy notifying that ship of our position, and from that time forward steady Interchange of messages between Tattersall and Balfour, the Baltic’s operators, and myself.

Transferred Without Mishap.

“The passengers were transferred to the Florida, and not a single mishap occurred to mar this perilous work. The fog lifted for few minutes shortly before noon on Saturday, and I happened to look out at that moment and saw the Florida with her bows gone, almost to the bridge, the majority of remaining plates remaining In ribbons and twisted beyond recognition.

"About 2 o’clock I realized for the first time that I was hungry, and Douglas, my steward, who had been running to and from the bridge all morning with messages for and from the captain, was able to get bite of food and a cup of coffee for me, which I devoured while sending and receiving messages.

The Lorraine Gets in Touch.

"Early in the afternoon the Lorraine was able to read us, and we began to give her steering directions, but it was very difficult for her navigator to find us on account of the blanket of fog that enveloped the sea. The hours of the afternoon dragged slowly, and they were filled with anxiety for the captain and all on board. Darkness set in early, superinduced, of course, by the thick weather. The most anxious hour of the day was at about 6 o’clock in the evening, when Capt. Sealby heard, only faintly, the explosion of a bomb in the far distance. He at once communicated with me, and made inquiries, learning that the Baltic had been exploding bombs in an effort to apprise us of her whereabouts. We, too, had been exploding bombs, but exhausted our supply, and from now on had nothing but our almost exhausted and fast-weakening wireless apparatus to which we could pin our hopes of rescue.

“The Baltic then informed me that she had but a solitary bomb left, and arranged with us that this would be exploded at a certain moment. This was done, and as we heard the faint rumble there was no further doubt in our minds that the Baltic would soon find us as we tossed about, marooned, as it were, in the fog, and not knowing how long we could remain afloat.

How Directions Were Given.

"Capt. Sealby took the direction from which the sound came, and so I was then able to give the Baltic Capt. Sealby's orders as to what course the sister ship was to steer to reach us.

"These steering directions Capt. Sealby changed at times in accordance with the change of sound direction, and a little later we heard the Baltic's fog horn blowing faintly, and this increased in volume as she lessened the distance between us. Occasionally we fired rockets, but they could not be seen through the fog, although a little later the Baltic's siren was heard so plainly that we knew the ship was close by. Realizing this, Capt. Sealby issued orders that the Baltic be told to proceed as carefully as possible, as she was now too close on our port side to be safe.

The Baltic at Hand at Last.

"I had just communicated this message when I heard a cheer, and I at once realized that these sounds of rejoicing could not come from our men, as only Capt. Sealby, the officers, myself and the crew were aboard our ship, and they were all busily engaged in standing by the boats, looking aft through my splintered cabin I made out the Baltic quite near the stern of our ship, the fog having again lifted somewhat. She was a blaze of light, and as sat there in my little cabin the thought occurred to me that the most beautiful sight in the world is a ship at sea, especially when that ship is needed to supply a link between life and death. Time and again it occurred to me as I worked away in feverish haste, a mere machine voicing the words of our gallant captain who so heroically watched over tho the safety of those who had entrusted their lives to him, that the end was near: that it was only a question of how long the ship could withstand the wound that pierced her very vitals, and I had practically resigned myself to the fate every seafaring man has before him at some time in his career. I never expected to see New York again, and as I sit here writing this narrative it all comes back to me like a terrible nightmare.

Settling Fast.

"we were now settling apparent fast, and Capt. Sealby sent this message to me for the Baltic:

Come to our leeward and take up our boats. Have Lorraine and Lucania convoy the Florida.

"'This message concluded with words: Wireless now closed.'

"The Captain then sent word to me to come forward from my cabin as soon as I had sent the message off. Reporting to the Captain, I was told to take the boats with the officers and the crew, who were about to be transferred to the Baltic. By that time the weather had cleared to a considerable extent, but a heavy swell was running. After a stiff pull we reached the Baltic, whose people gave the heartiest kind of a cheer as we came along side. Our sailors were about to respond to the welcome when Mr. Williams the second officer, who was at the tiller, said my hearties, steady. Keep cool let them see come up in good style." And, without a word, we ran in alongside the gangway.

As soon as all the sailors and officers were abound, with the exception of Capt. Sealby, Chief Officer Crossland, the boatswain, and a boat's crew, who were standing by the ship, Capt. Sealby megaphoned to Capt. Ranson, of the baltic, asking him to the assistance the Florida, and leave me, as I am all night.

Perilous Transfer Successful.

When the Baltic came alongside of the Florida the Baltic's and Republic's officers and sailors, using the Republic's boats, began to transfer the passengers from the disabled Florida to the Baltic. This task was extremely difficult and perilous, as there was heavy swell running, with

the sea momentarily Increasing, causing the bouts to bump violently against the gangway. The greatest difficulty had was inducing the women passengers to leap at the right moment.

“Upward of 2,00 people were transferred during the night, and the greatest credit Is due to our officers and seamen for the magnificent and cool manner In which they conducted this most arduous undertaking, as it was only their strenuous and unceasing efforts that prevented loss of life. Cowards? Not a bit of it! Never, and I mean it absolutely, was there a braver lot of men whose courage was put to the most crucial test. They came through the trying ordeal with colors flying, and reflected wonderful credit upon that most splendid and bravest of masters, Capt. Sealby.

“Our officers and crew had no sleep Saturday night. I was more fortunate, having snatched a few hours rest in one of the cabins. The following morning the Florida (she had a very perceptible list to port Saturday night) had righted herself somewhat and her Captain apparently had decided to go to New York without assistance.

Asked for Volunteers.

“The Baltic steamed back to the Republic, and Capt. Sealby shouted across asking for volunteers to go and stand by the Republic. The officers, many sailors, a cook, and one or two stewards, including Chief Steward Stanyar and the second class chief steward, the saloon steward, and myself, all went over, which, including the Captain, who had remained aboard all night, made thirty-eight of us all told.

“Arriving on board, I tested my wireless apparatus, found it to be all right, and so reported the same to the Captain who at once made wireless inquiries for the tugs that had been sent our assistance.

By this time the Furnessia had arrived and had been standing by, then the Florida came alongside of the Republic, remaining there as safeguard for those of us left on our ship, and the Baltic took up her journey to New York with her tremendous burden of human freight. As she steamed by our stern, where our captain and officers had assembled. every living soul aboard the Baltic gave us a hearts cheer.

"After seeing the Baltic vanish from view, I bethought me of my wrecked cabin, and later. nailing up some blankets around the rent sides, I soon made it more habitable, and was able to keep sheltered from the chill air. Once more I was ready for business.

The volunteer cook had prepared us a meal, and this we had just partaken of when the revenue cutter Gresham arrived. She took one of our lines on board, and, steaming ahead, commenced to tow us, with the Furnessia attached by two lines to our stern, to steer us.

Ordered to Abandon Ship.

"At about 4 o’clock Sunday afternoon we had shipped so much water that Capt. Sealby decided to order the crew to the boats and transfer them to the Gresham. I had put a box of cigarettes at my side, so that in case we left in a hurry I could snatch them up, but so unexpectedly did the order come that I forgot to take them, and being somewhat addicted to the tobacco habit, and with nothing to smoke, my pangs became more and more acute as night wore on.

One of the officers then ordered me to the boat. Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams remaining on the fast settling Republic.

“This time we were taken aboard the Gresham. Reaching across the stern of the Gresham were two steel hawsers, which were attached to the Republic bows. Capt. Perry then ordered that a nine-inch rope hawser be attached to that end of the steel hawser, and then paid out until the rope was wrapped around the bit of the Gresham. An axe was laid alongside of the rope hawser, so that in case the Republic settled further or sunk the rope could be cut., and thus free the

Gresham. A bout was lying alongside the Gresham, ready to rescue Capt. Sealby and Williams in case it was necessary.

At about 5 o’clock the derelict destroyer under command of Capt. Reynolds, came along, and put aboard the Gresham and helped the latter tow the Republic. Two hours later we missed the lights of the of the Furnessia. At 5 o’clock a signal was sent to the Republic and the Gresham’s hawser was severed. The crew was in the lifeboat, and the searchlight was playing upon the spot almost before the rest of us were standing around could realize it. We caught one fleeting glimpse of the poor Republic’s bows, which were shown up by the searchlight. After that we saw no more of her.

Cheers for Sealby and Williams.

“A heavy sea was running and every man standing on the Gresham’s quarterdeck was straining his eyes to follow the movements of the little boat that was casting about in search of Capt. Sealby and and Second Officer Williams. On account of the high sea running we could not make anything out, and it was an anxious time we spent until we finally hailed her and learned that Capt. …
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… Sealby and Williams were safe. Rousing cheers were given and it was with the heartiest of warm welcomes that we received the two men on board who had last trod the decks of Republic. The officers of the Gresham and the Seneca are men and sailors in every sense of the word. and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon them for the part the played in the stirring incidents that have just closed and the treatment they accorded us while under their care.

”I’m No Hero,“ Says ”Jack" Binns

When "Jack’ Binns, the heroic wireless operator of the lost liner Republic, arrived here he made the following modest statement to an Evening Journal reporter:

"It’s a treat to me, y’know, to get a good smoke. While I was going through that inferno on the Republic I did not have a single cigarette.

"A heavy fog hung everywhere as we were passing Nantucket, and I was wearied by my long vigil. For almost twenty hours I had had no sleep, and I had just turned in for a little nap when the crash came. The sound awakened me.

"I dressed in a hurry, and when I realized the seriousness of the accident I sent out an appeal for help. I don’t know how long I remained on duty, but it seemed an age. I am ready now for a good, long sleep.

“I don’t see why they call me a hero. What I did was only in the way of duty, and any other man in my place would have done the same thing.”

SENATE LAUDS WRECK HEROES.

Resolution at Albany Praising Binns and Ships’ Officers and Crews.

ALBANY. Jan. 27.—The Senate adopted a resolution today, which was introduced by Senator Shultz, expressing Its admiration for the heroic services rendered by the Marconi operator on board the steamship Republic after the collision with the steamship Florida, and of the conduct of the officers and crews of the colliding vessels. the steamship Baltic, the revenue cutter Gresham, and the derelict destroyer Seneca. Senator Rains, in speaking to the resolution, said:

“The operator of the Marconi system has been most highly complimented by the press. In response to the compliments extended to him he said, ‘I simply did my duty.’ I suppose every officer of that ship did his duty, but there are so many who fall to perform their duty in emergencies

that I think it may be well to adopt the resolution, as expressing our appreciation of the fact that there are men in public office and officials and employees of companies charged with the safety of the lives of men, women, and children, who, in an emergency, are capable of overlooking the necessity of taking care of themselves and perform the duties they owe to those in their charge.”

The Hero of the Republic.

Inevitably there will he more or less of discussion as to whether the commender of the Republic used the best possible judgment, after his passengers and crew had been removed to places of safety, In the measures he took for the saving of his ship. The only interest other than academic and general, which the public has in this dispute, however, is due to the fact that in large quantity of baggage was lost that might have been rescued if he had followed some one of the several different courses suggested to him by men who had none of his responsibility.

It would be seemly, therefore, for the passengers and other landsmen taking part in the argument over this matter to keep clearly in mind the circumstance that theirs is a wisdom that comes after the event after the failure of a course chosen by a man who doubtless considered all the courses open to him before he selected it, and acted as he did with a full realization that upon the outcome depended in large measure his professional future. Having decided, he deliberately staked his own life on the result, and because, Incidentally, he also staked upon it the rate of some trunks is hardly a reason for criticizing him with acerbity, now that the event has proved, not that he could, but that he might, have brought the sinking wreck Into shallow water somewhere by following some other plan.

However this may have been, it remains trie that, high above the many who did their duty faithfully and bravely, stands the figure of Inman Sealby, the hero of the disaster. Much has been said, and properly, about the devotion of his crew, but that was discipline, maintained by the Captain. The passengers have been much praised, and properly, for the self-control and courage they displayed, but that, too, was In great part a reflection of like qualities manifested by the Captain. His little speech from the bridge is described by those who heard It as a masterpiece of eloquence in that it was perfectly adapted in both substance and manner to the end of Inspiring the anxious multitude with quiet confidence. There was no vain effort to bide the facts. The existence of danger was frankly, admitted, but with the admission went assurances of timely help at hand, so convincing In their simple sincerity that women and men alike waited patiently in the cold and darkness till the help came and obeyed every order without a sign of panic.

Capt. Sealby had good material to deal with, but his dealing was as good as the material, and the people who are now moaning about their trunks forget how indifferent they would be to such things as baggage incompetence had stood on the bridge of the Republic, or even if competence there had lacked the tact and force required for controlling a frightened crowd.

JACK BINNS—$12 A WEEK.

JACK BINN’S salary was $12 week and board when he was working the Republic. For the fifty-two hours Jack Binns worked on stretch he got no overtime pay. Everything, his services, electrical skill, his courage, his judgment and his endurance, was included in the $12 a week.

While Jack Binns was sending and receiving wireless dispatches from the sinking Republic a member of the Stock Exchange announced that he had made so much money in Wall street that he was going to retire and work no more. He had been a stock broker about as long as Jack Binns has been a wireless telegraph operator. On the Stock Exchange he had cleared up two or three million dollars. Jack Binns had not the money to buy a cigarette or a meal, much less to get clothes to replace those which he had borrowed.

In recent years it has become too common to measure a man’s success by the amount of money he has made and to compute his value to the rest of the world by the number of millions of dollars

which he has been enabled to get away from other people and keep other people from taking away from him.

Measured on this basis this stock broker is worth three million of Jack Binns.

Measured on the basis of real public service, Jack Binns is worth considerably more than three million stock brokers.

There are many ways of comparing men. One is by how they influence scales. A fat man may outweigh two thin men. Another way is by height. Three tall men may measure more feet and inches than four short men.

Another way is by digestive capacity as displayed at beefsteak dinners and pie-eating contests, or by the number of bottles of wine that a man can drink without lying down on the floor, as in the New Year's eve and election night drinking contests in the White Way lobster palaces.

But the most common way of measuring men's success is by their ability to make money. Rockefeller is the richest man in the United States, therefore he must be the biggest man in the United States, the ablest and the most powerful. J. Pierpont Morgan has got up more and bigger trusts than anybody else, therefore he is a great man. Gauged by this scale, the stock broker who retired with $3,000,000 was not so successful after all, although he showed a great deal sense by quitting before some bigger Wall street man took it away from him.

But measured by their services to mankind, Jack Bins excels them all.

BINNS SAYS ALL HE WANTS IS SLEEP.

Wireless Operator of the Republic on His Way to Philadelphia Tells of His AdventurousLife.

John Robinson Binns, Or "Jack" Binns as he will be registered on the role of Immortals, left for Philadelphia just night to consult with theatrical manager who is anxious to have him capitalize his heroism. The nervy youth who manipulated the wireless key on board the Republic was seen before his departure. When told that he would take more than the 'C. Q. D.' to wake them up over in Philadelphia, he said.

"If it's as quiet as that over there maybe I'll be tempted to stay there for a few days and get some rest. They've certainly been sending me over the breakers since I struck shore. I haven't had a good sleep in a week and I don't expect to get one. I can't hide any place. And all this because I ripped off a few messages."

"But look at the lives you saved," suggested the reporter.

"But look at my own life," he laughed. saved that too, didn't I?"

Despite the adulation that has been showered upon him Jack Binns has not yet been convinced that he did anything to warrant it. His twenty-five years have been filled with adventure. He was born in Brigg, Lincolnshire, England, on July 4 1884. The date of his debut shows that even at that early age he possessed rare discrimination. He is well put together, but an ill-fitting suit of clothes gives him the appearance of being loosely built.

He has laughing blue eves sheltered by shaggy brows. His forehead is high, his nose inclined to pug, and his chin fairly well set. Just at present it is hard to describe his mouth, as that part of his face has been in perpetual motion, either laughing or talking, ever since he landed here on Tuesday. Next to being an expert wireless operator, laughing is his best accomplishment. His teeth are always in evidence. They look strong enough to get the decision over a boarding-house steak. As to his appetite, he let it be known that he could eat a brick without gravy."

"Tell you something about myself and my family?“ he repeated. Well, we can get through the latter part in a hurry. I’m all there is to the Binns family. My father died a few days after I was born. My mother followed him about a year later. I had no brothers or sisters. After school days a job on the Great Eastern Railway. I was fourteen. I might have been railroading yet if I hadn’t been hurt.

I was knocked down by an engine and it was six months before I was able to leave the hospital. While I was recovering I studied telegraphy. When I left the hospital I had eight bones in my pocket which the doctors had presented to me after removing them from my leg. I carried them with me up to last Saturday. They went down with the Republic.

"Since tackling the wireless I’ve been all over the world. Several times I have managed to be in places where things were doing. I guess it’s my luck. I have been mixed up in earthquakes and shipwrecks and I’m wondering what I’Il hit into next. No, I haven t got a girl. What’s in that blue envelope? Forget that part of it. I’ve had that letter a long time. You wouldn’t know who she was if I told vou. Just a pretty good friend of mine.”

“What are your plans for the future?”

“To get as much sleep as possible. I have had theatrical managers, newspaper men and photographers chasing me since I hit New York. I know you all mean well, but, honest, I’ve got a sore throat from talking and my face is cracked from obliging the snapshot men. I have had offers to go in vaudeville, but I don’t think I will. So long.”

JACK BINNS, THE C. Q. D. HERO.

JACK BINNS, the young wireless operator who stuck to his key on the ill-fated Republic for fifty-two hours and by so doing his duty sixteen hundred lives were saved, is being lauded to the skies by the press throughout the world. So, too, we are glad to praise JACK BINNS, not because we admire his brother operators the less, but the lucky chap who made good, the more. But while we are lauding BINNS we should not forget that there is another whose name must also be considered, for without his initiative genius BINNS could not have sent his life saving signals. To MARCONI is due the honor and the glory of the invention of the wireless telegraph, that marvelous device which will save other lives and enable other operators to win the appreciation and the applause of a grateful people until such time as the building of ships shall have become an exact science.
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Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by “Jack” Binns, Hero of the Republic

First in a Series of Articles, BINNS, THE "C. Q. D.’ MAN, A Story of a Remarkable Orphan

Tells To-Day How He Became a Wireless Man After Having Been the First on Whom the Serum Anti-Streptococcus Was Used.

(Copyrighted, 1909, by the Press Publishing Company.) BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS.

By the time I was able to walk I had neither father nor mother to speak to. Father, a factory engineer, passed away two days after my birth—almost as soon as he saw me—and mother, a hardy Yorkshire lass, only living a year after this event, you may call it. My full name is Jack Robinson Bins, after my father, and I was born twenty-five years ago—July 4, 1884, so you see I am somewhat of an American by birth.

I was the only child, and Grandmother Binns, my father’s mother, took me from the lonely little cabin in which I was born, outside Briggs, Lincolnshire, to her home. She was good to me; taught me to spell and write, told me of my folks and my home, and the hills about Lincoln-shire where my father hunted and roved. He was an adventuresome Briton, and I guess being forced to work broke his heart early.

At fourteen I was a big lad and could boot a ball, shoot a gun or use my dukes with any my inches and lots bigger. had a fair education, and, being an observant fellow, I managed to get a good idea of life, principally in roaming about Lincolnshire with my grandmother, who moved about every year. Then I decided to shift or myself. didn't know what to do. I straggled into railroad office one day and saw a dozen young men drawing lines.

Starts Work for a Railroad.

That decided me. I wanted to be a draughtsman. I got a place with the Great Eastern Railroad. There was no opening at once, and each day I hung about the railroad telegraph office until the operator took pity on me and taught me the code. In two weeks I could "send" but not "receive." Learning telegraphy was my first "accident." Then came the second. One day I was crawling under some cars when an engine bumped the "string" and I fell. Two cars ran over my right foot and left leg. That was Dec. 8, 1898.

In the six months I was in the hospital they gave me up four times. Finally, my temperature got to 107—the highest on record at that time, the surgeons said, and they left me to die that day. Toward night saw three long-whiskered men standing over me. One said: "Let's try it on him—it's our only chance. No one will know!"

I didn't know what it was about. I figured it was all off, anyhow, and didn't mind it much. Then I saw them bringing in a long needle, half an inch thick. They punctured my back. I found out after that Was a newly discovered serum, called "anti-streptococcus," I was the first human patient they ever experimented on with it. Well, it was a hit with me. I began to get better right along, and my leg muscles and ankles are as strong as any man my size.

Took Out Nine Pieces of Bone.

They took out nine pieces of bone, some of them more than an inch long. One was twisted like a drill. I put them all in alcohol and had them with me when the Republic went down. So, you see, I'm with the old ship yet-in part, anyhow.

While getting better I kept practicing at a little key, and when able to get about went to work again- on crutches. Four years more were spent with the Great Eastern—they had promised me a job for life. I was a good operator when I quit, in 1902, to take a job with the British Post-Office in Colchester Essex.

It was here had my third accident. Over there you sleep right under the roof. One night the house took fire. I had been awake twenty-six hours and was sound asleep. No bells or shouts reached me. Finally felt my face warm. I tumbled out bed to see the sky above me and flames eating away the last shingle on the roof. My bed was burning and ashes were piled on my clothes, I rolled down to the edge and tumbled to the ground. My hair was singed. Two minutes after the floor crashed in. Then hey called me "Lucky Jack."

I was at Newmarket race course a year and played the ponies with all my earnings. I didn't have enough to en joy the sport, but sometimes got some good tips and cashed. When the sea-son closed, in 1904, I resigned to go to sea with the Marconi company. They gave me a mechanical instruction in Liverpool and I made the course in three weeks.

First Trip as C. Q. D. Man.

My first assignment was the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. That trip they started out from Hamburg with Count Witte. They didn't figure me experienced enough and put me off at Southampton. I made up my mind it wouldn't happen again, and finally I got the Grosser Kurfuerst, in December, 1905. Until 1907 I was the only operator aboard the Bluecher, making ports from Spitzbergen, 400 miles from the North Pole, to harbors in South and Central America. There weren't many wireless stations then, and about the only exercise I got was talking to passing steamers.

We touched at Kingston a few days after the earthquake there, and I distinctly felt a shock just before reaching the harbor. Things were pretty well cleaned up when we reached land. There was no wireless there then.

On my trip in February 1907, I met Joe Cannon, Vice-President-Elect Sherman and a bunch of Congressmen on their national junket trip to Panama. One day a shark swallowed a hook, line and chain from a boat load of sailors trying to catch him and dropped to the bottom after upsetting the boat. All the lawmakers laughed, and begin sending wireless to their homes telling of the incident. I had all their signatures In my collection of souvenirs from every port and boat I met, but all went down with the Republic.

The only time I ever met a C. Q. D. accident was off St. Augustine on the way back. She was a new bark, stripped of everything, and 200 miles from coast. She had a crew of twelve and a captain. They were almost frozen. No food for days and ready to drop into the sea. We got ’em aboard and then burned the bark and sank her. She needed C. Q. D. if ever a vessel did.

Got the “J. O.” Message.

On the way up the famous “J. O.” message broke loose. It was addressed to Mr. Sherman and came from land. It was at the time of the Roosevelt-Harriman controversy. My oath prevents me from repeating Its contents, but the papers published it as forbidding the members of the committee to talk to newspaper men. It was signed “J. O.” It was claimed that the leak came from the wireless room. We were fully vindicated afterward.

Back to Hamburg again and I was shifted to my first love the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. I was an expert then. I only made one trip with the German and was sent to the President Lincoln to fit her with wireless and introduce it. After one trip I got the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. When we got back President-elect Taft was completing his trip about the world. He was returning on the President Grant and I got the job.

He enjoyed the trip and we had many chats. He’s an excellent man and will make a splendid President. Then came the Berlin Conference, which forced only German speaking operators aboard the German boats. After a time at Crook’s Haven, in Ireland, a ship station, I joined the Republic in Liverpool. It was the 14th of last November. We sailed between Liverpool, Boston and New York.

My next assignment? Well, I go where I’m sent, but if Capt. Sealby gets a ship I want to go with him and stick with him, too. His example and nobility of command in the face of such peril won for the good brave master the confidence which even wireless could not give the passengers. His splendid example must be ranked with the success of the wireless when history writes the log of the Republic.

TO TALK WITH SHIPS 8,000 MILES AWAY

Bids Opened for Wireless Station at Washington Subject to No Interruption

THE FLORIDA LIBELED White Star Line Sues for $2,000,000, but Its Opponent Asks to Limit Liability to Value of Vessel and Contents.

White Star Line Sues for $2,000,000, but Its Opponent Asks to Limit Liability to Value of Vessel and Contents.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.- Following the achievements of wireless telegraphy the recent collision between the steamers Republic and Florida, the Navy Department. to-day opened bids for locating a wireless tower in Washington for communicating with ships at sea, to the distance of 3,000 miles.

For a long time the department has felt the desirability of the development of wireless telegraphy as a means of communicating for long distances between central stations at various points in the United States with the commands at sea. An effort was at first made to secure the Washington Monument, because of its great height, for this purpose, but this met with disapproval by the President, and bids for constructing a lower were invited several months ago.

The specifications require that the tower or station shall be capable of transmitting messages at all times and at all seasons In a radius of 3,000 miles in any navigational direction from Washington. The messages are not co be interrupted by atmospheric disturbances or interference by neighboring stations.

At the same time the department. asked for bids for two sets of apparatus to be installed on naval vessels, to be capable of transmitting and receiving messages at all times, seasons latitudes, to and from a distance of 1,000 miles, and to to receive messages from the Washington station at a distance of 3,000 miles at all times.

The bids submitted today indicated a lively competition, so less than seven firms submitting proposals. The most satisfactory of those, according to the officials, was that of the National Electric Signaling Company of Pittsburg, which offered to furnish the apparatus and tower for $182,600.

Features of some DL the other bids, which Included ideas not called for in the specifications, favorably Impressed the officials, and they may receive consideration before the award ls made.

Another manifestation of the Interest of Congress in the proposed compulsory equipment of ocean going steamers with wireless telegraph apparatus was evidenced today, when Representative Peters of Massachusetts introduced bill more general in its application than the first bill on the subject, introduced by Burke of Pennsylvania. Mr. Peters proposes to require wireless telegraph equipment on all ocean-going vessels, in both the foreign and domestic service, plying between ports more than 100 miles distant. The Burke bill applies to vessels in the foreign service. A maximum penalty of $1,000 is provided in the Peters bill.

LIBELS THE FLORIDA.

White Star Line Also Presents to the Court Its Version of the Collision.

The responsibility for the sinking of the White Star Miner Republic, the damaging of the Lloyd Italian steamer Florida, the question as to the speed at which both vessels were going when they came together and the right to damages are all to be threshed out In the United Stater District Court. The Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, as owners of the Republic, libeled the Florida yesterday, and she was seized by United States Marshal Henkel, under a writ of attachment. The libellant asks $2,000,000 damages, of which sum $1,300,000 be asked for the vessel, freight, supplies, and passage money and the remainder for the personal effects of officers, crew, and passengers.

The owners of the Florida have asked the court to fix the limit of lability at $220,000, the value of the vessel, the freight, and passage money. The papers say that the collision was solely caused by the faults and neglect on the part of the part of the Republic." There will be no cross libel, as the Republic is sunk, and there is no vessel for the Italian line to libel, but the latter repeats its declaration of intention to fight the case to the end.

The libellant describes the Republic as being tight, stanch, and seaworthy. At the time of the collision she is said to have been heading south 84 degrees east true, and going under reduced speed. What happened just before the vessels struck is told in detail, as follows:

Official Republic Version.

About 5:45 A M. a signal or one whistle was heard and reported on the Republic’s port bow. Immediately the orders” stop” and “full speed astern” were given to the engine room, and the helm was ported. These orders were at once obeyed, and at the same time a signal of three whistles was given. Shortly afterward there was made out broad off the Republic’s part side a number of bright lights, apparently from a large vessel, (which proved to be the Florida,) both of whose sidelights soon came into view The Florida was bearing down on the Republic at high speed, threatening to strike the Republic a right angle blow amidships. In the effort to escape the blow the master put the engines of the Republic ahead, but the Florida came on at a high rate of speed, apparently swinging under a starboard helm, and crashed head on into the port side of the Republic, penetrating into the engine room. The collision occurred about 5:50 A. M.

The stem of the Florida struck the Republic’s port side nearly a square blow and made a narrow, vertical cut, extending well below the water line, straining and starting the bulkheads. Under her momentum, the Florida’s bow, where It struck the side plating and frames, was crumpled back some thirty feet. The top of the Florida’s bow passed above the Republic’s side plating, so that it reached and wrecked the cabins along the saloon and promenade decks, causing the death of two passengers and injuring two others. The Republic’s engine room was quickly flooded, and although the bulkhead doors were closed, the soundings showed that the ship was settling aft.

Florida Accused of Speeding.

The story of the transfer of the passengers and the sinking of the boat is then set forth. In contending that the accident was due to the fault of the Florida it is charged that she did not keep her proper course: that she did not have a proper lookout, and that her officers not only did not give proper whistles, but that they did not pay heed to the whistles and lights of the Republic. It is also declared that the Florida was going at immoderate speed, and that she did not stop her engines when the first whistles of the Republic were heard by those on her bridge.

The most serious charge is that there was a lack of presence of mind on the Italian liner, and that In the critical moment, when the Republic appeared out of the fog, the helm of the Florida was thrown suddenly to starboard instead of to port, thus throwing her directly in the path of the Republic, thwarting all the efforts of Capt. Sealby to clear the oncoming Florida.

To Recognize Bing’s Heroism.

PARIS. Jan. 28. — The Maritime Committee of the Chamber of Deputies has decided to ask the Government to recognize in a special manner the heroism of John R. Binns, the Marconi operator aboard the Republic.
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Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by “Jack” Binns, Hero of the Republic

Second Article in Series BINNS, THE "C. Q. D.’ MAN The Wireless Operator Aboard Ship.

Tells To-Day of Experiences in His Cage on a Great Ocean Liner and the Women Who Ask Questions.

(Copyrighted, 1909, by the Press Publishing Company.) BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS, The Republic’s Famous C. Q. D. Man.

A wireless operator must pet and caress his instruments even as a violinist tunes his strings or a chauffeur tests his engines. The spark-gap flashes of the wireless is the ocean song of electricity—the humming of the auto on land.

He is as helpless as a babe if he doesn’t know every little device’s condition. It’s like a person out of sorts, only far more so. A fellow off edge can’t work the limit, and the least bit of illness with any part of the wireless makes the whole system deathly sick and useless.

Going on a voyage is full of expectations. You know you have everything adjusted and really

long before the big boat’s horn announces you are out in the stream. To be sure you toy with it a bit as the gangplanks roll from the ship’s side and a crowded pier is a waving sea of handkerchiefs and farewells. Once into the stream you telephone the captain “All’s well” and stand by. You take up the 14x20 inch communication chart, furnished by the Marconi, indicating just where in the Atlantic you will pass incoming or possibly slower outgoing vessels.

But That Is Only Routine.

These are the first routine matters. None of the fashionably dressed tourists have begun their wanderings about the decks to finally reach you and bombard you with questions a scientist couldn’t answer. You’re smoking your pipe or some of the ship’s cigarettes, and, maybe, dreaming of an evening on land and a fair face who won you by her smiles. Or, maybe, you’re thinking how many days and nights are before you until you’ll see her on the other shore. The ’phone rings at your side. It’s from the captain’s bridge— the only ’phone leading to the wireless room.

“Please say to office that Miss O’ Hare, No. 143, lost her purse and tickets on dock!”

It’s the "old man’s” voice and you’re well down stream.

It’s the old story—some one always losing or dropping something. Sea Gate is near and you tell them. Maybe an hour after you get your first message.

“MKC, MKC, MKC (Republic). Purse found. Give her ship’s best.‘’

It’s a MSG (captain’s message) and no one knows its contents but the skipper. Passing down below Sea Gate you say, maybe:

SA, SA. (Sea Gate), how’s things? Gale coming. All well here. Had big time on Broadway this trip."

On Liner’s Last Trip.

We left New York that Friday alone. The chart showed us meeting the Baltic 160 miles east of Ambrose Light ship. I stood by the key until after two o’clock that morning to hail her, but got nothing. Then I lay down for a few hours until I should meet the New York about nine o’clock.

My nap was interrupted by the Florida. Then came the long tedious hours which, the newspapers persist, made me a hero. I did my duty, that’s all, and expect nothing for It.

Usually you are quite out of the lime-light. You send a hundred messages or so all along the Atlantic coast to Marconi stations until well into the Atlantic and nothing happens to mould you into a hero, unless long hours and no sleep help to make one such.

Probably a day out a group of sweet faced young women saunter up to your wireless cabin on the upper deck and knock two or three times. It the sparks are flashing there’s something doing and you can’t run to the door. If not, you receive the passengers and while away some pleasant minutes. They want to know how it’s done.

All are curious about the sparker and the big key and the swinging wires fixed to the mast and the chart, but I haven’t run afoul of many who would ask the lonely operator if he’s marred or now he likes the sea. But you have time, and they are pretty, and you like to have ’em around when you’re not busy. You get it from all sides like this:

“Oh. Mr. Operator, won’t you please tell us all about wireless? How’s it worked? Where is Mr. Marconi now—isn’t he a dear? What’s this for and why does that spark jump? And, really, isn’t it quite wonderful how you can talk to land? Now, isn’t it real Interesting?”

Time for a Speech.

Your raised hand shows that you have enough queries to fully explain currents, waves, sparks, induction coils, aerials, batteries, dynamos and every invention In the world, and you finally stand back against the wall and make a scientific address something like this:

“Wireless telegraphy is not old—it’s just twenty: young and ambitious, so to speak. In 1888, a German-Heinrich Hertz, a Bonn professor—found that electric oscillations, by disrupting discharges, went through space with the speed of light—186,500 miles per second. William Marconi, a. boy of twenty, heard of the Hertzian waves In the lecture room. Then he got busy.

"It was in 1894 that this youth sought to use the waves for signal purposes. He was successful. Then he went to London and sent messages a distance of two miles. Coming back home, his Government gave him two battleships to use for experiments, and he stretched it to twelve miles. When Sie. Marconi reported the yacht races in New York in 1839 he astounded the world. So you see, ladies, it has only been a process of stretching out imperialistic, so to speak, with scientific trimmings.’”

“My, how learned you operators are! But you haven’t told us all. Say some more, won’t you?”

A Lecturer in Two Trips.

There’s no way you can escape it. A wireless operator becomes a lecturer after two trips. But who can refuse a dozen pairs of cherry, pouting lips all wanting to know? The only chance to be excused is the click of my key. ‘MKC. MKC, MKC.’ It doesn’t come and that chat goes on. Here it is verbatim:

Well, my dear ladies, this is my nome. That key is my companion. That bunk is my bed and that volume of Shakespeare is the best friend I’ve got. We get calls and messages over this watch-case telephone receiver fitting to both ears. We send them by this big key—not like the ordinary telegrapher’s—but fitting In your hand like a handle bar. Thus we are the ear and mouthpiece for you all and the ship at sea.

"Through he spark gap, which makes the sharp electric reports—dots and dashes of the Continental code which wireless operators use—are sent out on wires 100 feet in length until they meet receiver. High speed in sending isn’t necessary. The key must be firmly pressed down. You know the letter has gone into the air when you hear the sparks. Twelves words a minute is fast enough.”

That’s enough of that side of wireless. The operator’s cabin is five by eight feet, has a few pictures, a couple chairs and bunk and isn’t attractive. The table across one side supports the wireless instruments. The aerial comes in through a window. Out on deck I point to the two masts supporting the crosstrees to which are attached the aerials. One wire leads down into my cabin. I show them the glass Insulators on the aerials and the insulators lower down and explain how the waves go out from the wires at right angles.

Moisture Costs Energy.

I conclude much like this:

Successful wireless depends on perfect. Insulation, moisture such as the fog we ran into on the Republic may collect and cost us energy. It is the operator’s duty to examine his aerials frequently. These wireless waves go much longer over the surface of salt than over the land and much better in winter than summer and more effectively at night than at day. The more aerials I have the further we can send.

I can send a message any place on the globe on board. Suppose I want to locate a ship in the

Atlantic. Even with all these liners crossing and recrossing it is easy to find the steamer wanted by the Marconi chart, which looks like a weather map full of lines. Assuming the message has been received at the Sagaponack station—the one this side of Siasconsett where Ginman got my ‘C. D. Q.’ cry for help for transmission to the Cunarder Umbria. He may find her several hundred miles away—out of his zone. But the New York is midway between Sagaponack and the Umbria. The operator signals the New York, and when he responds the message is relayed.

“We are bound to an oath of secrecy under Great Britain’s laws with a penalty of a year’s conviction, of $1,000 fine, or both. Of course, you hear talking all the way across the ocean, and often you are amused and—sometimes scandalized.”

The Boy Hero, Or Words to That Effect.

(Within a few days, tortured public, the popular song writers will commit something like this—maybe worse.)

Two ships had met in awful crash and one was going down; It seemed as it that all or board was surely going to drown; But Binns, the boy operator, perched in his room so high, Stood at his post and to those folks these words did loudly cry:

CHORUS.

Don’t be scared, for I am here; Please don’t go away from here. I will bring help, for cannot you see These messages I’m sending out; They show I know what I’m about. Now listen while I sound the CQD.

The hours wore on most wearily, but Binns was on the Job. And now and then some passenger would give a tearful sob; At last a boat came into view—it was the Florida— And Binns he lit a cigarette and these words he did say:

CHORUS.

WIRELESS.

The seas are deep and the seas are wide, and or ever the days of creatures were, By sun and moon was pulled the tide and all the Earth was ocean-stir- Then came land and then came beast and then came Man, and five feet high Blinked his eyes on the churning yeast of a sea that melted in the sky. Laughing the five-toot creature stood against the leagues on leagues of the deep— Laughing he knotted a raft of wood and paddled his craft through hollow and steep— But the seas are deep and the seas are wide, and they swallowed him down—and a host thereafter— Till nations came like a vast ebb-tide and went down cured of insolent laughter. Nation by nation the daring came, with ribs of oak and with ribs of steel. With wing of sail or heart of flame, but the great sea sucked them keel by keel— Till some escaped and some flew free, and mammoth greyhounds skimmed the deep— Yet still the salt and dreadful sea was like a mastodon asleep. But now comes the triumph of all the ages—the subject seas belong to Man— They break his ship when the tempest rages, they bind his keel with the ancient ban. But out through the big and blinding weather and the thick black log that chokes and smothers, Man sends his cry through the infinite ether and calls to him his coursing Brothers. Lo, at his call the mighty steamers turn them about with a word of love, And deeds in the brains of ancient dreamers come real in flesh and live and move— The Brotherhood gathers on gliding foam and with sandal-seas are their frail feet shod— Man is making of Earth a Home, man is making of man a god. Lo, we have taken the Earth’s rough features and builded cities and civilizations— Lo, we tiny sky-lost creatures are shadowed by our own creations— Earth, that was but rough seas and sands, becomes a being with soul and heart— Man is the Power of God with hands to build of Chaos an ordered Art! Earth and the teeming fullness thereof is Man’s: and in five-feet of clay There is light of Dream and fire of Love enough to burn the skies away— With every Labor the Soul enlarges—its depths are vaster than the sea— We have not touched its starry images, nor guessed how godlike we may be. Vast Eternities are before us with dreams and labors no soul may shirk:

Pure with the Glory divine that bore us we shall loosen God in us: set Him to work: Unborn glories and grandeurs wait the releasing touch of a new creator: The immense Creation of God is great, but the human spirit shall make greater.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.
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Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by “Jack” Binns, Hero of the Republic

Third Article in Series BINNS, THE "C. Q. D.’ MAN Earthquake Told by Wireless.

How the News of the Great Earthquake in Italy Was Flashed Over the Ocean Immediately After Disaster.

(Copyrighted, 1909, by the Press Publishing Company.) BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS, The Republic’s Famous C. Q. D. Man.

"C. Q., C. Q., C. Q.—Earthquake has ravished Italy’s boot. Maybe half a million dead. Messina straits wiped out. Greatest disaster in world’s history. Old Scylla and Charybdis gone. Stand by-did you feel shocks? F. S.

It was just after sunrise on the morning of Dec. 28. A semi-tropical sun was blistering the upper deck. There wasn’t a breath of air stirring. The old Mediterranean was as smooth as glass and the sky serene and cloudless. It was a beauty of a day, had arisen early, for the bunk was beastly warm and the shade of my cage was pleasant and inviting. We were thirty miles out from Genoa and bound for Italy. It was the ill-fated Republic’s last visit to the tropics.

I had lit my pipe, tipped my chair back against the cabin and was drinking in the wonders of the far-off mountain shore line of the Northern Mediterranean when I heard the C. Q. (all ships) repeated thrice.

I dropped my pipe and in a second and answered MKC MKC (Republic.) I was astounded. Clear and crisp came the dot, dash of the above message. It. was flashed from the Marconi tower at Porte Spuria, in Sicily, the signature “F. S.” being the code sign of the Italian station.

Sent News to Captain.

In five minutes I had the Captain over the phone, read the wireless of the catastrophe and sent it down by the steward to be posted on the ship’s bulletin board. Five minutes later all the ship’s passengers were crowding about. Then came messages to be sent to “F. S.” asking if friends were safe. One inquired for American Consul Cheney and others for merchants En Reggio and Messina. I stood by toy key for a long tine and finally twenty-five miles further on the Republic’s call came in my ears. It was very faint. Dark clouds were passing over the ship and the brilliant sun of the early morning was gone. It looked like dawn ever the sea on a moonless evening. It was difficult to get “F. Ss” message:

"MKC-No details. Whole cities razed and swallowed in pits of earth cracks. Messina and Reggio burning. Can’t see. Smoke from burning district clouds everything. Horrible calamity. God pity the poor creatures caught in upheaval. Our office wrecked. Wireless tower may tumble. Help the dying, commiserate the dead. FS.”

The pious operator Forte Spuria had little need to ask our aid. Almost as soon as the full import of the flash from over the sea reached us Captian Sealby, Officer Willams and others and the Republic’s earthquake fund well started. The Republic’s contribution was one of the first to reach the stricken cities. It amounted to £55 and was headed by Capt. Sealby.

Suggests a Fund.

Later I picked up a wave of current from the west, perhaps near Gibraltar. It was a North German Lloyd, giving a stater ship in the sea the news. In part it said:

“Suggest fund for victims. Mont frightful dead list in world’s history. Reaches 300,000. Shocks recurrent. Do you get them? Dangerous to touch territory. P.”

Strangely enough we experienced no disturbances, although passengers sat for sours listening and looking some such shock. None came, but other messages confirmed the first terrible news. As soon as I would pick up a wire I’d have it posted. Thus the Republic’s passengers got quick bulletins from the district and knew what was being done to aid the afflicted

Another read:

“CQ, CQ—Italy’s King and Queen rushing to Messina. Refugees say thousands are pinned under fallen walls slowly perishing from hunger and injuries."

The Republic’s boilers were kept popping until we drew into Naples Bay. Far from the piers we could see the figures of gendarmes and soldiers carrying stretchers. Men were darting here and there along the docks. All Naples seemed to be on the shore. Thousands of the women knelt on the planks with hands outstretched toward heaven.

Horrifying Scene Unfolded.

It wasn’t long before the whole horrible scene was unfolded. Instantly Capt. Sealby despatched a sailor, stoker and a steward to carry ashore the Republic’s fund. Here again the Captain showed his calibre in selecting a member of each branch of the service and not strutting ashore himself with the gift. He’s aces up for mine.

Honestly. it’s impossible to half picture the hundreds of panic and grief-stricken Neapolitans who fled in long rows from the gangplank of a refugee ship to scan the faces of the dead and dying as grimy faced soldiers manfully struggled under their countless number of burdens The wounded were writhing under the blankets, and the moans and cries many of them the shrill voices of little children brought tears to the eyes of the few seamen who were forced to remain on board.

Nearly every man jack of us rushed ashore and lent willing and rugged hands in transferring victims from the rescue ship, I got away and joined the crowd and you may bet it wasn’t long until I was choking down lumps in my throat and maybe I was crying some myself— I don’t know. Believe me, I never want to see such a dock again. Think of those hard faced veteran gendarmes tenderly carting away victims as streams of tears poured down their grimy faces. You couldn’t keep order in such a place. For all the world you would have thought that a great battle had been fought and that the dead and dying were being brought in. War, its terrors and its hell, never eclipsed that sight!

Passengers Gave Aid.

Even our passengers for New York, who boarded the Republic at Naples, dropped their luggage aboard and lent their helping bands. The Lord only knows where they sheltered that army of wounded—Naples was turned into a hospital.

We weren’t there long enough to do the poor devils much good, but they got all we had in strength and wealth while we rested there. We came away and pointed our nose to Gibraltar’s gates. All along the route messages flashed over the sea telling of the work of rescue. As contributions were registered and the bulletin posted below I could hear the excited buzz of our passengers and often their cheers. Once into the Atlantic I could make out some of the bulletins sputtering over the Cape Cod wireless station and from nearly all the liners.

So much for the gloomy side of that last visit to the Mediterranean. We had some bully times

before we ran into the earthquake wireless messages.

These put a damper on the crew and passengers. But in Genoa we had the times of our lives. There is no game I more thoroughly enjoy than “soccer” or association football. We had a team and a mighty good one, too, aboard the Republic. One day we got a challenge from the University of Genoa.

Beat the College Men.

Our stokers and seamen beat the college fellows two goals to none in the first game, but their better training told In the second half and they got us 2 to 1, making the final score 3 to 2 in the Republic’s favor. I played a half and "Leggie,’ our engineer, played a fore. Then the times we had In Genoa’s streets. Ever hear a Fufu band play? Well, you’ve missed something. We had the most expert in captivity. Our players were firemen, seamen and stokers, but every one skilled on his own peculiar instrument, The bass was a butter barrel with ends knocked out and canvas stretched across. The kettledrum was a biscuit tent, and there was A triangle of iron and a tin whistle for a cencertina.

Their best piece was “Sons of the Sea,” composed by “Leggie,” I guess. On Christmas Day we had the great blowout. We paraded Genoa’s streets until fully 2,000 people fell in behind our Fufu band. Then the citizens passed the hat and we got 50 francs. Then the boys, becoming more imbued with the Yuletide spirit, entered cafes, and finally got thrown out. Then they lost their way back to the ships.

Left in a Graveyard.

The plight wasn’t a pleasant one, as our shore leave was up. Finally one of those clownish fellows offered to show us the way back to the ship. He took us two miles about streets and over roads and at last drew up in front of high, inclosed ground. Quickly he darted behind the fence. Several of us gave chase. When we got close we found he had left us at a graveyard. He was dodging among the tombstones, and none of us pursued. It took six hours to get back.

CHORUS GIRLS MOB BINNS.

Hero of the Republic Wreck Has Exciting Time at the Theatre.

Jack Binns, the wireless operator of the Republic, did show the white feather at the Hippodrome last night. He fled before an onslaught of chorus girls who tried to kiss him. Binns didn’t run fast enough. He put up a heroic fight, and when he did escape into Sixth Avenue, bedaubed with rouge and powder, with the chorus girls still pursuing him, even his friends who went to his assistance had difficulty in recognizing him.

His appearance at the Hippodrome was entirely unexpected, both by himself and the audience. He dined last night at the Army and Navy Club, opposite the Hippodrome. as a guest of its officers. and about 11 o’clock it was suggested that the party go over to the playhouse and see the water ballet, which Is the last act on the programme. Just as the act was drawing to a close the spot light was flashed on Bins in the box, and Stage Manager Burnside announced in a loud voice:

“Allow me to introduce C. Q. D. Binns." The audience jumped to its leet. and there were loud yells for a speech. Several of Binn’s friends dragged him out of the box an to the stage.

After the cheering subsided Binns bowed. He said briefly that it was no fault of his that he was there, he had tried to escape, but it was not his fault if he could not escape the press agent. Then he thanked the audience and hastily departed.

Binns was standing in a group of about fifty chorus girls while all this was going. As soon as the curtain went down every girl made a rush for him. He was taken by surprise, and in

attempting escape he almost fell Into the water tank.

One girl threw her arms around the young man and planted several kisses on his lips, or as near to them Is she could get, before he could shake her off. The girl’s action was the signal for all the others, to imitate. Binns was firmly wedged in the group, but by main force he fought his way clear and darted down the first passageway. It led to the cellar, where the dressing rooms are with loud screams the girls started in pursuit.

SUIT OVER REPUBLIC’S LOSS

FLORIDA BLAMED IN LIBEL BY THE OCEANIC C0.

Lloyd-Italiano Replies by Securing an Order Turning Over the Boat to the Court and Staying the Suit—Says the Florida Was Off Her Course.

Litigation to fix the damages for the sinking of the White Star liner Republic on Saturday last commenced yesterday with the filing of a libel against the Lloyd-Italiano steamer Florida by the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, the owners of the Republic, and the filing of a petition by the latter company for the limitation of liability and the transfer of the vessel to the custody of the United States District Court, wherein the action by the owners of the Republic was initiated. Judge Adams granted the petition of the Lloyd-Italiano company and by so doing he stayed the suit of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company.

The law firm of Robinson. Biddle & Benedict, representing the company owning the Republic, which is one of the constituent companies of the International Mercantile Marine Company, filed their bill against the Florida before the admiralty branch of the United States District Court yesterday morning, setting forth an official report of the incidents surrounding the loss of the Republic. Damages in the sum of $2,000.000 were named in the bill. $1,500,000 being claimed as the value of the ship, its equipment, stores and passage money, and the remaining $500,000 covering the loss of the cargo and personal effects of the passengers and crew.

The bill of the libellants sets forth the facts that on the morning of the collision the captain and chief officer were 00 the bridge and double lookouts had been stationed in the crow’s nest. Fog blasts were being sounded every minute and a half. At 5:45 o’clock one whistle was heard on the port bow and immediately the order to stop and reverse the engines of the Republic was sent down to the engineer. Full speed astern Was the order given when the loom of the Florida’s lights appeared off the port side about amidships.

The facts as set forth by the counsel for the libellants go on to show that the Florida was bearing down upon tho Republic at a high rate of speed, that in an effort to escape the impending blow the master of the Republic ordered full speed ahead and that the Italian steamer, apparently acting under starboard helm, struck the Republic head on with sufficient force to crumple the stem of the Florida for a distance of thirty foot back from the prow.

All the blame for the accident is thrown upon the Florida in the final summing up, which states that she did "not keep a proper course; did not keep out of the way of the Republic, whose course she was crossing; had no sufficient lookout; did not give proper whistles or signals; did not give proper heed to the whistles or lights of the Republic to indicate her changes of helm; was proceeding at an improper rate of speed,” etc.

In the petition for a limitation of liability, which was entered on behalf of the Lloyd-Italiano by the law firm of Wallace, Butler & Brown, it is states that the damaged value of the Florida as she now lies at dock is not more than $200,000, the freight pending amounts to $4,000 and the passage money to $20,000. Besides petitioning the seizure and attachment of the Florida by the court, the plea of the owners was for the appointment of trustee to take charge of the ship and a commissioner to take proof of claims and appraise their value. Oscar L. Richard, one of the agents for the Llord-Italiano, gave bond for the owners to the amount of $24,000. to cover the estimated value of the freight and passage money pending.

The order of Judge Adams granting the petition of the Lloyd-Italiano is in effect an injunction restraining the institution or prosecution of any for damages against the owners of the Florida except in the limited lability proceedings. It now remains for the commissioner to be anointed by the court to determine first, If the owners of the Florida can be held in any lability for the sinking of the Republic and secondly, to what extent that liability carries.

”Florida at High Speed.”

"The Florida was tearing down on the Republic at high speed, threatening to strike the Republic a right angle blow amidships. In the effort escape the blow the master put the engines of the Republic ahead; but the Florida came on at a high rate of speed, apparently swinging under a starboard helm and crashed head-on into the port side of the Republic, penetrating into the engine room. The collision occurred at about 5.50 A. M., in lat 40.17 N., long 10 W., being a little more than twenty-six miles south westerly of Nantucket Shoals lightship.

The stem of the Florida struck the Republic’s port side nearly a square blow and made a narrow, vertical cur extending well below me water line, straining and starting the bulkheads. Under her momentum the Florida’s bow where it struck the side plating and frames, was crumpled back some thirty feet. The top of the Florida’s bow passed above the Republic’s side plating, so that it reached and wrecked the cabins along the saloon and promenade decks, causing the death of two passengers and injuring two others. The Republic’s engine-room was quickly flooded, and although the bulkhead doors were closed, soundings showed that the ship was settling aft.

“The transfer of the passengers to the Florida, and later to the Baltic, is told, and then the statement continues:

"In the forenoon of the the 24. the Republic was taken in tow by the Revenue Cutter Gresham, the steamship Furnessia towing astern, acting as a rudder, and an attempt was made to tow the Republic, which was still afloat, but very deep in the water, into a place of safety. However, between 8 and 9 P. M. the Republic sank In deep water about fifteen miles west southwest from Nantucket Shoals Light, and with everything on board became a total loss.”

Blames the Florida.

The loss of the steamship, equipment Lores, supplies and freight and passage money is placed at $1,500,000 and the cargo and personal effects of the master, officers, crew and passengers at $500,000.

The complaint continues.

“The collision and the damage resulting therefrom occurred without any fault or negligence on the part of the libellant or those in charge of the Republic, but were wholly due to the faults of the Florida, In that she did not keep a proper course; did not keep out of the way of the Republic, whose course she was crossing; had no sufficient lookout; did not’ give proper whistles or signals: did not give proper heed to the whistles or lights of the Republic; failed by her whistles to indicate her changes of helm; was proceeding at an immoderate rate of speed: did not stop her engines on first hearing the Republic’s whistle: did not seasonably take steps to avoid the Republic; did not seasonably slow, stop or back; did not port her helm, but instead starboarded her helm, thereby thwarting all efforts of the Republic to avoid her, and other faults and neglects which will be shown on the trial hereof."

Queries for Captain.

Attached to the White Star line’s libel was the following list of questions that must be answered on oath by the master of the Florida:

First Interrogatory—What was the position of the Florida at noon on Jan. 22? Was that position

by observation or by dead reckoning? If by dead reckoning, what was the last previous position that you had by observation and what was the time of such position?

Second interrogatory—What had been the state of the weather from noon of the 22d until the time of the collision? Had you taken soundings from noon of the 22d until the time of the collision, and if so, what were those soundings and what was the character of the bottom?

Third Interrogatory—What was your course immediately before sighting or hearing the whistle of the Republic? State whether the course given is true or magnetic. When before that had the course been changed? What was the course steered previous to that change?

Wants the Log Books

Fourth Interrogatory: Did you hear the whistles from the Republic before seeing her? if so, how many times and how did they bear? What order if any was given the quartermaster after hearing the signals? State all orders given to the quartermaster or wheel man from the time of hearing the first signal of the Republic until the collision.

Fifth Interrogatory: Given a transcript of both your deck and engine log book or journal entries of the collision, in the original and with as appended English translation.

Sixth Interrogatory: What was the bearing of the Republic or her lights when first seen? What, if anything, was done with the engines or helm after the Republic came in sight?
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Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by Jack" Binns, Hero of the Republic

Fourth of a Series of Articles Binns the ’C.O. D." Man Romance of Wireless Wireless Telegraphy

Tells To-Day a Story of Love Along the Wireless Waves, When Cupid Sounds the “C. Q. D.”

Copyright, 1909, by The Press Publishing Co. BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS, The Republics Famous “C. Q. D." Man.

The Kaiserin Auguste Victoria was bound for Hamburg. All morning I watched from my cabin window an endless chain of “baggage smashers” struggling up the plank with grips, trunks and bags of all sorts pressing into their shoulders.

It was the only trip I made aboard the Hamburg-American liner.

I was dreamily wondering how long—well, just thinking, when I was attracted by the loud laughter of a fashionable group ashore. I moved my chair outside the “cage.”

It was half an hour before we sailed. A glance was enough to show that of the party, a line, vigorous specimen of a giant young American, was leaving. His smiles and nods were only half-hearted. He seemed depressed. Evidently the others were trying to cheer him up. He seemed to cling to the side of a tall, queenly looking girl, whose face was hidden under one of those big Parisian hats. There were eight in all.

Visitors Ordered Ashore.

One of the chaps was telling a story: the girls were swinging their silk parasols and glancing shyly at the athletic fellow. It came time to get aboard and they were out of sight for some minutes. Then came the bells and the words “all but passengers ashore!”

As I sat the athlete youth brushed by me and stood on the upper railing. He was grinding his teeth and bravely fighting off an outbreak. Down on the pier were his friends again, with the beauty in the center. They were shouting cheers. His eyes were fastened on her. The the lines

were cast off and we pulled into the stream. Far back on the dock with the little group waving handkerchiefs and parasols. Finally we were out of sight. The next time I saw him he was handing the tug captain a letter.

“‘Send it special, old man. as soon as you land, will you?’ he asked excitedly. We were probably out through Ambrose Channel when the door opened and the object of my interest stood abashed and half inside the “cage."

“Pardon me, do I intrude?” he asked. Messages from shore don’t begin to come in until we get off the Sea Gate. I saw he was lonely and told him to make himself at home. He asked a lot of questions about wireless, how far it carried, if it ever went out of order, how soon messages usually are sent ashore and how long it likes to transmit them.

Making Love by Wireless.

“Great scheme,” he exclaimed enthusiastically. I’ll have some for you. Could you send me one now?

It was addressed to young woman whose first name was Aida and read:

“Off Sea Gate. Every ripple of the sea and every wave of the air is burdened with my love for you”

It was signed, but I can only give you the initial of his first name, “H.” He watched the spark gap echo the key’s contact. If his face and breath could have emitted Hertzian waves I guess those would have carried around the globe.

“Okay, oh follow," he continued when I told him the telegram was ashore and on its way, “you must have a great time here.”

I nodded. His face was rugged and built up from a massive and square chin and pointed nose. His eyes were blue and frank. It was easy to see he was making a trip against his will and would rather be ashore with her.

“Regular repository of the world’s secrets, eh?” her remarked slowly. “Get ‘em all don’t you?” Well, you’ll know mine or know it already. Ever in love? No? Well it’s hell, old man. Got to settle some business for the governor in London—pressing, urgent, private—you know, and hard to tear away from—er—ahem—well, her, you see. It’s broke me up a bit. Met her at last big game. Why, banging out a three-bagger in the ninth or making ten yards in a close game isn’t in it with this thing. It’s got my goat.”

Impatient for an Answer

Well, you see, I didn’t exactly what he was saying and for a second studied him closely. I gathered he was a college fellow and on business abroad for his father. He interrupted my thoughts with:

“Any answer yet?”

We were hardly at sea and only a few hours out from shore. He went |missing text|. I received several messages from Sea Gate in next few minutes, but none for him. About 4 o’clock he burst in.

Any messages? No? That’s strange.

He was greatly disturbed. Got up and sat down. Gazed wistfully back toward New York and then studied me curiously.

Maybe the wires are broken—I mean maybe eh—er—well, isn’t something wrong with that?"

As he pointed to the spark gap there was a sputter: and I picked up my pen. A magician couldn’t have done better. He jumped from the chair and saw me write his name and that of the ship. He was dancing all over the cabin. His eyes followed the words:

“ Take care of yourself, dear. Wear your heavy coat on deck. Don’t go too near the railing. Don’t flirt or fight, will you? I miss you dreadfully. Been crying all afternoon. AIDA.”

He grabbed up the message, read it several times and sent her another:

Don’t cry, dearest. Wish I hadn’t started. Whether fine. My overcoat’s home. Wireless waves can’t contain my love for you. Best to folks and your sister Alda."

Before we got to Siaconset he had sent four more and received one, which read:

Won’t leave house until you return. Your chum, Harkins, here from Mexico. Sends best. Cheer up. Have you your deck slippers? “AIDA."

Next morning he was up bright and early. We were by Siaconset and off Sable Island.

After More Love Messages.

He tumbled into the cabin when was half dressed and asked nervously, *Anything for me?’ He went away. but returned in an hour with the gloom all over his face. For two hours he made regular trips. He sent two to New York, one asking:

"Can’t eat without wireless. Feed the starving. Hurry. Gee, I love you, Aida.”

About noon I got one for him. There was sone delay on land. for it was marked 9 o’clock. I sent the steward to get him. He came. hands out-stretched. Really, began to feel sorry for him, for he was such a polite, cultured young gentleman and so badly smitten. The message read:

“Spent evening with Harkins. Great entertainer. Wants to see you. Keep courage, honey; you’ll soon be home. My love keeps. “AIDA.”

The reference to Harkins didn’t seem to cheer him. and he quickly sent another message. Harkins, he explained, was an old pal who played end on his eleven In college and who had lived For years next door to that of his fiancee’s home. The Harking boys and Alda and her sister were comrades from childhood, he said, and then suddenly a suspicion got the master hand in his wretched condition. He exploded.

“Wonder what in hell Dick Harking is doing there anyhow?” he said, and of he scampered.

Shows Peevishness

Next two days he sent four messages and received two. Both were brief, asking if he was well. It was the fourth day out when the big lad became peevish. It had been raining during the night and communication wasn’t clear. We had not met a boat in sixteen hours. He had sent one message, but hadn’t heard from her in twenty-four hours. He was broken hearted, wanted to climb the mast and examine the aerials and offered to do anything if I could only get “just one more message.”

"Why no wireless? Please, Aida, hurry. I am dying with suspense. Don’t execute me. H.”

It was 6 o’clock in the evening. Many of the passengers, were at dinner and none were about the boat deck. His eyes were fastened wildly on the wireless apparatus. He finally became exhausted and sat with head drooping and dozing on a chair, Then came my ship’s call. I wrote. It was

addressed to him. I called him, figuring on relieving his suspense as quickly as possible. He saw me write his name and

"Aida has eloped with”———

I felt a clutch at my coat and then whirled about to see him leaning against the cabin door, his head buried in his arms. His whole frame shook. He was moaning as if struck by a hard blow. Then he cried aloud: *He won her: he won her at last!

** Had Eyes of a Madman.**

His eyes were those of a wild man and he tore his coat and vest from his shoulders. I felt a creepy feeling stealing up my back and pressed a button under my arm, calling help. The rest of the message read:

———“your chum. Can’t find them.”

It was signed the “G.” the initial of his brother’s name. Well. help arrived just in time that day. The big fellow had fled from the cabin. I learned that three husky seamen had come just in time to prevent him tumbling into the sea. He raved and tore like a maniac, throwing the boat into terror and finally being forced Into Irons.

Two hours after the fatal telegram I was pondering over the fickleness of women and swearing eternal scorn when Cupid sent out the C. Q. D. of a lover’s distress and rescued his subject from despair. The answer to Cupid’s cry of distress was:

"Aida ill in bed. Your telegram’s best medicine. Alda’s elopement shock to us all. Elopers in Chicago.”

It was signed by the girl’s mother. The thing stupefied me a minute. I read a copy of the other message and then this one; Something was wrong. Suddenly I became excited and rang for the steward. I was afraid that the poor fellow would go into convulsions and harm come to him If he got the second one suddenly. Finally the steward gave it to him. He was laughing fiendishly in the cafe and showing the effects of many drinks. He sobered instantly.

“Oh, God, what burden from my heart” he exclaimed. What”mistake, boys, and what it might have cost my dear old dad and mother and her. They’ve mistaken the letter ‘i’ in Aida’s name for the ’l’ in her sister Alda’s Here, quick. rush this note to her."

Danced With Joy.

He was brought up to my cabin, where he hugged me with joy, and I tell you I felt it too, for he meant it. He danced, slapped me on the back, ordered drinks, wanted me to eat with him, spoke to sailors, shook hands all around and couldn’t stand still with joy. His wireless read:

“Been slightly seized with attack chills. Recovery complete. Grieved over your illness. On land in two days and with you forever in two weeks. Cheer up, dear. H.”

I then showed him a diagram of how the mistake was made. The Continental code reads:

ALDA (dit-dah dit-dah-dit-dit dah-dit-dit dit-dah)

AIDA (dit-dah dit-dit dah-dit-dit dit-dah)

The omission of simple dot and dash of the letter “L” made it read like an “I” and changed the “Alda” name into ”Aida.” The story quickly circulated. He was demure and modest and usually spent his time with me. From over the waves he sought more messages, and they came—several in quick order. The girl got better, but we neared shore he became more impatient, and instead of

remaining a week abroad he closed a deal for his father, lost something like $25,000 by his haste—he afterward told me—and was speeding for home on the first liner across. He's married now.

It was not Harkins, but another chum who ran away with Alda.

Kidnapped From Jacks by Gen. Wood and Lionized at Army and Navy Club.

WAS FORCED ON STAGE.

"Exhibited" at Hippodome

Has to Run Kissing Gantlet of Pretty Girls.

Kidnapped by Gen. Leonard Wood from a party of friends in Jack's last night, hoisted into the banquet room of the Army and Navy Club as the guest of honor, forced on the stage of the Hippodrome, surrounded by four hundred flimsily dressed girls of all sizes and—must it be said—ages, and finally forced to run a kissing gantlet which took him to the brink of the stage pond, under the elephants' quarters, and back and forth through a labyrinth of stage properties, are but a few of the experiences which "Jack" Binns, the hero of the Republic encountered in few hours last night.

"I'm bloomin' well tired of this sort o' thing," declared the modest young fellow today. *Why I don't understand it at all. I have a good mind to insist on getting a berth for the other side. Why should all this be? I don't enjoy it.

Won't Go on Stage.

"One thing I wish the American people to understand positively. I will not under any conditions accept an offer to go on the stage and flaunt myself before the public for money, and I don't care how much they offer me. I am bothered to death with their offers. I don't want to go on the stage and won't I'm not an actor. I'm a seaman and I propose to return to my place in the wireless cabin.

"I will not appear or the stage under any circumstances in the future."

Binns was the most important young one would wish to run afoul of last night. He declared it was unfair to force him on the stage at the Hippodrome, and so expressed himself when he reached the front of the stage. He was flanked on either side by his compatriots, the wireless operators of the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria and the New York, Lewis and Allen.

The continual adulations heaped upon him bored the British youth almost to the point of explosion. Once he became angered and exclaimed:

"I say mates. let us go back to ship. We'll escape all this sort of thing."

Taken from Friends.

This was uttered just as he emerged what the from the Army and Navy Club. Just young Englishman's impressions of Uncle Sam's officers is, couldn't be obtained, but the confused and mumbled jabbering of some of them as they squeezed his hand and told of the "blended" colors of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, was irksome, he said.

Gen. Wood hailed Binns just as he reached the street. Above all. the Republic's wireless man is gentlemanly and considerate as was shown by the dozens of signatures which autograph collectors secured from him during the evening.

He turned when called. The army man pulled him by the hand through Jack's and into the club. He

was quickly missed.

A dozen of his friends stormed the officer’s citadel and sought Binns. They were told he was not there. Finally a major, more considerate and less exuberant, returned Binns to his friends. The unexpected and unexplained act of Gen. Wood broke up the programme of entertainment which his friends dad planned. It was considered quite proper by the officers.

Some Shipwreck Thoughts

We are tempted to inquire what would have happened to Jack Binns, the wireless operator, had he shown any disposition to desert his post of duty when the Republic was sinking. Would not Capt. Sealby have handed him a wallop on the law? We wot in the affirmative.

Some of those rescued from the Republic yammered mightily because the transfer to the Florida was not made In upholstered steam launches and there were no steam-heated rooms with baths or roof gardens on the latter vessel. And yet these same kickers ride in the Subway every day.
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Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told By "Jack Binns, Hero of the Republic

TAFT AND WIRELESS, BINNS, THE "C. Q. D.’ MAN. Fifth Article in Series.

Operator Describes How President-Elect Tait Learned the Mysteries of ’ Q. D." and the Wireless Wonders

(Copyright, 1909, by the Press Publishing Company. New York World) BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS, The Republic’s “C. Q. D." Man.

ONE of the pleasant memories mans trips acmes the Atlantic the privilege of acting as the President-elect’s tutor in chief in when he was rounding the last leg of his famous trip about world a year ago: We became very friendly, and I may be pardoned for expressing the opinion that Mr. Taft is well versed in the marvels of the Herzian waves.

The Kaiserin Augusta Victoria had just tied up after my any trip with her when got orders to return at once on the President Grant, about to depart with the then “Secretary of Peace. There wasn’t Anything unusual for a day out. The operator’s ”cage" not as well apportioned as on some of the big liners, but the instruments were recently Instilled and the ship’s system was at excellent one.

Expecting the big Secretary to visit the cabin, I had spent several hour’s arranging the interior of the “coop” and testing and tuning so that there should be no flaws when Mr. Taft visited the “house.” He came on the second day Out.

Mr. Taft Appears.

Several messages for the captain had reached me, four of them giving descriptions ’of persons wanted’ by Scotland Yard. I was ready to ring the steward’s bell when a shadow fell across the door. I had heard that Secretary Taft was one of the biggest men in the United States and instantly stressed that, like other great events, he was casting his shadow before him. I arose, stepped quickly to the door, and, sure enough, there he was, smiling a greeting with the remark:

"Good morning. sir; you’re the wireless man, aren’t you?”

I bowed, replied that I was, and invited him Into the "cage.’ He squeezed through the door. Then he looked at me sort of puzzled. and I confess I was facing an enigma, too. There were no chairs about sufficiently built to accommodate him. He Saw my discomfiture, opened wide his mouth in a hearty laugh and squatted down almost Instantly to the side of my bunk. I waited for

an accompanying crash, but it didn’t come. Then I made myself comfortable again. I sent two messages for him.

Gets a Message for Taft.

As he sat there discussing the distance the ship’s system would carry, sot the boat’s call. It was a message relayed from New York and came very faintly. The sparks began to fly as I gave the return flash and the Secretary sat there. his eyes glued to the receiver about my ear. The message was for him. As I began to write. I said:

“This is for you. Mr. Secretary,”

“Well, well, you don’t say. And from whom? What is the matter now?"

There was some Irritation In his voice. He spoke as it he half expected to receive advices to go into some other corner of the world and scatter the doctrine of love and good will toward mankind. Anyhow, he patiently waited until I had it written.

His severe mien at once vanished and in its place the uh seemed to come again it was a wireless from a York news so: a for a statement on the Philippines. He folded the message and placed it in his pocket, remarking:

“Can’t escape ‘em. There used to be a place where a fellow was safe from the newspapers but wireless links the deep blue sea with the devil, and there’s no betwixt any more.”

Taft Learns the Code.

Then he laughed again, and finally remarked that “boys are a good set anyhow" and sent along a short statement. This done, we had plenty of time to chat. I explained the Continental code system and the meaning C. Q. (all ships) and of the now world-wide “C. Q. D.” I told him of a “C. Q. D.” joke which acted acted like a mule’s kick on the perpetrator, who was myself. It was like this:

I was sent out one day with a green operator. He was a regular young Rip Van Winkle. Sleep? Why, only when he was eating was I convinced that he was awake. had been up for twenty-two hours steady on heavy commercial business when I first shipped with Marconi. Before retiring I Impressed upon his mind the meaning of the code "C. Q. D.,’ saying that seconds were ages in a case like that, and that quick judgment often averted a horrible sea disaster.

Before retiring I arranged the tape so that it would print “C. Q. D.” a dozen times as soon as the ”cub" would sit down. I had quickly fallen into a heavy slumber. It was probably ten minutes after that I was rolled out of my bunk on the floor, felt a pail of water deluging my face and clothes and some one shaking me much as a terrier handles a doll baby. I was as sore as a hornet.

Joke Turned on Binns.

I Jumped up, wiped my face, whirled about like a howling dervish and was about to plant feet and hands all over the thoughtless youth when my eves met his.. He was shaking and trembling. His hand pointed to the tape. His eves were wild and fixed on mine. I saw he was speechless. I ran to the tape, and saw a long line of paper bearIng the letters *C. Q. D, C. Q. D., C. Q. D.”

Hall asleep still, I tumbled Into the chair now thoroughly imbued with the fellow’s terror and forgetful entirely of my attempted Joke. He stood over me like a fiend shouting in my ear:

“Quick Jack, give him an answer — he can’t be far away. Hurry, man, for God’s sake. don’t lose a second.”

In a jiffy I was bombarding the air with Hertzian waves. It must have been fully a minute before I awoke sufficiently to realize that the joke was on me. Well, I you could have seen the President-elect laugh. Of course, there was no accident, but I didn't explain to the young fellow, and to this day he believes that some freak of wireless brought that call.

Mr. Taft Inspected each of the instruments, listened to the dots and dashes of a message which we received in another ship's zone. and asked me of myself and my experiences. He seemed particularly interested in the story of the six months I put in at Crookhaven. near Clifton. on the southwest coast of Ireland, where the big transatlantic station Is located.

Taft Hears of a Hero.

At Crookhaven we were fifteen miles from the nearest tramway, thirty miles from the nearest railroad, and when we wanted a hair cut we had to go eighty five miles for it. I told him of Florence McCarthy, who won the British Royal Society's medal for life-saving. McCarthy was a sort of an anti-land-lord man and, hoping it's not less majesty. I didn't blame him. McCarthy rescued a whole boatload of sailors from a whaler off Fastnet Light, eight miles from land, when big steamboats refused to venture into the raging sea.

The sea was rolling over them and everyone expected not to see them engulfed McCarty, as the rocks on the and as courageous as a lion, chose his crew of hearties—all would go to the ocean's bottom for him—and out they went one morning after kissing their families good-by on the shore. They came back, but man has never seen nor has painter depicted such a rescue.

"Well Done," Said Taft.

"Well, done. McCarthy ' shouted: the President-elect exultantly at this point clapping his hands and slapping me on the shoulders. Well, we talked of other things that day, and from time to time I would take a message. Usually I was met with the query:

"Urgent, Jack?"

His smile was 50 contagious that quite frequently found myself laughing with him. He's a bully gentleman and will make a President that Americans may look to with pride. He has dignity, democracy and a rave understanding of man well combined in his make-up. The trip to New York was without Incident. We shook hands and he left.

Operator Ginman Tells How He Does It.

"But," He Says, "Jack Binns is The One to Write Up."

Republic's Man Through All Kept Accord Perfect And Also "Saved His Juice!"

"The greatest hour In my right years of wireless service was be tween 6 and 7 last Saturday morning, when we were trying to get messages through the air to ships that could help the Republic."

The speaker was A. H. Ginman, head operator at the Marconi station at Siasconset, on the far side of Nantucket. He and his mates had formed the sole and making link in the wireless chain the sinking steamer and possible rescuers, Through Siasconsot passed the first important messages that told the Baltic and La Lorraine, both outside the wounded Republic's wireless range, of the danger of the 700 and more souls on board the White Star liner. The world did not know then, and learned only through the wireless some hours later, that the Italian steamer Florida, which had caused the disaster, was standing by.

THE MAGICAL PART.

In the drama of the sea thus be- gun, which lasted 40 hours and ended with the sinking Sunday

night the Republic when in tow of ships summoned by wireless, and the landing a few hours later in Now York of her passengers from another ship that also had been called to her aid by wireless, the greatest chapter in the history of a modern marvel shaped itself.

In this chapter important chapter were Ginman and his mates of Slasconset, the faithful and. hard-working operators of this farthest seaward station or the American coast, through whose vigilance the first faint word from the Republic was plucked from the air and repeated, to shift the helms of a dozen rescuing craft and tater to ease the anxiety of thousands who had friends among the passengers on the Republic.

For the first the the wireless had shown on a scale that could not be ignored its possibilities for humanity.

”BINNS," HE SAYS.

“You will excuse me.” said Ginman.

“If I don’t tell you a very clear story but you see I haven’t slept for about two days and nights, and think I need a nap.”

He had left the station at Siasconset and was in a Boston hotel, due to sail today to England, his native country, for a holiday. Mrs Ginman and their kiddie were with lim.

“I’m sorry my vacation begins now, said the man who had charge of the wireless that saves lives. “I’d like to have staid at the station until it was all cleaned up.

“Jack Binns of the Republic is the man you want to write up,” insisted modest Ginman.

But Ginman was persuaded to tell what happened at Siasconset between 6:10 Saturday morning and 10:30 Sunday night.

“I have never heard of anything like this," he said, “in the wireless game, either in the amount of work done, the rapidity with which it was done or the importance of it. Between 7 o’clock Saturday morning and 10 o’clock Sunday night we must have handled good deal more than 20,000 words. There were dozens and dozens of regular messages. besides all the talking going on between ships and shore, and the relaying we did between ships that couldn’t reach each other direct.

“You see we were nearer the Republic than any of the ships that went to her help. She was about 47 miles from us. When she first sent out her distress call the Baltic was about 89 miles from her, to the west, and the Lorraine 120 miles to the east."

What Happens at Siasconset.

The station at Siasconset stands on the moor about a quarter of a mile from the string of summer cottages that line the beach. on the southeast tip of the island.

There are two wood staffs, 180 feet high. and near them is a house in which are three rooms. operating, engine and traffic or clerical room. Some distance away is the house in which the operators. four in winter and five in summer, have their residence.

There is always some one on duty in the operating 100m. the double telephone receiver over his head, adjusted to each ear so that the faintest tick from the hertzian waves can be “picked up.”

“I was at home and asleep Saturday morning." continued Ginman, “when J. R. Irwin who had the last night watch, came to my door and called me. He came off duty a little after 6.

“‘We’ve had C Q D from the Republic’ Irwin said. ’She’s been run down and wants help: Guess their juice is pretty low: I could barely hear them.’“

It should be here stated that the letters ‘C Q D’ form the distress signal at sea, whether by flag or wireless.

“The call had come at the dullest tine of night, when we get hardly anything from the land, and only an occasional message from the ships passing east and west of the European lines. We had heard the Republic in our zone, to the westward, about 10 o clock Friday evening, but had made no particular note of her."

Messages for Republic.

In his first message Saturday morning alt the operator on the Republic sent out was C Q D, repeated over and over, with his position, and the ship’s signature, M K C.

“Irwin had answered, ’O K will rush help, adding S C. which our code signature. This showed the operator on the Republic that he had a land station. In about 10 minutes this message came out of the air from the Republic.

“‘We have been smack by an unknown steamer, engine room full, passengers safe M. R. C.’

“Irwin knew the cutter Acushner was at Woods Hole. We have a direct wire there, and he put a message on it before calling me.

“We then got the White Star office, and they and the navy people, who reached through Woods Hole, started up the cutter at various ports, like the Grisham at Provincetown, the cutter … ~ 122 ~

… Mohawk at New Redford, the Seneca at New York, and boats we didn’t think of like the collier Lebanon.

"As you know, the Gresham and Seneca finally got lines to the steamer.

“Beside this land service we began sending for steamers we knew were due in our zone. The weather was so thick we were in doubt about some of them being on time. but we knew that we should pick up soon, or in a few hours, the Baltic, La Lorraine, the Furnessia, the New York and the Lucania, all bound west.

"The Baltic had passed west in the night, and was about off the east end of Long island. La Lorraine was eastward of the lightship. about 100 miles or 90, we thought.

In Touch With Steamers.

"When we began sending out the distress call we didn’t know who we would get first. In about 15 or 20 minutes we got La Lorraine. Her signature Is L L.

“When we picked up that, we sent this message:

“’Republic wrecked and wants assistance. Latitude 40 degrees 17 minutes north. Longitude 70 west.’

“La Lorraine gave us ‘O K,’ and repented our message to the Lucania, about 20 miles astern of her and out of our zone.

“Our message to La Lorraine had been overheard by the Baltic, although we didn’t know that at first, and she had at once turned back.

"La Lorraine tried to get the Republic, but couldn’t, and at 7:50 we heard her again. She said: ‘Tell Republic we are 120 miles east of her and shall reach per about 1 p. m.’ Not long after that La Lorraine got the Republic, and we had no more to do with her for awhile, as the Baltic had also got her, and they were exchanging messages.

"Both were racing for the Republic, in opposite directions. La Lorraine was coming up at 22 knots an hour, and her captain was sending frequent messages to the Republic.

"The Baltic was doing the same thing, but very often the ships had to work through us, as the weak sending on the Republic made it difficult for them to get what she said.

Binns Saves His “Juice.”

"We repeated a great many messages between the three. Binns was very brief, saving his juice’ against the time when he might need it more.

"All day we were hearing the call ‘LL’ from the Lorraine and ‘BC’ from the Baltic, and occasionally the weaker ‘MKC’ from the Republic.

"For several hours we acted as relay between Lia Lorraine and the Baltic, keeping each informed of the position of the other. Samples of these messages would be like this:

“’LL is steering so and so. What is your position and how are you steering?’

“From La Lorraine we also got this message:

“‘Find out from M K C what depth of water he is in and on what kind of bottom.’

"That was how the French captain was gulling himself.

"The captains or the Baltic and La Lorraine could tell pretty well their distance from the Republic whether it was increasing or diminishing by the strength of the Republic’s messages. It Its strength increased they knew they ware heading toward her.

"From time to time the Baltlc would send a message like this:

“‘Our position is so and so—we are steering to scene of disaster with all speed. B. C.’

Republic Temporarily Silent.

"The Republic’s wireless went out of commission temporarily about 6 in the evening Saturday when all hands left the ship because they thought she was going down. We didn’t get her after that until Sunday morning, when Binns got a board again.

"The Florida which rammed her took off her people, had no wireless, and that accounted for long gaps that occurred in the news of the wreck until the Baltic got along side the Florida and the transfer of passengers to her begin Sunday.

“We kept close tabs on that and forwarded the messages. We also forwarded 130 private messages from relatives of the Republic’s passengers, and these reached them on the Baltic. We also received 98 from them.

"At the same time we were keeping tabs on La Lorraine. The last message we got from her was:

“’We are proceeding to New York under orders from Baltic to convoy the Florida.’

"La Lorraine couldn’t find the Florida in the fog, and so kept on to New York.

"By that tine we were talking with the Anchor liner Furnessia.

"The Lucania and New York were also now in our zone, making their best speed toward Nantucket, and a little later Sunday we picked up the Atlantic transport liner Minneapolis.

The Republic’s End.

"Then we got a message from the cutter Seneca, saying she was 40 miles from the wreck. Next we heard from her saying she had reached the Republic and the Gresham had & line aboard, with the Furnessia acting as a drag, to steer her.

"The last message we got from the Seneca told the story of the Republic’s end. It came in private conversation between our operator, E. T. Edwards, and the operator on the Seneca.

"Fifteen minutes later the official notice of the sinking of the Republic came from the Seneca, for transmission to Washington

Underneath a mesh of wires from which the electric flames spurted in streaks and flashes. Ginman, who operates the wireless station at Siasconset, a village on the south shore of Nantucket Island, sat at his work on the morning of January 23d. waiting for the dawn to break. From time to time the gossip and chatter of the big ocean liners came drifting over 8 radius of hundreds of miles of fog-bound sea.

It was quiet in the little shack upon the spit of sand that runs out into the Atlantic. Nothing broke the monotony of the night except the distant pounding of the breakers, the wind that Sang through the wires overhead, and the steady, uninteresting click, click of the chattering ships. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly; cutting through the air came the three letters C. Q. D. the signal made by some ship in distress at sea. (C. Q. stands for “all ships.” D. means distress. It was a notification to transmit the distress signal to every vessel within two hundred miles of Siaseonset.

Ginman waited. The chatter of distant ships clicked off meant nothing more now than the noise of the wind or the pounding of the sea. A few seconds afterward the message came:

We were struck by an unknown boat: engine-room filled: passengers all safe; can stay afloat; latitude 40.17. longitude 70. Republic.

It was the big, four-year-old White Star ocean liner that was in distress. She had sailed from New York on Friday, carrying a full complement of passengers for the Mediterranean—wealthy Americans upon their wav to their winter residences, and returning immigrants. She was rammed amidships in the thick fog of Saturday morning, by the Italian Lloyds emigrant ship Florida, heading for New York. On the two ships one woman and five men were killed and two men injured. They were those whose staterooms or sleep-in berths were it the point of the collision. The Florida stood by, in spite of a smashed bow, and received on board the 700 passengers of the Republic: later, her own condition being precarious, the sixteen hundred souls aboard her were transferred to the Baltic, which carried them to New York in safety. After heroic but fruitless efforts had been made to save the Republic she sank.

That these sixteen hundred-odd lives were saved due entirely to the marvels of wireless telegraphy. It was robbed accident by sea of half its terrors. No longer need the passengers of a wrecked ship scan the horizon hopelessly while the sea pours into the hold and inch by inch, Death gains his footing. For an invisible network of ethereal communications unites ship to ship; and from the station of the Marconi operator help can be called for and assurance of safety received. Truly, in the words of Longfellow’s sea captain, “heaven: is as near by water as by land.” Man has half conquered the evil genius that lurks upon the face of the waters.

In the transmitting room of the Republic Binns, the Marconi operator, sat, calmly tapping a key at the dictation of the captain. Outside, the passengers ran through the wrecked ship, whose

engine rooms were flooded; there were the multitudinous sounds of fear. Was the vessel sinking? Was the unknown ship that had rammed her standing by? Nothing was visible in the night: and if it had been day the Florida wont have been hidden in the fog. But inside the transmitting room Binns sat, calmly ticking off the message that was taken down almost instantaneously at Siasconset.

The wires above Ginman’s head began to catch the reply to his signals. First Charleston Navy yard called promise of aid: then in succession came word from Newport, Boston. Wood’s Hole, and Vineyard Haven. From Wood’s Hole the revenue cutter Acushnet went to the rescue. The revenue cutter Gresham sped out from Boston. The cutters Mohawk and Seneca caught the distress signal and they cruised along the coast and started away. Then came another message from Binns, still at his post in the transmitting-room aboard the Republic:

“Able to keep afloat: engine-room full." The Baltic and the Lucania caught the C. Q. D. signal later in the day, From every point rescuing ships were converging toward the shattered Republic. Somewhere in the thick for La Lorraine came steaming toward the New England shore.

“Am going to the rescue of the Republic, which sinking off Nantucket,” called Captain Tournier. “Heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away, as we have to take our bearings. At noon a message from Captain Warr, of the Lucania, was flashed at Siasconset, and thence transmitted to New York, to be posted at the Cunard offices in State Street:

"Sixty-five miles east of Nantucket. Hope to reach Republic at 4 P.M.”

Would the rescuers reach the sinking vessel in time? Power off: have to use storage batteries, the last message that had come through from |missing text| With the flooding of the engine-room a off of the power that drove the dynamos |missing text| substitution of the transmission of wireless messages, the radius of communication was shortened by half. People were waiting in New York, waiting through a deep, impermeable silence that had wrapped itself around the Republic. She had ceased to signal. Had she gone down, or were her storage batteries too weak to carry to Siasconset!

Soon after noon the tension was relieved. A message came through from the Baltic, via Siasconset, where Ginman still sat waiting in his shack. The Baltic was almost at hand: the Republic was still afloat, and her passengers had been transferred in safety aboard the Florida during the middle of the forenoon. Through the dense fog she came, forging her way as swiftly as she dared over a dead calm stretch of water. Even when near enough to hear the deep, measured booming of the Republic’s submerged bell she could see nothing: only the messages of Binns that came from the transmitting-room kept the rescuers informed. At eight o’clock in the evening Captain Ransom, of the Baltic, sent a message directly to New York. The damaged vessels were still afloat.

Now the veil had been lifted. All were aware that through the power of wireless telegraphy-and. of course, the heroism of Binns in staving at his post some seven hundred passengers had been saved from death. At nine o clock word came that the Republic had been abandoned. When she went under, Captain Sealby and an attendant officer, who had refused to leave, flung themselves into the sea and managed to keep afloat on a rail until picked up.

On Monday evening, sixty hours after the collision, the Florida arrived under her own steam at this port. One of her holds was filled with water, that her water tight compartment system had kept her afloat. It is believed that will be impossible to salve the Republic, which is sunk in thirty-eight fathoms of water.

Created by Frederick M. Sammis

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